The Essays of LEIGH HUNT

Edited by
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with Illustrations by
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PREFACE

In making this selection from the essays of Leigh Hunt, my aim has partly been to provide a companion volume to the volume of essays which I edited in 1887 for the Scott Library. I have therefore avoided using more than a very few of the essays which I had previously chosen, and I have used these because they seemed specially suitable for a book which is to be illustrated. Here, the illustrator will be seen collaborating with Leigh Hunt in his endeavour to bring vividly before us those aspects of streets, and shops, and theatres, and manners, which change from generation to generation, gaining, from generation to generation, something of the additional interest of things which already belong to the past. The triviality of yesterday becomes, to the reader of to-day, a part of history.

In my selection of 1887 I permitted myself to edit Leigh Hunt with a severity which seems to me now to have been a little excessive. Most of Leigh Hunt's work was written hastily, for publication week by week; and the consequences of that haste, and of that mode of publication, are visible on every page. With all the instincts of a man of letters, Leigh Hunt was condemned to be, for the most part, a journalist of genius. Everything that he has left is a little unsatisfactory; we must grope hither and thither, among crowding quotations and ragged references, for those evidences of "graceful fertility, of clearness,

lovingness, truthfulness, of childlike, open character," which Carlyle divined in the man, and which stamped him, before those exacting eyes, "a man of genius, in a very strict sense of that word, and in all senses which it bears or implies." It seemed to me, when I was making my first selection, that it would be doing a service to Leigh Hunt if I pruned away some of the excrescences which deformed so much of his work. To-day I am inclined to think that it is best, under all circumstances, to leave things as they were written. Every man may then be his own critic, but the writer speaks for himself.

In turning over the old volumes of *Once a Week*, some years ago, I came upon a poem of Mr George Meredith in the number for December 31, 1859. It was accompanied by a delicate and vigorous woodcut of Millais, who, I believe, afterwards developed the sketch into a painting. The poem has never been reprinted, and as it tells in verse the story which Leigh Hunt told in prose in "The Mountain of the Two Lovers," it may be quoted here by way of commentary.

THE CROWN OF LOVE.

"O might I load my arms with thee,
Like that young lover of Romance,
Who loved and gain'd so gloriously
The fair Princess of France!

Because he dared to love so high,
He, bearing her dear weight, must speed
To where the mountain touch'd the sky:
So the proud King decreed.

Unhalting he must bear her on,
Nor pause a space to gather breath,

And on the height she would be won;—
  And she was won in death!

Red the far summit flames with morn,
  While in the plain a glistening Court
Surrounds the King who practised scorn
  Thro' such a mask of sport.

She leans into his arms; she lets
  Her lovely shape be clasp'd: he fares.
God speed him whole! The knights make bets:
  The ladies lift soft prayers.

O have you seen the deer at chase?
  O have you seen the wounded kite?
So boundingly he runs his race,
  So wavering grows his flight.

'My lover! linger here, and slake
  Thy thirst, or me thou wilt not win.'
'See'st thou the tumbled heavens? they break!
  They beckon us up, and in.'

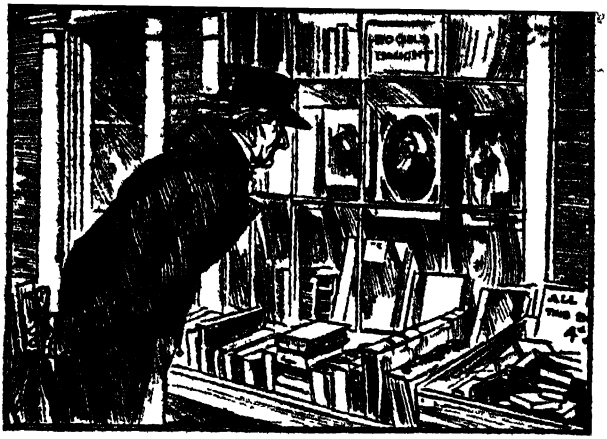
'Ah, hero-love! unloose thy hold:
  O drop me like a cursed thing.'
'See'st thou the crowded swards of gold?
  They wave to us Rose and Ring.'

'O death-white mouth! O cast me down!
  Thou diest? Then with thee I die.'
'See'st thou the angels with a Crown?
  We twain have reach'd the sky.'"

The greater part of the essays which follow are taken from *The Indicator*, *The Companion* and *The Seer*; some from *The Wishing-Cap Papers*, a collection of essays from various magazines, made in America in 1872, and containing some emendations made by Leigh Hunt on his own copies of *The Tatler* and *The Literary Examiner*. One is taken from *Men, Women and Books* (1849), and five are from the very

curious and interesting early volume of dramatic criticisms: *Critical Essays on the London Theatres* (1807). The essays from *The Indicator*, *The Companion* and *The Seer* are reprinted in most cases from the latest editions published during the lifetime of Leigh Hunt; two, however, which he never reprinted, are taken from the original edition of *The Indicator* (1819-21).

ARTHUR SYMONS.



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NAMES OF FLOWERS. MYSTERY OF THEIR BEAUTY.

In the window beside which we are writing this article, there is a geranium shining with its scarlet tops in the sun, the red of it being the more red for a background of lime-trees which are at the same time breathing and panting like airy plenitudes of joy, and developing their shifting depths of light and shade of russet brown and sunny inward gold.

It seems to say, "Paint me!" So here it is.

Every now and then some anxious fly comes near it:—we hear the sound of a bee, though we see none; and upon looking closer at the flowers, we observe that some of the petals are transparent with the light, while others are left in shade; the leaves are equally adorned after their opaquer fashion, with those effects of the sky, showing their dark-brown rims; and on one of them a red petal has fallen, where it lies on the brighter half of the shallow green cup, making its own red redder, and the green greener. We perceive, in imagination, the scent of those good-natured leaves, which allow you to carry off their perfume on your fingers; for good-natured they are, in that respect above

almost all plants, and fittest for the hospitalities of your rooms. The very feel of the leaf has a household warmth in it something analogous to clothing and comfort.

Why does not everybody (who can afford it) have a geranium in his window, or some other flower? It is very cheap; its cheapness is next to nothing if you raise it from seed, or from a slip; and it is a beauty and a companion. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. And if it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter a hateful thing, even for your neglecting it; for though it is all beauty, it has no vanity: and such being the case, and living as it does purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it?

But pray, if you choose a geranium, or possess but a few of them, let us persuade you to choose the scarlet kind, the "old original" geranium, and not a variety of it,—not one of the numerous diversities of red and white, blue and white, ivy-leaved, &c. Those are all beautiful, and very fit to vary a large collection; but to prefer them to the originals of the race is to run the hazard of preferring the curious to the beautiful, and costliness to sound taste. It may be taken as a good general rule, that the most popular plants are the best; for otherwise they would not have become such. And what the painters call "pure colours," are preferable to mixed ones, for reasons which Nature herself has given when she painted the sky of one colour, and the fields of another, and divided the rainbow itself into a few distinct hues, and made the red rose the queen of flowers. Variations of flowers are like variations in music, often beautiful as such, but almost always inferior to the theme on which they are founded,—the original air. And the rule holds good in beds of flowers, if they be not very large, or in any other small assemblage of them. Nay, the largest bed will look well, if of one beautiful colour;

while the most beautiful varieties may be inharmoniously mixed up. Contrast is a good thing, but we should first get a good sense of the thing to be contrasted, and we shall find this preferable to the contrast if we are not rich enough to have both in due measure. We do not in general love and honour any one single colour enough, and we are instinctively struck with a conviction to this effect when we see it abundantly set forth. The other day we saw a little garden-wall completely covered with nasturtiums, and felt how much more beautiful it was than if anything had been mixed with it. For the leaves, and the light and shade, offer variety enough. The rest is all richness and simplicity united,—which is the triumph of an intense perception. Embower a cottage thickly and completely with nothing but roses, and nobody would desire the interference of another plant.

Everything is handsome about the geranium, not excepting its name; which cannot be said of all flowers, though we get to love ugly words when associated with pleasing ideas. The word "geranium" is soft and elegant; the meaning is poor, for it comes from a Greek word signifying a crane, the fruit having a form resembling that of a crane's head or bill. Crane's-bill is the English name of Geranium; though the learned appellation has superseded the vernacular. But what a reason for naming the *flower*! as if the fruit were anything in comparison, or any one cared about it. Such distinctions, it is true, are useful to botanists; but as plenty of learned names are sure to be reserved for the freemasonry of the science, it would be better for the world at large to invent joyous and beautiful names for these images of joy and beauty. In some instances, we have them; such as heart's-ease, honeysuckle, marigold, mignonette (little darling), daisy (day's-eye), etc. And many flowers are so lovely, and have associated names otherwise unmeaning so pleasantly with one's

memory, that no new ones would sound so well, or seem even to have such proper significations. In pronouncing the words, lilies, roses, pinks, tulips, jonquils, we see the things themselves, and seem to taste all their beauty and sweetness. "Pink," is a harsh petty word in itself, and yet assuredly it does not seem so; for in the word we have the flower. It would be difficult to persuade ourselves that the word *rose* is not very beautiful. "Pea" is a poor Chinese-like monosyllable, and "Briar" is rough and fierce, as it ought to be; but when we think of *Sweet-pea* and *Sweet-briar*, the words appear quite worthy of their epithets. The poor monosyllable becomes rich in sweetness and appropriation; the rough dissyllable also; and the sweeter for its contrast. But what can be said in behalf of liver-wort, blood-wort, dragon's head, devil's bit, and devil in a bush? There was a charming line in some verses in last week's *London Journal*, written by a lady.

I've mark'd your blisses,
Those sweete kisses
That the young breeze so loved yesterdaye!
I've seen ye sighing,
Now ye're dying;—
How could I take your prettie lives away?

But you could not say this to dragon's head and devil's bit—

O dragon's head, devil's bit, blood-wort,—say,
How could I take your pretty lives away?

This would be like Dryden's version of the pig-squeaking in Chaucer—

"Poor swine! as if their pretty hearts would break."

The names of flowers in general among the polite, are neither pretty in themselves, nor give us information. The country people are apt to do them more justice. Goldy-locks, ladies'-fingers, bright-eye, rose-a-rubie, shepherd's-

clock, shepherd's-purse, sauce-alone, scarlet runners, sops-in-wine, sweet-william, etc., give us some ideas either useful or pleasant. But from the peasantry also come many uncongenial names, as bad as those of the botanists. Some of the latter are handsome as well as learned, have meanings easily found out by a little reading or scholarship, and are taking their place accordingly in popular nomenclatures: as amaranth, adonis, arbutus, asphodel, etc., but many others are as ugly as they are far-fetched, such as colchicum, tagetes, yucca, ixia, mesembryanthemum; and as to the Adansonias, Browallias, Koempferias, John Tomkinsias, or whatever the personal names may be that are bestowed at the botanical font by their proud discoverers or godfathers, we have a respect for botanists and their pursuits, and wish them all sorts of "little immortalities" except these: unless they could unite them with something illustrative of the flower as well as themselves. A few, certainly, we should not like to displace, Browallia for one, which was given to a Peruvian flower by Linnæus, in honour of a friend of his of the name of Browall; but the name should have included some idea of the thing named. The Browallia is remarkable for its brilliancy. "We cannot," says Mr Curtis, "do it justice by any colours we have."[1] Now why not have called it Browall's Beauty, or Browall's Inimitable? The other day we were *admiring* an enormously beautiful apple, and were told it was called "Kirk's *Admirable*," after the gardener who raised it. We felt the propriety of this name directly. It was altogether to the purpose. There was use and beauty together—the name of the raiser and the excellence of the fruit raised. It is a pity that all fruits and flowers, and animals too, except those with good names, could not be

[1] We learn this from the *Flora Domestica*, an elegant and poetry-loving book, specially intended for cultivators of flowers at home.

passed in review before somebody with a genius for christening, as the creatures did before Adam in Paradise, and so have new names given them, worthy of their creation.

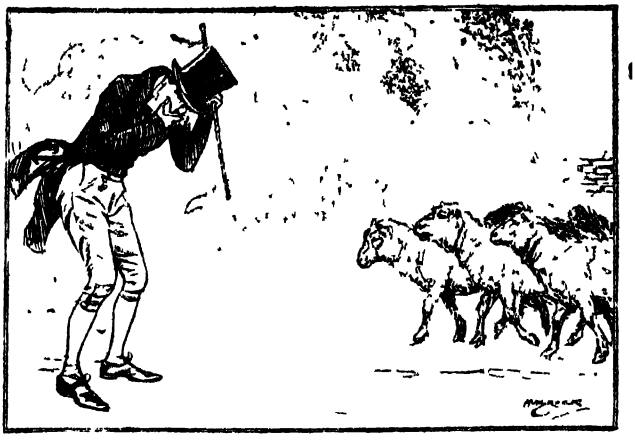
Suppose flowers themselves were new! Suppose they had just come into the world, a sweet reward for some new goodness: and that we had not yet seen them quite developed; that they were in the act of growing; had just issued with their green stalks out of the ground, and engaged the attention of the curious. Imagine what we should feel when we saw the first lateral stem bearing off from the main one, or putting forth a leaf. How we should watch the leaf gradually unfolding its little graceful hand; then another, then another; then the main stalk rising and producing more; then one of them giving indications of an astonishing novelty, a bud! then this mysterious, lovely bud gradually unfolding like the leaf, amazing us, enchanting us, almost alarming us with delight, as if we knew not what enchantment were to ensue: till at length, in all its fairy beauty, and odorous voluptuousness, and mysterious elaboration of tender and living sculpture, shone forth

"the bright consummate flower!"

Yet this phenomenon, to a mind of any thought and lovingness, is what may be said to take place every day; for the commonest objects are only wonders at which habit has made us cease to wonder, and the marvellousness of which we may renew at pleasure, by *taking thought*. Last spring, walking near some cultivated grounds, and seeing a multitude of green stalks peeping forth, we amused ourselves with likening them to the plume or other headgear of fairies, and wondering what faces might ensue; and from this exercise of the fancy, we fell to considering how true, and not merely fanciful, those speculations were; what a

perpetual reproduction of the marvellous was carried on by Nature; how utterly ignorant we were of the causes of the least and most disesteemed of the commonest vegetables; and what a quantity of life, and beauty, and mystery, and use, and enjoyment, was to be found in them, composed out of all sorts of elements, and shaped as if by the hands of fairies. What workmanship, with no apparent workman! What consummate elegance, though the result was to be nothing (as we call it) but a radish or an onion, and these were to be consumed, or thrown away by millions! A rough tree grows up, and at the tips of his rugged and dark fingers he puts forth,—round, smooth, shining, and hanging delicately,—the golden apple, or the cheek-like beauty of the peach. The other day we were in a garden where Indian corn was growing, and some of the cobs were plucked to show us. First one leaf or sheaf was picked off, then another, then another, then a fourth, and so on, as if a fruitseller was unpacking fruit out of papers; and at last we came, inside, to the grains of the corn, packed up into cucumber-shapes of pale gold, and each of them pressed and flattened against each other, as if some human hand had been doing it in the caverns of the earth. But What Hand!

The same that made the poor yet rich hand (for is it not his workmanship also?) that is tracing these marvelling lines, and which if it does not tremble to write them, it is because Love sustains, and because the heart also is a flower which has a right to be tranquil in the garden of the All-Wise.



A DUSTY DAY

AMONG the "Miseries of Human Life," as a wit pleasantly entitled them, there are few, while the rascal is about it, worse than a Great Cloud of Dust, coming upon you in street or road, you having no means of escape, and the carriages, or flock of sheep, evidently being bent on imparting to you a full share of their besetting horror. The road is too narrow to leave you a choice, even if it had two pathways, which it has not:—the day is hot; the wind is whisking; you have come out in stockings instead of boots, not being aware that you were occasionally to have two feet depth of dust to walk in:—*now*, now the dust is on you,—you are enveloped,—you are blind; you have to hold your hat on against the wind: the carriages grind by, or the sheep go pattering along, baaing through all the notes of their poor gamut; perhaps carriages and sheep are together, the latter eschewing the horses' legs, and the shepherd's dog driving against your own, and careering over the woolly backs.—Whew! What a dusting! What a blinding! What a whirl! The noise decreases; you

stop; you look about you; gathering up your hat, coat, and faculties, after apologising to the gentleman against whom you have "lumped," and who does not look a bit the happier for your apology. The dust is in your eyes, in your hair, in your shoes and stockings, in your neck-cloth, in your mouth. You grind your teeth in dismay, and find them gritty.

Perhaps another carriage is coming; and you, finding yourself in the middle of the road, and being resolved to be master of, at least, this inferior horror, turn about towards the wall or paling, and propose to make your way accordingly, and have the dust behind your back instead of in front; when lo! you begin sneezing, and cannot see. You have taken involuntary snuff.

Or you suddenly discern a street, down which you can turn, which you do with rapture, thinking to get out of wind and dust at once; when, unfortunately, you discover that the wind is veering to all points of the compass, and that, instead of avoiding the dust, there is a ready-made and intense collection of it, then in the act of being swept into your eyes by the attendants on a——dust-cart!

The reader knows what sort of a day we speak of. It is all dusty;—the windows are dusty; the people are dusty; the hedges in the roads are horribly dusty,—pitiably,—you think they must feel it; shoes and boots are like a baker's: men on horseback eat and drink dust; coachmen sit screwing up their eyes; the gardener finds his spade slip into the ground, fetching up smooth portions of earth, all made of dust. What is the poor pedestrian to do?

To think of something *superior* to the dust,—whether grave or gay. This is the secret of being master of any ordinary, and of much extraordinary trouble:—bring a better idea upon it, and it is hard if the greater thought does not do something against the less. When we meet with any very unpleasant person, to whose ways we cannot

suddenly reconcile ourselves, we think of some delightful friend, perhaps two hundred miles off,—in Northumberland, or in Wales. When dust threatens to blind us, we shut our eyes to the disaster, and contrive to philosophise a bit even then.

"Oh, but it is not worth while doing that."

Good. If so, there is nothing to do but to be as jovial as the dust itself, and take all gaily. Indeed, this is the philosophy we speak of.

"And yet the dust is annoying too."

Well—take then just as much good sense as you require for the occasion. Think of a jest; think of a bit of verse; think of the dog you saw just now, coming out of the pond, and frightening the dandy in his new trousers. But at all events don't let your temper be mastered by such a thing as a cloud of dust. It will show, either that you have a very infirm temper indeed, or no ideas in your head.

On all occasions in life, great or small, you may be the worse for them, or the better. You may be made the weaker or the stronger by them; ay, even by so small a thing as a little dust.

When the famous Arbuthnot was getting into his carriage one day, he was beset with dust. What did he do? Damn the dust or the coachman? No; that was not his fashion. He was a wit, and a good-natured man; so he fell to making an epigram, which he sent to his friends. It was founded on scientific knowledge, and consisted of the following pleasant exaggeration:—

ON A DUSTY DAY.

The dust in smaller particles arose,
Than those which fluid bodies do compose.
Contraries in extremes do often meet;
It was so dry that you might call it wet.

Dust at a distance sometimes takes a burnished or tawny aspect in the sun, almost as handsome as the great yellow

smoke out of breweries; and you may amuse your fancy with thinking of the clouds that precede armies in the old books of poetry,—the spears gleaming out,—the noise of the throng growing on the ear,—and, at length, horses emerging, and helmets and flags,—the Lion of King Richard, or the Lilies of France.

Or you may think of some better and more harmless palm of victory, "not without dust" (*palma non sine pulvere*); dust, such as Horace says the horsemen of antiquity liked to kick up at the Olympic games, or as he more elegantly phrases it, "collect" (*collegisse juvat*;—which a punster of our acquaintance translated, "kicking up a dust at college") ; or if you are in a very philosophic vein indeed, you may think of man's derivation from dust, and his return to it, redeeming your thoughts from gloom by the hopes beyond dust, and by the graces which poetry and the affections have shed upon it in this life, like flowers upon graves,—lamenting with the tender Petrarch, that "those eyes of which he spoke so warmly," and that golden hair, and "the lightning of that angel smile," and all those other beauties which made him a lover "marked out from among men"—a being abstracted "from the rest of his species," are now "a little dust, without a feeling"—

"*Poca polvere son che nulla sente*"—

or repeating that beautiful lyric of the last of the Shakspearian men, Shirley, which they say touched even the thoughtless bosom of Charles the Second :—

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things
There is no armour against fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the *victor-victim* bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Most true; but with the leave of the fine poet (which he would gladly have conceded to us), Death's conquest is not "final"; for Heaven triumphs over him, and Love too, and Poetry; and thus we can get through the cloud even of his dust, and shake it, in aspiration, from our wings. Besides, we know not, with any exactitude, what or who Death is, or whether there is any such personage, even in his negative sense, except inasmuch as he is a gentle voice, calling upon us to go some journey; for the very dust that he is supposed to deal in is alive; is the cradle of other beings and vegetation; nay, its least particle belongs to a mighty life;—is planetary,—is part of our star,—is the stuff of which the worlds are made, that roll and rejoice round the sun.

Of these or the like reflections, serious or otherwise, are the cogitations of the true pedestrian composed;—such

are the weapons with which he triumphs over the most hostile of his clouds, whether material or metaphorical; and, at the end of his dusty walk, he beholdeth, in beautiful perspective, the towel, and the basin and water, with which he will render his eyes, cheeks and faculties, as cool and fresh, as if no dust had touched them; nay, more so, *for the contrast*. Never forget that secret of the reconcilements of this life. To sit down, newly washed and dressed, after a dusty journey, and hear that dinner is to be ready "in ten minutes," is a satisfaction—a crowning and measureless content"—which we hope no one will enjoy who does not allow fair play between the harmless lights and shadows of existence, and treat his dust with respect. We defy him to enjoy it, at any rate, like those who do. His ill-temper, somehow or other, will rise in retribution against him, and find dust on his saddle of mutton.

THE EAST-WIND

Did anybody ever hear of the East-Wind when he was a boy? We remember no such thing. We never heard a word about it, all the time we were at school. There was the schoolmaster with his *ferula*, but there was no East-Wind. Our elders might have talked about it, but such calamities of theirs are inaudible in the ears of the juvenile. A fine day was a fine day, let the wind be in what quarter it might. While writing this article, we hear everybody complaining, that the fine weather is polluted by the presence of the East-Wind. It has lasted so long as to force itself upon people's attention. The ladies confess their exasperation with it, for making free without being agreeable; and as ladies' quarrels are to be taken up, and there is no other way of grappling with this invisible enemy, we have put ourselves in a state of Editorial resentment, and have resolved to write an article against it.

The winds are among the most mysterious of the operations of the elements. We know not whence they come, or whither they go,—how they spring up, or how fall,—why they prevail so long, after such and such a fashion, in certain quarters; nor, above all, why some of them should be at once so lasting and apparently so pernicious. We know some of their uses; but there is a great deal about them we do not know, and it is difficult to put them to the question. As the sailor said of the ghosts, "we do not understand their tackle." What is very curious is, there seems to be one of them which prevails in some particular quarter, and has a character for malignity. In the South there is the

Scirocco, an ugly customer, dark, close, suffocating, making melancholy; which blots the sky, and dejects the spirits of the most lively. In the Oriental parts of the earth, there is the Tifoon, supposed by some to be the Typhon, or Evil Principle of the ancients; and in Europe we have the East-Wind, whom the ancients reckoned among the Sons of Typhon. The winds, Mr Keightley tells us, were divided by the Greeks into *wholesome* and *noxious*; the former of which, Boreas (North-Wind), Zephyrus (West-Wind), and Notus (South-Wind), were, according to Hesiod, the children of Astræus (*Starry*) and Eos (*Dawn*). The other winds, he says (probably meaning only those who blow from the East), are the race of Typhoëus, whom he describes as the last and most terrible child of earth. In Greece, as over the rest of Europe, the East-Wind was pernicious."

In England, the East-Wind is accounted pernicious if it last long; and it is calculated, we believe, that it blows during three parts even of our fine weather. We have known a single blast of it blight a long row of plants in a greenhouse. Its effects upon the vegetable creation are sure to be visible if it last any time; and it puts invalids into a very unpleasant state, by drying the pores of the skin, and thus giving activity to those numerous internal disorders, of which none are more painful than what the moderns call nervousness, and our fathers understood by the name of the Vapours or the "Spleen," which, as Shenstone observed, is often little else than obstructed perspiration. An irritable poet exclaimed—

> "Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
> Our melting clime, except the baleful East
> Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
> The fancy of the year Our fathers talk'd
> Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene:
> Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
> This dismal change?"——

This terrible question we shall answer presently. Meantime, the suffering poet may be allowed to have been a little irritated. It is certainly provoking to have this invisible enemy invading a whole nation at his will, and sending among us, for weeks together, his impertinent and cutting influence, drying up our skins, blowing dust in our eyes, contradicting our sunshine, smoking our suburbs, behaving boisterously to our women, aggravating our scolds, withering up our old gentlemen and ladies, nullifying the respite from smoke at Bow, perplexing our rooms between hot and cold, closing up our windows, exasperating our rheumatisms, basely treating the wounds of our old soldiers, spoiling our gardens, preventing our voyages, assisting thereby our Bow Street runners, hurting our tempers, increasing our melancholies, deteriorating our night-airs, showing our wives' ankles, disordering our little children, not being good for our beasts, perplexing our pantaloons (to know which to put on), deranging our ringlets, scarifying our eyes, thinning our apple-tarts, endangering our dances, getting damned our weathercocks, barbarizing our creditors, incapacitating our debtors, obstructing all moist processes in the arts, hindering our astronomers,[1] tiring our editors, and endangering our sales.

The poet asks what crimes could have brought upon us the evils of our climate? He should ask the schoolboy that runs about, the gipsy who laughs at the climate, or the ghost of some old English yeoman, before taxes and sedentary living abounded. An East-Wind, like every other evil, except folly and ill intention, is found, when properly grappled with, to be not only no evil, but a good, at least a negative one, sometimes a positive; and even folly and ill intention are but the mistakes of a community in its progress from bad to good. How evil comes at all,

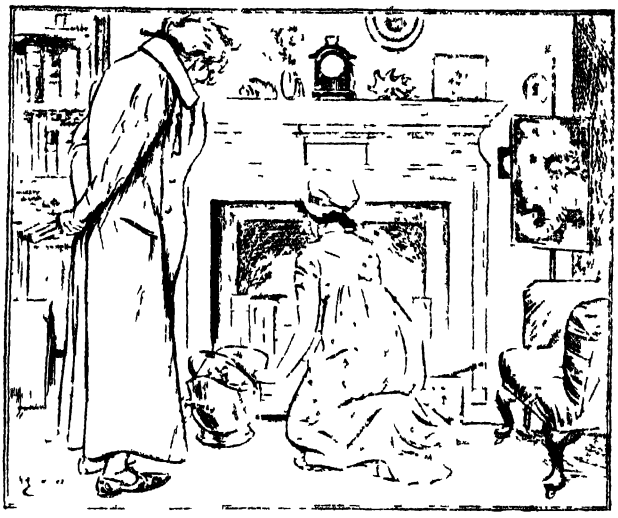
[1] During East-Winds astronomers are unable to pursue their observations, on account of a certain hazy motion in the air.



"Hurting our tempers"

we cannot say. It suffices us to believe, that it is in its nature fugitive; and that it is the nature of good, when good returns, to outlast it beyond all calculation. If we led the natural lives to which we hope and believe that the advance of knowledge and comfort will bring us round, we should feel the East-Wind as little as the gipsies do: it would be the same refreshment to us that it is to the glowing schoolboy, after his exercise; and as to nipping our fruits and flowers, some living creature makes a dish of them, if we do not. With these considerations, we should be well content to recognise the *concordia discors* that harmonises the inanimate creation. If it were not for the East-Wind in this country, we should probably have too much wet. Our winters would not dry up; our June fields would be impassable: we should not be able to enjoy the West-Wind itself, the Zephyr with its lap full of flowers. And upon the supposition that there is no peril in the East-Wind that may not ultimately be nullified, we need not trouble ourselves with the question, why the danger of excessive moisture must be counteracted by a wind full of dryness. All the excesses of the elements will one day be pistime, for the healthy arms and discerning faculties of discovering man.

And so we finish our vituperations in the way in which such things ought generally to be finished, with a discovery that the fault objected to is in ourselves, and renewed admiration of the abundance of promise in all the works of nature.



AUTUMNAL COMMENCEMENT OF FIRES

How pleasant it is to have fires again! We have not time to regret summer, when the cold fogs begin to force us upon the necessity of a new kind of warmth; a warmth not so fine as sunshine, but, as manners go, more sociable. The English get together over their fires, as the Italians do in their summer-shade. We do not enjoy our sunshine as we ought; our climate seems to render us almost unaware that the weather is fine, when it really becomes so: but for the same reason, we make as much of our winter, as the anti-social habits that have grown upon us from other causes will allow. And for a similar reason, the southern European is unprepared for a cold day. The houses in many parts of Italy are summer-houses, unprepared for winter; so that when a fit of cold weather comes, the dismayed inhabitant, walking and shivering about with

a little brazier in his hands, presents an awkward image of insufficiency and perplexity. A few of our fogs, shutting up the sight of everything out of doors, and making the trees and the eaves of the houses drip like rain, would admonish him to get warm in good earnest. If "the web of our life" is always to be "of a mingled yarn," a good warm hearth-rug is not the worst part of the manufacture.

Here we are then again, with our fire before us, and our books on each side. What shall we do? Shall we take out a Life of somebody, or a Theocritus, or Petrarch, or Ariosto, or Montaigne, or Marcus Aurelius, or Molière, or Shakspeare, who includes them all? Or shall we *read* an engraving from Poussin or Raphael? Or shall we sit with tilted chairs, planting our wrists upon our knees, and toasting the up-turned palms of our hands, while we discourse of manners and of man's heart and hopes, with at least a sincerity, a good intention, and good-nature, that shall warrant what we say with the sincere, the good-intentioned, and the good-natured?

Ah—take care. You see what that old-looking saucer is, with a handle to it? It is a venerable piece of earthenware, which may have been worth, to an Athenian, about twopence; but to an author, is worth a great deal more than ever he could deny for it. And yet he would deny it too. It will fetch his imagination more than ever it fetched potter or penny-maker. Its little shallow circle overflows for him with the milk and honey of a thousand pleasant associations. This is one of the uses of having mantel-pieces. You may often see on no very rich mantel-piece a representative body of all the elements physical and intellectual—a shell for the sea, a stuffed bird or some feathers for the air, a curious piece of mineral for the earth, a glass of water with some flowers in it for the visible process of creation,—a cast from sculpture for the mind of man;—and underneath all, is the bright and ever-springing

fire, running up through them heavenwards, like hope through materiality. We like to have any little curiosity of the mantel-piece kind within our reach and inspection. For the same reason, we like a small study, where we are almost in contact with our books. We like to feel them about us,—to be in the arms of our mistress Philosophy, rather than see her at a distance. To have a huge apartment for a study is like lying in the great bed at Ware, or being snug on a mile-stone upon Hounslow Heath. It is space and physical activity, not repose and concentration. It is fit only for grandeur and ostentation—for those who have secretaries, and are to be approached like gods in a temple. The Archbishop of Toledo, no doubt, wrote his homilies in a room ninety feet long. The Marquis Marialva must have been approached by Gil Blas through whole ranks of glittering authors, standing at due distance. But Ariosto, whose mind could fly out of its nest over all nature, wrote over the house he built, "*parva, sed apta mihi*" – small, but suited to me. However, it is to be observed, that he could not afford a larger. He was a Duodecimian, in that respect, like ourselves. We do not know how our ideas of a study might expand with our walls. Montaigne, who was Montaigne "of that ilk" and lord of a great chateau, had a study "sixteen paces in diameter, with three noble and free prospects." He congratulates himself, at the same time, on its circular figure, evidently from a feeling allied to the one in favour of smallness. "The figure of my study," says he, "is round, and has no more flat (bare) wall, than what is taken up by my table and my chairs; so that the remaining parts of the circle present me with a view of all my books at once, set upon five degrees of shelves round about me." (Cotton's *Montaigne*, bk. III. ch. iii.).

A great prospect we hold to be a very disputable advantage, upon the same reasoning as before, but we like to

have some green boughs about our windows, and to fancy ourselves as much as possible in the country, when we are not there. Milton expressed a wish with regard to his study, extremely suitable to our present purpose. He would have the lamp in it *seen*; thus letting others into a share of his enjoyments, by the imagination of them.

> And let my lamp at midnight hour
> Be *seen* in some high lonely tower,
> Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
> With thrice great Hermes; or unsphere
> The Spirit of Plato, to unfold
> What world or what vast regions hold
> The immortal mind, that hath forsook
> Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

There is a fine passionate burst of enthusiasm on the subject of a study, in Fletcher's play of the *Elder Brother*, Act I. Scene ii.:—

> Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,
> In that gross element fix all their happiness
> But purer spirits, purged and refined,
> Shake off that clog of human frailty. Give me
> Leave to enjoy myself That place, that does
> Contain my books, the best companions, is
> To me a glorious court, where hourly I
> Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
> And sometimes for variety I confer
> With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
> Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
> Unto a strict account, and in my fancy,
> Deface their ill-placed statues Can I then
> Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
> Uncertain vanities? No, be it your care
> To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine
> To increase in knowledge. Lights there, for my study



COUNTRY LITTLE KNOWN

We have to inform the public of a remarkable discovery, which, though partially disclosed by former travellers, has still remained, for the most part, a strange secret. It is this;—that there is actually, at this present moment, and in this our own beautiful country of Great Britain, a large tract of territory, which to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of our beloved countrymen is as much an undiscovered land as the other end of New South Wales, or the Pole which they have gone to find out. We have read of places in romance, which were more shut out by magic from people's eyes, though close to them, than if a fifty-foot wall encircled them. It would seem as if some such supernatural prohibition existed with regard to the land in question; for

the extremities of it reach to within a short distance from the Metropolis, which it surrounds on all sides; nay, we have heard of persons riding through it, without seeing anything but a sign-post or some corn; and yet it is so beautiful, that it is called emphatically "The Country."

It abounds in the finest natural productions. The more majestic parts of it are at a distance; but the zealous explorer may come upon its gentler beauties in an incredibly short time. Its pastures and cattle are admirable. Deer are to be met with in the course of half a day's journey; and the traveller is accompanied, wherever he goes, with the music of singing birds. Immediately towards the south is a noble river, which brings you to an upland of the most luxuriant description, looking in the water like a rich-haired beauty in her glass: yet the place is in general solitary. Towards the north, at a less distance, are some other hilly spots of ground, which partake more of the rudely romantic, running however into scenes of the like sylvan elegance; and yet these are still more solitary. The inhabitants of these lands, called the Country-People, seem, in truth, pretty nearly as blind to their merits as those who never see them; but their perceptions will doubtless increase, in proportion as their polished neighbours set the example. It should be said for them, that some causes, with which we have nothing to do in this place, have rendered them duller to such impressions than they appear to have been a century or two ago; but we repeat, that they will not live in such scenes to no purpose, if those who know better, take an interest in their improvement. Their children have an instinct that is wiser, till domestic cares do it away. They may be seen in the fields and green lanes, with their curly locks and brown faces, gathering the flowers which abound there, and the names of which are as pretty as the shapes and colours. They are called wild roses, primroses, violets, the rose campion, germander, stellaria, wild anemone, bird's-

eye, daisies and buttercups, lady-smocks, ground-ivy, harebells or blue-bells, wake-robin, lilies of the valley, etc., etc. The trees are oaks, elms, birches, ash, poplar, willow, wild cherry, the flowering maybush, etc., etc., all, in short, that we dote upon in pictures, and wish that we had about us when it is hot in Cheapside and Bond Street. It is perfectly transporting in fine weather, like the present, for instance, to lounge under the hedgerow elms in one of these sylvan places, and see the light smoke of the cottages fuming up among the green trees, the cattle grazing or lying about with a heavy placidity accordant to the time and scene, "painted jays" glancing about the glens, the gentle hills sloping down into water, the winding embowered lanes, the leafy and flowery banks, the green oaks against the blue sky, their mossed trunks, the silver-bodied and young-haired birches, and the mossy grass treble-carpeted after the vernal rains. Transporting is it to see all this, and transporting to hear the linnets, thrushes, and blackbirds, the grave gladness of the bee, and the stock-dove "brooding over her own sweet voice." And more transporting than all is it to be in such places with a friend that feels like ourselves, in whose heart and eyes (especially if they have fair lids), we may see all our own happiness doubled, as the landscape itself is reflected in the waters.



FAR COUNTRIES

Imagination, though no mean thing, is not a proud one. If it looks down from its wings upon common-places, it only the more perceives the vastness of the region about it. The infinity into which its flight carries it might indeed throw back upon it a too great sense of insignificance, did not beauty or Moral Justice, with its equal eye, look through that blank aspect of power, and reassure it; showing it that there is a power as much above power itself, as the thought that reaches to all, is to the hand that can touch only thus far.

But we do not wish to get into this tempting region of speculation just now. We only intend to show the particular instance, in which imagination instinctively displays its natural humility: we mean, the fondness which imaginative times and people have shown for what is personally remote from them; for what is opposed to their own individual consciousness, even in range of space, in farness of situation.

There is no surer mark of a vain people than their treating other nations with contempt, especially those of whom they know least. It is better to verify the proverb, and take everything unknown for magnificent, than predetermine it to be worthless. The gain is greater. The instinct is more judicious. When we mention the French as an instance, we do not mean to be invidious. Most nations have their good as well as bad features. In Vanity Fair there are many booths.

The French, not long ago, praised one of their neighbours so highly, that the latter is suspected to have lost as much modesty, as the former gained by it. But they did this as a set-off against their own despots and bigots. When they again became the greatest power in Europe, they had a relapse of their old egotism. The French, though an amiable and intelligent people, are not an imaginative one. The greatest height they go is in a balloon. They get no further than France, let 'em go where they will. They "run the great circle and are still at home," like the squirrel in his rolling cage. Instead of going to Nature in their poetry, they would make her come to them, and dress herself at their last new toilet. In philosophy and metaphysics, they divest themselves of gross prejudices, and then think they are in as graceful a state of nakedness as Adam and Eve.

At the time when the French had this fit upon them of praising the English (which was nevertheless the honester one of the two), they took to praising the Chinese for numberless unknown qualities. This seems a contradiction to the near-sightedness we speak of: but the reason they praised them was, that the Chinese had the merit of religious toleration; a great and extraordinary one certainly, and not the less so for having been, to all appearance, the work of one man. All the romance of China, such as it was, —anything in which they differed from the French,—

their dress, their porcelain towers, their Great Wall,—was nothing. It was the particular agreement with the philosophers.

It happened, curiously enough, that they could not have selected for their panegyric a nation apparently more contemptuous of others; or at least more self-satisfied and unimaginative. The Chinese are cunning and ingenious, and have a great talent at bowing out ambassadors who come to visit them. But it is somewhat inconsistent with what appears to be their general character, that they should pay strangers even this equivocal compliment; for under a prodigious mask of politeness, they are not slow to evince their contempt of other nations, whenever any comparison is insinuated with the subjects of the Brother of the Sun and Moon. The knowledge they respect in us most is that of gun-making, and of the East-Indian passage. When our countrymen showed them a map of the earth, they inquired for China; and on finding that it only made a little figure in a corner, could not contain their derision. They thought that it was the main territory in the middle, the apple of the world's eye.

On the other hand, the most imaginative nations, in their highest times, have had a respect for remote countries. It is a mistake to suppose that the ancient term barbarian, applied to foreigners, suggested the meaning we are apt to give it. It gathered some such insolence with it in the course of time: but the more intellectual Greeks venerated the countries in which they brought the elements of their mythology and philosophy. The philosopher travelled into Egypt, like a son to see his father. The merchant heard in Phœnicia the far-brought stories of other realms, which he told to his delighted countrymen. It is supposed, that the mortal part of Mentor in the *Odyssey* was drawn from one of these voyagers. When Anacharsis the Scythian was reproached with his native place by an

unworthy Greek, he said, "My country may be a shame to me, but you are a shame to your country." Greece had a lofty notion of the Persians and the Great King, till Xerxes came over to teach it better, and betrayed the softness of their skulls.

It was the same with the Arabians, at the time when they had the accomplishments of the world to themselves; as we see by their delightful tales. Everything shines with them in the distance, like a sunset. What an amiable people are these Persians! What a wonderful place is the island of Serendib! You would think nothing could be finer than the Caliph's city of Bagdad, till you hear of "Grand Cairo"; and how has that epithet and that name towered in the imagination of all those, who have not had the misfortune to see the modern city? Sindbad was respected, like Ulysses, because he had seen so many adventures and nations. So was Aboulfaouris the Great Voyager, in the Persian Tales. His very name sounds like a wonder.

With many a tempest had his beard been shaken.

It was one of the workings of the great Alfred's mind, to know about far-distant countries. There is a translation by him of a book of geography; and he even employed people to travel: a great stretch of intellectual munificence for those times. About the same period, Haroun al Raschid (whom our manhood is startled to find almost a less real person than we thought him, for his very reality) wrote a letter to the Emperor of the West, Charlemagne. Here is Arabian and Italian romance, shaking hands in person.

The Crusades pierced into a new world of remoteness. We do not know whether those were much benefited, who took part in them; but for the imaginative persons remaining at home, the idea of going to Palestine must have been like travelling into a supernatural world. When the cam-

paign itself *bad* a good effect, it must have been of a very fine and highly-tempered description. Chaucer's Knight had been

> Sometime with the lord of Palatie
> Agen another hethen in Turkie
> And evermore he had a sovereign price,
> And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
> And of his port as meek as is a mayde

How like a return from the moon must have been the re-appearance of such travellers as Sir John Mandevile, Marco Polo, and William de Rubruquis, with their news of Prester John, the Great Mogul, and the great Cham of Tartary! The long-lost voyager must have been like a person consecrated in all the quarters of heaven. His staff and his beard must have looked like relics of his former self. The Venetians, who were some of the earliest European travellers, have been remarked, among their other amiable qualities, for their great respect for strangers. The peculiarity of their position, and the absence of so many things which are common-places to other countries, such as streets, horses and coaches, add, no doubt, to this feeling. But a foolish or vain people would only feel a contempt for what they did not possess. Milton, in one of those favourite passages of his, in which he turns a nomenclature into such grand meaning and music, shows us whose old footing he had delighted to follow. How he enjoys the distance; emphatically using the words *far*, *farthest* and *utmost*!

> —Embassies from regions far remote,
> In various habits, on the Appian road,
> Or on the Emilian, some from farthest south,
> Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
> Meroe, Nilotick Isle, and more to west,
> The realm of Bocchus to the Black moor sea,

> From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;
> From India and the golden Chersonese,
> And utmost Indian isle Taprobane.—*Parad. Reg.* bk. iv.

One of the main helps to our love of remoteness in general, is the associations we connect with it of peace and quietness. Whatever there may be at a distance, people feel as if they should escape from the worry of their local cares. "O that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away and be at rest." The word *far* is often used wilfully in poetry, to render distance still more distant. An old English song begins—

> In Irelande farre over the sea
> There dwelt a bonny king.

Thomson, a Scotchman, speaking of the western isles of his own country, has that delicious line, full of a dreary yet lulling pleasure;—

> As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
> *Placed far amid the melancholy main.*

In childhood, the total ignorance of the world, especially when we are brought up in some confined spot, renders everything beyond the bounds of our dwelling a distance and a romance. Mr Lamb, in his *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, says that he remembers when some half-dozen of his schoolfellows set off, "without map, card, or compass, on a serious expedition to find out Philip Quaril's Island." We once encountered a set of boys as romantic. It was at no greater distance than at the foot of a hill near Hampstead; yet the spot was so perfectly Cisalpine to them, that two of them came up to us with looks of hushing eagerness, and asked "whether, on the other side of that hill, there were not robbers," to which, the minor adventurer of the two added, "and some say serpents." They had all got bows and arrows, and were evidently

hovering about the place, betwixt daring and apprehension, as on the borders of some wild region. We smiled to think which it was that husbanded their suburb wonders to more advantage, they or we; for while they peopled the place with robbers and serpents, we were peopling it with sylvans and fairies.

"So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father to the man
And I could I wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety"

THE OLD GENTLEMAN

Our Old Gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious: nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig, which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hairdresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered, in order that he may convey to the sensorium within a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and, in warm weather, is proud of opening his waistcoat half-way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen, in order to show his

hardiness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when bowed to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs (one for the neck at night-time), his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely Duchess of A., beginning—

When beauteous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a common-place book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose, cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakespeare's *Plays* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*; the *Spectator*, the *History of England*, the Works of Lady M. W. Montague, Pope and Churchill; Middleton's *Geography*; the *Gentleman's Magazine*; Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character; *Account of Elizabeth Canning*, *Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy*, *Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton*, Blair's *Works*, *Elegant Extracts*; *Junius*, as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, &c., and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting-rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto of M. le Comte de Grasse surrrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself; painted by Sir Joshua.

His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile, and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnston's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend Sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so, the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port and if he has drunk more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced by some respectful inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as—

Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,

or

Come, gentle god of soft repose,

or his wife's favourite ballad, beginning—

At Upton on the hill,
There lived a happy pair.

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room: but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord North" or "my lord Rockingham;" for he rarely says simply, lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteely off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognisance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new-comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions he gives an important hem! or so; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoys the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters; who, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser, but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win off a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain,



"And he kisses her once"

with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes, he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks everything looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the Duchess of A., the finest woman in England, Sir; and Mrs. L., a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire, when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh box-full in Tavistock Street, in his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady, on the least holiday occasion. If the husband, for instance, has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, Sir, from the country;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, Sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He "never recollects such weather," except during the "Great Frost," or when he rode down with "Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket." He grows young again in his little grand-children, especially the one which he thinks most like himself; which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and

will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them; and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper-scholars, that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast; and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, Sir; mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing; but informs you that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper)—"*She*'ll talk."



THE OLD LADY

If the Old Lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet, for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier

matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the change of a sixpence; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and, according to the season, an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out, warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well behaved itself. She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round, to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants, and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantelpiece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in coloured ware: the man, perhaps, in a pink jacket and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess: the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to show the trimness of her ankles. But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold,—containing ribbons and laces of various kinds; linen smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocket-books for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered satin shoes, with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under especial lock and key. So much for the bed-room. In the sitting-room is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or

carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed, meek faces perking sideways; a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the mantel-piece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him on the wall, is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim, worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below, in their proper colours; the whole concluding with an ABC and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be "her work, Jan. 14, 1762." The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the *Turkish Spy*, a *Bible* and *Prayer Book*, Young's *Night Thoughts* with a piece of lace in it to flatten, Mrs. Rowe's *Devout Exercises of the Heart*, Mrs. Glasse's *Cookery*, and perhaps *Sir Charles Grandison*, and *Clarissa*. *John Buncle* is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place, as well as the stairs, is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards: or you may see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love to her and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays, and the boldest some-

times ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant in pattens, follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grand-children will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, etc., and sometimes goes through the churchyard, where her children and husband lie buried, serious, but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life: her marriage—her having been at court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family - and a compliment on her figure she once received, in passing, from Mr Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad, loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If anything takes her at a distance from home, it is still the court; but she seldom stirs, even for that. The last time but one that she went, was to see the Duke of Wirtemberg; and most probably for the last time of all, to see the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the

Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, a fine royal young creature, and "Daughter of England."

A WALK FROM DULWICH TO BROCKHAM

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND

With an original Circumstance or two respecting Dr. Johnson

Dear Sir,

As other calls upon my pilgrimage in this world have interrupted those weekly voyages of discovery into green lanes and rustic houses of entertainment which you and I had so agreeably commenced, I thought I could not do better than make you partaker of my new journey, as far as pen and paper could do it. You are therefore to look upon yourself as having resolved to take a walk of twenty or thirty miles into Surrey without knowing anything of the matter. You will have set out with us a fortnight ago, and will be kind enough to take your busts for chambermaids, and your music (which is not so easy) for the voices of stage-coachmen.

Illness, you know, does not hinder me from walking; neither does anxiety. On the contrary, the more I walk, the better and stouter I become; and I believe if everybody were to regard the restlessness which anxiety creates, as a signal from nature to get up and contend with it in that manner, people would find the benefit of it. This is more particularly the case if they are lovers of Nature, as well as pupils of her, and have an eye for the beauties in which her visible world abounds; and as I may claim the merit of

loving her heartily, and even of tracing my sufferings (when I have them) to her cause, the latter are never so great but she repays me with some sense of sweetness, and leaves me a certain property in the delight of others, when I have little of my own.

"Oh that I had the wings of a dove!" said the royal poet; "then would I fly away and be at rest." I believe there are few persons, who having felt sorrow, and anticipating a journey not exactly towards it, have not partaken of this sense of the desirability of remoteness. A great deal of what we love in poetry is founded upon it; nor do any feel it with more passion, than those whose sense of duty to their fellow-creatures will not allow them to regard retirement as anything but a refreshment between their tasks, and as a wealth of which all ought to partake.

But David sighed for remoteness, and not for solitude. At least, if he did, the cares of the moment must have greatly overbalanced the habits of the poet. Neither doves nor poets can very well do without a companion. Be that as it may, the writer of this epistle, who is a still greater lover of companionship than poetry (and he cannot express his liking more strongly) had not the misfortune, on the present occasion, of being compelled to do without it; and as to remoteness, though his pilgrimage was to extend little beyond twenty miles, he had not the less sense of it on that account. Remoteness is not how far you go in point of ground, but how far you feel yourself from your commonplaces. Literal distance is indeed necessary in some degree; but the quantity of it depends on imagination and the nature of circumstances. The poet who can take to his wings like a dove, and plunge into the wood nearest him, is farther off, millions of miles, in the retreat of his thoughts, than the literalist, who must get to Johnny Groat's in order to convince himself that he is not in Edinburgh.

Almost any companion would do, if we could not make

our choice, provided it loved us and was sincere. A horse is good company, if you have no other; a dog still better. I have often thought that I could take a child by the hand, and walk with it day after day towards the north or the east, a straight road, feeling as if it would lead into another world,

"And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest"

But I should have to go back, to fetch some grown friends.

There were three of us on the present occasion, grown and young. We began by taking the Dulwich stage from a house in Fleet Street, where a drunken man came into the tap, and was very pious. He recited hymns; asked the landlady to shake hands with him; was for making a sofa of the counter, which she prevented by thrusting his leg off with some indignation; and being hindered in this piece of jollity, he sank on his knees to pray. He was too good-natured for a Methodist; so had taken to stiff glasses of brandy-and-water,

"To help him to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle."

He said he had been "twice through the gates of hell"; and by his drinking, poor fellow, he seemed to be setting out on his third adventure. We called him *Sin-bad*. By the way, when you were a boy, did you not think that the name of Sindbad was allegorical, and meant a man who had sinned very badly? Does not every little boy think so? One does not indeed, at that time of life, know very well what to make of the porter *Hindbad*, who rhymes to him; and I remember I was not pleased when I came to find out that Hind and Sind were component words, and meant Eastern and Western.

The stage took us to the Greyhound at Dulwich, where, though we had come from another village almost as far off from London on the northern side, we felt as if we had newly got into the country, and ate a hearty supper accord-

ingly. This was a thing not usual with us; but then everybody eats "in the country"; there is "the air"; and besides, we had eaten little dinner, and were merrier, and "remote." On looking out of our chamber window in the morning, we remarked that the situation of the inn was beautiful, even towards the road, the place is so rich with trees; and returning to the room in which we had supped, we found with pleasure that we had a window there, presenting us with a peep into rich meadows, where the haymakers were at work in their white shirts. A sunny room, quiet, our remote five miles, and a pleasant subject (the Poetry of British Ladies) enabled the editorial part of us to go comfortably to our morning's task; after which we left the inn to proceed on our journey. We had not seen Dulwich for many years, and were surprised to find it still so full of trees. It continues, at least in the quarter through which we passed, to deserve the recommendation given it by Armstrong, of

> "Dulwich, yet unspoil'd by art."

He would have added, had he lived, now that art had come, even to make it better. It was with real pain, that two lovers of painting were obliged to coast the walls of the college without seeing the gallery: but we have vowed a pilgrimage very shortly to those remoter places, there to be found; to wit, the landscapes of Claude and Cuyp, and the houses of Rembrandt; and we shall make report of it, to save our character. We know not whether it was the sultriness of the day, with occasional heavy clouds, but we thought the air of Dulwich too warm, and pronounced it a place of sleepy luxuriance. So it appeared to us that morning; beautiful, however, and "remote"; and the thought of old Allen, Shakspeare's playmate, made it still more so.

I remember, in my boyhood, seeing Sir Francis

Bourgeois (the bequeather of the Dulwich pictures) in company with Mr. West, in the latter's gallery in Newman Street. He was in buckskins and boots, dandy dress of that time, and appeared a lively, good-natured man, with a pleasing countenance, probably because he said something pleasant of myself; he confirmed it with an oath, which startled, but did not alter this opinion. Ever afterwards I had an inclination to like his pictures, which I believe were not very good; and unfortunately, with whatever gravity he might paint, his oath and his buckskins would never allow me to consider him a serious person; so that it somewhat surprised me to hear that M. Desenfans had bequeathed him his gallery out of pure regard; and still more that Sir Francis, when he died, had ordered his own remains to be gathered to those of his benefactor and Madame Desenfans, and all three buried in the society of the pictures they loved. For the first time, I began to think that his pictures must have contained more than was found in them, and that I had done wrong (as it is customary to do) to the gaiety of his manners. If there was vanity in the bequest, as some have thought, it was at least a vanity accompanied with touching circumstances and an appearance of a very social taste; and as most people have their vanities, it might be as well for them to think what sort of accompaniments exalt or degrade theirs, or render them purely dull and selfish. As to the Gallery's being "out of the way," especially for students, I am of a different opinion, and for two reasons: first, that no gallery, whether in or out of the way, can ever produce great artists, nature, and perhaps the very want of a gallery, always settling that matter before galleries are thought of; and, second, because in going to see the pictures in a beautiful country village, people get out of their town common-places, and are better prepared for the perception of other beauties, and of the nature that makes them all.

Besides, there is probably something to pay on a jaunt of this kind, and yet of a different sort from payments at a door. There is no illiberal demand at Dulwich for a liberal pleasure; but then "the inn" is inviting; people eat and drink, and get social; and the warmth which dinner and a glass diffuses, helps them to rejoice doubly in the warmth of the sunshine and the pictures, and in the fame of the great and generous.

Leaving Dulwich for Norwood (where we rejoiced to hear that some of our old friends the Gipsies were still extant), we found the air very refreshing as we ascended towards the church of the latter village. It is one of the dandy modern churches (for they deserve no better name) standing on an open hill, as if to be admired. It is pleasant to see churches instead of Methodist chapels, because any moderate religion has more of real Christianity in it, than contumelious opinions of God and the next world; but there is a want of taste, of every sort, in these new churches. They are not picturesque, like the old ones; they are not humble; they are not, what they are so often miscalled, classical. A barn is a more classical building than a church with a fantastic steeple to it. In fact, a barn is of the genuine classical shape, and only wants a stone covering, and pillars about it, to become a temple of Theseus. The classical shape is the shape of simple utility and beauty. Sometimes we see it in the body of the modern church; but then a steeple must be put on it: the artist must have something of his own; and having, in fact, *nothing* of his own, he first puts a bit of a steeple, which he thinks will not be enough, then another bit, and then another; adds another fantastic ornament here and there to his building, by way of rim or "border, like"; and so, having put his pepper-box over his pillars, and his pillars over his pepper-box, he pretends he has done a grand thing, while he knows very well that he has only been perplexed, and a bricklayer.

For a village, the old picturesque church is the proper thing, with its tower and its trees, as at Hendon and Finchley; or its spire, as at Beckenham. Classical beauty is one thing, Gothic or Saxon beauty is another, quite as genuine in its way, and in this instance more suitable. It has been well observed, that what is called classical architecture, though of older date than the Gothic, really does not look so old — does not so well convey the sentiment of antiquity; that is to say, the ideal associations of this world, however ancient, are far surpassed in the reach of ages by those of religion, and the patriarchs and another world; not to mention, that we have been used to identify them with the visible old age of our parents and kindred; and that Greek and Roman architecture, in its smoothness and polish, has an unfading look of youth. It might be thought that the erection of new churches on the classical principle (taking it for granted that, they remind us more of Greek and Roman temples, than of their own absurdity) would be favourable to the growth of liberality; that, at least, liberality would not be opposed by it; whereas the preservation of the old style might tend to keep up old notions. We do not think so, except inasmuch as the old notions would not be unfavourable to the new. New opinions ought to be made to grow as kindly as possible out of old ones, and should preserve all that they contain of the affectionate and truly venerable. We could fancy the most liberal doctrines preached five hundred years hence in churches precisely like those of our ancestors, and their old dust ready to blossom into delight at the arrival of true Christianity. But these new, fine, heartless-looking, showy churches, neither one thing nor the other, have, to our eyes, an appearance of nothing but worldliness and a job.

We descended into Streatham by the lane leading to the White Lion; the which noble beast, regardant, looked at us up the narrow passage, as if intending to dispute rather than

invite our approach to the castle of his hospitable proprietor. On going nearer, we found that the grimness of his aspect was purely in our imaginations, the said lordly animal having, in fact, a countenance singularly humane, and very like a gentleman we knew once of the name of Collins.

It not being within our plan to accept Collin's invitation, we turned to the left, and proceeded down the village, thinking of Dr. Johnson. Seeing, however, an aged landlord at the door, we stepped back to ask him if he remembered the Doctor. He knew nothing of him, nor even of Mr. Thrale, having come late, he said, to those parts. Resuming our way, we saw, at the end of the village, a decent-looking old man, with a sharp eye and a hale countenance, who, with an easy, self-satisfied air, as if he had worked enough in his time and was no longer under the necessity of over-troubling himself, sat indolently cracking stones in the road. We asked him if *he* knew Dr. Johnson; and he said, with a jerk-up of his eye, "*Oh* yes;—*I* knew him well enough." Seating myself on one side of his trench of stones, I proceeded to have that matter out with Master Whatman (for such was the name of my informant). His information did not amount to much, but it contained one or two points which I do not remember to have met with, and every addition to our knowledge of such a man is valuable. Nobody will think it more so than yourself, who will certainly *yearn* over this part of my letter, and make much of it. The following is the sum total of what was related:—Johnson, he said, wore a silk waistcoat embroidered with silver, and all over snuff. The snuff he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket, and would take a handful of it out with one hand, and help himself to it with the other. He would sometimes have his dinner brought out to him in the park, and set on the ground; and while he was waiting for it, would lie idly, and cut the grass with a knife. His manners were very

good-natured, and sometimes so childish, that people would have taken him for "an idiot, like." His voice was "low."—"Do you mean low in a gruff sense?"—"No, it was rather feminine."—"Then perhaps, in one sense of the word, it was high?"—"Yes, it was." "And gentle?"—"Yes, very gentle!"—(This, of course, was to people in general, and to the villagers. When he dogmatised, it became what Lord Pembroke called a "bow-wow." The late Mr. Fuseli told us the same thing of Johnson's voice, we mean, that it was "high," in contradistinction to a bass voice.) To proceed with our village historian. Our informant recurred several times to the childish manners of Johnson, saying that he often appeared "quite simple," "just like a child," "almost foolish, like." When he walked, he always seemed in a hurry. His walk was "between a run and a shuffle." Master Whatman was here painting a good portrait. I have often suspected that the best likeness of Johnson was a whole-length engraving of him, walking in Scotland, with that joke of his underneath, about the stick that he lost in the isle of Mull. Boswell told him the stick would be returned. "No, sir," replied he, "consider the value of *such a piece of timber here.*" The manner of his walk in the picture is precisely that described by the villager. Whatman concluded, by giving his opinion of Mrs. Thrale, which he did in exactly the following words:—"She gathered a good deal of knowledge from him, but does not seem to have turned it to much account." Wherever you now go about the country, you recognise the effects of that "Twopenny Trash," which the illiberal affect to hold in such contempt, and are really so afraid of. They have reason; for people now canvass their pretensions in good set terms, who would have said nothing but "*Anan!*" to a question thirty years back. Not that Mr. Whatman discussed politics with us. Let no magnanimous Quarterly

Reviewer try to get him turned out of a place on that score. We are speaking of the peasantry at large, and then, not merely of politic, but of questions of all sorts interesting to humanity, which the very clowns now discuss by the roadside, to an extent at which their former leaders would not dare to discuss them. This is one reason, among others, why knowledge must go on victoriously. A real zeal for the truth can discuss anything, slavery can only go the length of its chain.

In quitting Streatham, we met a lady on horseback, accompanied by three curs and a footman, which a milkman facetiously termed a footman and "three outriders." Entering Mitcham by the green where they play at cricket, we noticed a pretty, moderate-sized house, with the largest geraniums growing on each side of the door that we ever beheld in that situation. Mitcham reminded me of its neighbour, Merton, and of the days of my childhood; but we could not go out of our way to see it. There was the little river Wandle, however, turning a mill, and flowing between flowery meadows. The mill was that of a copper manufactory, at which the people work night as well as day, one half taking the duties alternately. The reason given for this is, that by night the river, not being interrupted by other demands upon it, works to better advantage. The epithet of "flowery" applied to the district, is no poetical licence. In the fields about Mitcham they cultivate herbs for the apothecaries; so that in the height of the season, you walk as in the Elysian fields,

> "In yellow meads of asphodel,
> And amaranthine bowers"

Apothecaries' Hall, I understand, is entirely supplied with this poetical part of medicine from some acres of ground belonging to Major Moor. A beautiful bed of poppies, as we entered Morden, glowed in the setting sun, like the



"We met a lady on horseback"

dreams of Titian. It looked like a bed for Proserpina---a glow of melancholy beauty, containing a joy perhaps beyond joy. Poppies, with their dark ruby cups and crowned heads, the more than wine colour of their sleepy silk, and the funeral look of their anthers, seem to have a meaning about them beyond other flowers. They look as if they held a mystery at their hearts, like sleeping kings of Lethe.

The church of Mitcham has been rebuilt, if I recollect rightly, but in the proper old style. Morden has a good old church, which tempted us to look into the churchyard; but a rich man who lives near it, and who did not choose his house to be approached on that side, had locked up the gate, so that there was no path through it, except on Sundays. Can this be a lawful exercise of power? If people have a right to call any path their own, I should think it must be that which leads to the graves of their fathers and mothers; and next to their right, such a path is the right of the traveller. The traveller may be in some measure regarded as a representative of wandering humanity. He claims relationship with all whom he finds attached to a place in idea. He and the dead are at once in a place, and apart from it. Setting aside this remoter sentiment, it is surely an inconsiderate thing in any man to shut up a churchyard from the villagers; and should these pages meet the eye of the person in question, he is recommended to think better of it. Possibly I may not know the whole of the case, and on that account, though not that only, I mention no names; for the inhabitant with whom I talked on the subject, and who regarded it in the same light, added, with a candour becoming his objections, that "the gentleman was a very good-natured gentleman, too, and kind to the poor." How his act of power squares with his kindness, I do not know. Very good-natured people are sometimes very fond of having their own way; but this

is a mode of indulging it, which a truly generous person, I should think, will, on reflection, be glad to give up. Such a man, I am sure, can afford to concede a point, where others, who do not deserve the character, will try hard to retain every little proof of their importance.

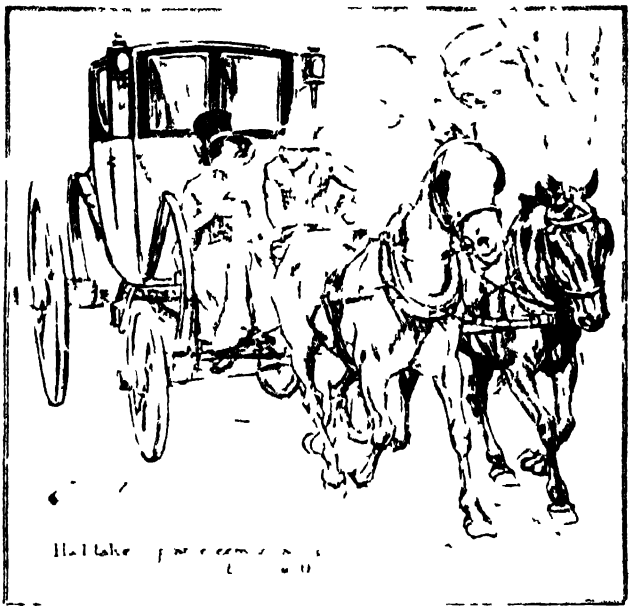
On the steps of the George Inn, at Morden, the rustic inn of a hamlet, stood a personage much grimmer than the White Lion of Streatham; looking, in fact, with his fiery eyes, his beak, and his old mouth and chin, very like the cock, or "grim leoun," of Chaucer. He was tall and thin, with a flapped hat over his eyes, and appeared as sulky and dissatisfied as if he had quarrelled with the whole world, the exciseman in particular. We asked him if he could let us have some tea. He said, "Yes, he believed so;" and pointed with an indifferent, or rather hostile air, to a room at the side, which we entered. A buxom good-natured girl, with a squint, that was bewitching after the moral deformity of our friend's visage, served us up tea; and "tea, sir," as Johnson might have said, "inspires placidity." The room was adorned with some engravings after Smirke, the subjects out of Shakspeare, which never look so well, I think, as when thus encountered on a journey. Shakspeare is in the highway of life, with exquisite side-touches of the remoteness of the poet; and nobody links all kindly together as he does.

We afterwards found in conversing with the villager above-mentioned, that our host of the George had got rich, and was preparing to quit for a new house he had built, in which he meant to turn gentleman farmer. Habit made him dislike to go; pride and his wife (who vowed she would go whether he did or not) rendered him unable to stay; and so between his grudging the new-comer and the old rib, he was in as pretty a state of irritability as any successful non-successor need be. People had been galling him all day, I suppose, with showing how many pots of ale

would be drunk under the new tenant; and our arrival crowned the measure of his receipts and his wretchedness by intimating that "gentlefolks" intended to come to tea.—Adieu, till next week.

We left Morden after tea, and proceeded on our road for Epsom. The landscape continued flat but luxuriant. You are sure, I believe, of trees in Surrey, except on the downs; and they are surrounded with wood, and often have beautiful clumps of it. The sun began to set a little after we had got beyond the Post-house; and was the largest I remember to have seen. It looked through hedges of elms and wild roses; the mowers were going home; and by degrees the landscape was bathed in a balmy twilight. Patient and placid thought succeeded. It was an hour, and a scene, in which one would suppose that the weariest-laden pilgrim must feel his burden easier.

About a mile from Ewell a post-chaise overtook and passed us, the driver of which was seated, and had taken up an eleemosynary girl to sit with him. Postillions run along a road, conscious of a pretty power in that way, and able to select some fair one, to whom they gallantly make a present of a ride. Not having a fare of one sort, they make it up to themselves by taking another. You may be pretty sure on these occasions, that there is nobody "hid in their vacant interlunar" chaise. So taking pity on my companions (for after I am once tired, I seem as if I could go on, tired for ever), I started and ran after the charioteer. Some good-natured peasants (they all appear such in this county) aided the shouts which I sent after him. He stopped; and the gallantry on both sides was rewarded by the addition of two females to his vehicle. We were soon through Ewell, a pretty neat-looking place with a proper old church, and a handsome house opposite, new but in the old style. The church has trees by it, and there was a moon over them.—At Ewell was born the facetious Bishop



Corbet, who, when a bold man was brought before him to be confirmed, said to his assistant, "Some dust, Lushington" (to keep his hand from slipping).

The night struck cold on passing Ewell, and for the first time there was an appearance of a bleak and barren country to the left. This was Epsom Downs. They are the same as the Banstead and Featherhead Downs, the name varying with the neighbourhood. You remember Banstead mutton?

> "To Hunslow heath I point, and Bansted down,
> Thence comes your mutton and these chicks my own."

Pope seems to have lifted his delicate nose at Twickenham, and scented his dinner a dozen miles off.

At Epsom we supped and slept, and finding the inn

comfortable, and having some work to do, we stopped there a day or two. Do you not like those solid, wainscotted rooms in old houses, with seats in the windows, and no pretension but to comfort? They please me exceedingly. Their merits are complete, if the houses are wide and low, and situate in a spot at once woody and dry. Wood is not to be expected in a high street; but the house (the King's Head) was of this description; and Epsom itself is in a nest of trees. Next morning on looking out of the window, we found ourselves in a proper country town, remarkably neat, the houses not old enough to be ruinous, nor yet to have been exchanged for new ones of a London character. Opposite us was the watch-house with the market-clock, and a pond which is said to contain gold and silver fish. How those delicate little creatures came to inhabit a pond in the middle of a town I cannot say. One fancies they must have been put in by the fantastic hand of some fine lady in the days of Charles the Second; for this part of the country is eminent in the annals of gaiety. Charles used to come to the races here; the palace of Nonesuch, which he gave to Lady Castlemain, is a few miles off; and here he visited the gentry in the neighbourhood. At Ashted Park, close by, and still in possession of inheritors of the name of Howard by marriage, he visited Sir Robert Howard, the brother-in-law of Dryden, who probably used to come there also. They preserved there till not long ago the table at which the king dined.

This Ashted is a lovely spot,—both park and village. The village, or rather hamlet, is on the road to Leatherhead; so indeed is the park; but the mansion is out of sight; and near the mansion, and in the very thick of the park and the trees, with the deer running about it, is the village church, small, old, and picturesque, a little stone tower; and the churchyard, of proportionate dimensions, is

beside it. When I first saw it, looking with its pointed windows through the trees, the surprise was beautiful. The inside disappoints you, not because it is so small, but because the accommodations and the look of them are so homely. The wood of the pews resembles that of an old kitchen dresser in colour, the lord of the manor's being not a whit better than the rest. This is in good taste, considering the rest, and Col. Howard, who has the reputation of being a liberal man, probably keeps the church just as he found it, without thinking about the matter. At any rate, he does not exhibit himself, in a Christian assembly, at the expense of his neighbours. But loving old churches as I do, and looking forward to a time when a Christianity still more worthy of the name shall be preached in them, I could not help wishing that the inside were more worthy of the out. A coat of shining walnut, painting at one end, and a mullion in with its dark wood and its golden-looking pipes at the other, would make, at no great expense to a wealthy man, a jewel of an interior, worthy of the lovely spot in which the church is situate. One cannot help desiring something of this kind the more, on account of what has been done for other village-churches in the neighbourhood, which I shall presently notice. Lysom church, I believe, is among them, the outside unquestionably (I have not seen the interior), and a spire has been added, which makes a pretty addition to the scenery. The only ornaments of Whitted church, besides two or three monuments of the Howards, are the family 'scutcheon, and that of His Sacred Majesty Charles the Second, which I suppose was put up at the time of his restoration or his visit, and has remained ever since, the paint still looking lively and threatening. One imagines the court coming to church, and the whole place filled with perukes and courtiers, with love-locks and rustling silks. Sir Robert is in a state of expectation. Dryden stands near him,

observant. Charles composes his face to the sermon, upon which Buckingham and Sedley are cracking almost unbearable jokes behind their gloves, and the poor village maidens, gaping alternately at his Majesty's sacred visage and the profane beauty of the Countess of Castlemain, and then losing their eyes among "a power" of cavaliers, "the handsomest men is ever was," are in a way to bring the hearts, thumping in their bodices, to a fine market. I wonder how many descendants there are of earl and marquises living this minute at Epsom! How much noble blood ignobly occupied with dairies and ploughs, and looking *gules* in the cheeks of bumpkins

Ashted Park has some fine walnut-trees (Surrey is the great garden of walnuts) and one of the noblest limes I ever saw. The park is well kept, has a pretty lodge and gamekeeper's house with roses at the doors, and a farm cottage, where "genteelfolks" may play at rustics. A lady of quality, in a bodice, gives one somehow a pretty notion, especially if she has a heart high enough really to sympathise with humility. A late Lord of Exeter lived unknown for one time in a village, under the name of Jones (was not that a good name to elect?) and married a country girl, whom he took to Burleigh House, and then for the first time told her she was the mistress of it and a Countess! This is a romance of real life, which has been deservedly envied. If I, instead of being a shattered student, an old intellectual soldier, "not worth a lady's eye," and forced to compose his frame to abide the buffetings of his resolution, were a young fellow in the bloom of life, and equally clever and penniless, I cannot imagine a fortune of which I should be *prouder*, and which would give me a right to take a manlier aspect in the eyes of love, than to owe everything I had in the world, down to my very shoe-strings, to a woman who should have played over the same story with me, the sexes being reversed, who should

say, "You took me for a cottager, and I am a Countess; and this is the only deception you will ever have to forgive me." What a pleasure to strive after daily excellence, in order to show one's gratitude to such a woman; to fight for her; to suffer for her; to wear her name like a priceless jewel; to hold her hand in long sickness, and look in her face when it has lost its beauty; to say, questioning, "You know how I love you?" and for her to answer with such a face of truth, that nothing but exceeding health could hinder one from being faint with adoring her. Alas! why are not all hearts that are capable of love, rich in the knowledge how to show it; which would supersede the necessity of other riches? Or indeed, are not all hearts which are truly so capable, gifted with the riches by the capacity?

Forgive me this dream under the walnut-trees of Ashted Park; and let us return to the colder loves of the age of Charles the Second. I thought to give you a good picture of Epsom, by turning to Shadwell's comedy of *Epsom Wells*; but it contains nothing of any sort except a sketch of a wittol or two, though Sedley is said to have helped him in it, and though (probably on that account) it was very successful.

Pepys, however, will supply us with a scene or two:—

"26th, Lord's Day.—Up and to the Wells, where a great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. Thence I walked to Mr. Minnes's house, and thence to Durdan's, and walked within the court-yard &c. to the bowling-green, where I have seen so much mirth in my time; but now no family in it (my Lord Barkeley, whose it is, being with his family at London). Then rode through Epsom, the whole town over, seeing the various companies that were there walking; which is very pleasant, seeing how they are without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. *But Lord!* to see how many

I met there of citizens, that I could not have thought to have seen there; that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down there. We went through Nonesuch Park to the house, and there viewed as much as we could of the outside, and looked through the great gates and found a noble court; and altogether believe it to have been a very noble house, and a delicate parke about it, where just now there was a doe killed for the king, to carry up to court." Vol. i. p. 241.

If the sign of the King's Head at Epsom is still where it used to be, it appears from another passage, that we had merry ghosts next door to us.

"14th. To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the Well, where much company. And to the town, to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her, but more the loss of her at the king's house. Here Tom Wilson came to me, and sat and talked an hour, and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr. Fuller (Tom), and Dr. Pierson, and loved all the great cavalier persons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingeniously, and very much of Dr. Fuller's art of memory, which he did to me several instances of. By and bye we parted, and I talked with two women that farmed the well at £12 per annum, of the lord of the manor. Mr. Evelyn, with his lady, and also my Lord George Berkeley's lady, and their fine daughter, that the King of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewels before the king, at the ball I was at, at our court last winter, and also their son, a knight of the Bath, were at church this morning. I walked upon the Downs, where a flock of sheep was, the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd, and his little boy reading, free from any houses or sight of people,

the Bible to him, and *she took note* of his knit woollen *stockings*, of two colours mixed." Vol. II. p. 92.

This place was still in high credit at the beginning of the next century, as appears from Toland's account of it, quoted in the *History of Lyon, by an Inhabitant*. After a "flowery," as the writer justly calls it, but perhaps not undeserved account of the pleasures of the place, outside as well as in, he says

"The two rival bowling-greens are not to be forgotten, on which all the company, after dinner, divert themselves in the morning, according to their fancies, make a gallant appearance every evening, especially on the Saturday and Monday. Here are also shuffle-boards, with music playing most of the day, and the nights are generally crowned with dancing. All newcomers are awakened out of their sleep the first morning, by the same music, which goes to welcome them to Epsom.

"You would think yourself in some enchanted camp, to see the peasants ride to every house, with choice of fruits, herbs, and flowers, with all sorts of tame and wild fowl, the rarest fish and venison, and with every kind of butcher's meat, among which the Banstead Down mutton is the most relishing dainty.

"Thus to see the fresh and artless damsels of the plain, either accompanied by their amorous swains or aged parents, striking their bargains with the nice court and city ladies, who, like queens in a tragedy, display all their finery on benches before their doors (where they hourly censure and are censured), and to observe how the handsomest of each degree equally admire, envy, and scorn one another, is to me one of the chief amusements of the place.

"The ladies who come too lazily or tardily, but especially those who sit up late, have their provisions brought to their bedside, where they conclude the bargain with the

higgler; and then (perhaps after a dish of chocolate) take another nap until what they have thus purchased is prepared for dinner.

"Within a mile and a half of Epsom, is the place, and only the place, where the splendid mansion of Nonesuch lately stood. A great part of it, however, stood in my own time, and I have spoken with those who saw it entire.

"But not to quit our Downs for my court, the great number of gentlemen and ladies that take the air every morning and evening on horseback, and that rance, either singly or in separate companies, over every hill and dale, is a most entertaining object.

"But whether you gently wander over my favourite meadows, planted on all sides just to Woodcote Seat (in whose long grove I often at converse with myself), or walk further on to Ashted house and park, or ride still farther to Box-hill, that enchanting temple of Nature, or whether you lose yourself in the piped vew-trees of Mickleham, or try your patience in angling for trout about Leatherhead, whether you go to some cricket-match, and other sports of contending villages, or else go to breathe your horse at a race, and to follow a pack of hounds at the proper season, whether, I say, candidly in any one or every of these, Epsom is the place you must like before all others."

Congreve has a letter addressed "to Mr Hunt at Epsom." This was Arabella Hunt, the lady to whom he addressed an ode on her singing, and with whom he appears to have been in love.

Epsom has still its races, but the Wells (not far from Ashted Park), though retaining their property, and giving a name to a medicine, have long been out of fashion. Individuals, however, I believe, still resort to them. Their site is occupied by a farm-house, in which lodgings are to

be had. Close to Ashted Park is that of Woodcote, formerly the residence of the notorious Lord Baltimore, the last man of quality in England who had a taste for abduction. Of late our present aristocracy seem to have been ambitious of reforming the practice from Ireland. In their mode of conducting the business of life Abduction, they think, "must be attended to."

From Woodcote Green, a pretty sequestered spot, between the park and the town, rooks are said to have been first taken to the Temple Gardens by Sir William Northey, secretary to Queen Anne. How far interested in the pleasure even you may be by the contemplation of a beautiful spot, when you think it has been the means of conferring a good elsewhere. I would rather have been a rookery, which had sent out a dozen colonies, than have the solitary idea of them complete. In solitude you crave after human good; and where a piece of it, however cheap in the eyes of the cornfed, has been entered, for sir William's colony flourish, green, in the smoke of London. Rooks always appeared to me the clergymen even of birds, grave, black-coated, contentious, with an exceptional sylvan frolic, and plenty of tithes. Their clerkly character is now mixed up in my imagination with something of the lawyer. They and the lawyers "studious bower," as Spenser calls the Temple, appear to suit one another. Did you ever notice, by the way, what a soft and pleasant sound there is in the voices of the young rooks—a sort of kindly chuckle, like that of an infant being fed?

At Woodcote Green is Durdins, the seat mentioned in Pepys as belonging to Lord Berkeley, while residence of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and said to have been built (with several other mansions) of the materials of Nonesuch, when that palace was pulled down. It is one of those solid country houses, wide and tall, and of shining brickwork, that return at once a look of age and newness, promise well

for domestic comfort; and suit a good substantial garden. In coming upon it suddenly, and looking at it through the great iron gates and across a round plat of grass and flowers, it seems a personification of the solid country squire himself, not without elegance, sitting under his trees. When I looked at it, and thought of the times of Charles II., I could not help fancying that it must have belonged to the "Dame Durdan" of the old glee, who had such a loving household.

There is a beautiful walk from Woodcote Green to Ashted, through the park, and then (crossing the road) through fields and woody lanes to Leatherhead; but in going, we went by the road. As we were leaving Epsom, a girl was calling the bees to swarm, with a brass pan. Larks accompanied us all the way. The fields were full of clover; there was an air on our faces, the day being at once fine and gently clouded; and in passing through a lovely country, we were conscious of going to a lovelier.

At Leatherhead begin the first local evidences of hill and valley, with which the country is now enriched. The modern way of spelling the name of this town renders it a misnomer and a dishonour, and has been justly resented by the antiquarian taste of Mr. Dallaway, the vicar, who makes it a point, they say, to restore the old spelling, Lethered. I believe he supposes it to come anagrammatically from the Saxon name Ethelred; a thing not at all improbable, transformations of that sort having been common in old times. (See the annotations on Chaucer and Redi.) An Ethelred perhaps had a seat at this place. Epsom, formerly written Ebsham and Ebbesham (Fuller so writes it), is said to have been named from Ebba, a Saxon princess, who had a palace there. Ebba, I suppose, is the same as Emma, *cum gratiâ Mathews.*

Leatherhead, like all the towns that let lodgings during the races, is kept very neat and nice; and though not quite

so woody as Epsom, is in a beautiful country, and has to boast of the river Mole. It has also a more venerable church. Mr. Dallaway, like a proper antiquary, has refreshed the interior, without spoiling it. Over the main pew is preserved, together with his *helmet*, an inscription in old English letters, to the memory of "frendly Robert Gardner," chief Serjeant of the "Seller," in the year 1571. This was in the time of Elizabeth. A jovial successor of his is recorded, to wit, "Richard Dalton, Esq., Serjeant of the Wine Cellar to King Charles II." But it is on the memory of the other sex that Cutherhead church ought to pride itself. Here are buried three sister Beauclercs, daughters of Lord Henry Beauclerc, who appear to have been three quiet, benevolent old maids, who followed one another quietly to the grave, and had lived, doubtless, the admiration rather than the envy of the village damsels. Here also lie Mrs. Cholmondeley, another old maid, but merry withal, and the delight of all that knew her, who, by one of those frightful accidents that suddenly knock people's souls out, and seem more frightful when they cut short the career of the good-natured, was killed on the spot, at the entrance of this village, by the overturning of the Princess Charlotte's coach, whom she was accompanying on a visit to Norbury Park. A most affectionate epitaph, honourable to all parties, and recording her special attachment to her married sister, is inscribed to her memory by her brother-in-law, Sir William Bellingham, I think. But above all, "Here lies all that is mortal" (to use the words of the tombstone) "of Mrs. Elizabeth Rolfe," of Dover, in Kent, who departed this life in the sixty-seventh year of her age, and was "interred by her own desire at the side of her beloved Cousin, Benefactress, and Friend, Lady Catharine Thompson with whom she buried all worldly happiness. This temporary separation," continues the epitaph, "no engagements, no pursuits, could render less

bitter to the disconsolate Mrs. Rolfe, who from the hour she lost her other self knew no pleasures but in the hopes she cherished (on which point her eyes were ever fixed) of joining her friend in the region of unfading Felicity. Blessed with the Power and Will to succour the distressed, she exercised both; and in these exercises only found a Ray of Happiness. Let the Ridiculers of Female Friendship read this honest Inscription, which disdains to flatter." —A record in another part informs us, that Mrs. Rolfe gave the parish the interest of £400 annually *in memory of the above*, so long as the parish preserves the marble that announces the gift, and the stone that covers her grave. Talking with the parish-clerk, who was otherwise a right and seemly parish-clerk, elderly and withered, with a proper brown wig, he affected, like a man of this world, to speak in disparagement of the phrase "her other self," which somebody had taught him to consider romantic, and an exaggeration. This was being a little too much of "the earth, earthy." The famous parish-clerk of St Andrews, one of the great professors of humanity in the times of the Deckars and Shakspeares, would have talked in a different strain. There is some more of the epitaph, recommencing in a style somewhat "to seek," and after the meditative Burleigh fashion, in the Critic; but this does not hinder the rest from being true, or Mrs. Rolfe and my lady Thompson from being two genuine human beings, and among the salt of the earth. There is more friendship and virtue in the world than the world has yet got wisdom enough to know and be proud of; and few things would please me better than to travel all over England, and fetch out the records of it.

I must not omit to mention that Elinor Rummyn, illustrious in the tap-room pages of "Skelton, Laureate," kept a house in this village; and that Mr. Dallaway has emblazoned the fact, for the benefit of antiquarian travellers,

in the shape of her portrait, with an inscription upon it. The house is the Running Horse, near the bridge.

The luxuriance of the country now increases at every step towards Dorking, which is five miles from Leatherhead. You walk through a valley with hills on one side and wood all about, and on your right hand is the Mole, running through fields and flowery hedges. These hills are the turfy down of Norbury Park, the gate of which you soon arrive at. It is modern, but in good retrospective taste, and stands out into the road with one of those round overhanging turrets, which seem held forth by the old hand of hospitality. A little beyond, you arrive at the lovely village of Mickleham, small, sylvan, and embowered, with a little *fat* church (for the epithet comes involuntarily at the sight of it), a stout and plumb as the fattest of its vicars may have been, with a disproportionate bit of a spire on the top, as if he had put on an extinguisher instead of a hat. The inside has been renewed in the proper taste as though Mr. Dallaway had had a hand in it; and there is an organ, which is more than Leatherhead can boast. The organist is the son of the parish clerk; and when I asked his sister, a modest, respectable-looking girl, who showed us the church, whether he could not favour us with a voluntary, she told me he was *making hay!* What do you say to that? I think this is a piece of *Germanism* for you. Her father was a day-labourer, like the son, and had become organist before him, out of a natural love of music. I had fetched the girl from her tea. A decent-looking young man was in the room with her; the door was open, exhibiting the homely comforts inside; a cat slept before it, on the cover of the garden well, and there was plenty of herbs and flowers, presenting altogether the appearance of a cottage nest. I will be bound that their musical refinements are a great help to the enjoyment of all this; and that a general lift in their tastes, instead of serving to dissatisfy the poor,

would have a reverse effect, by increasing the sum of their resources. It would, indeed, not help to blind them to whatever they might have reason to ask or to complain of. Why should it? But it would refine them there also, and enable them to obtain it more happily, through the means of the diffusion of knowledge on all sides.

The mansion of Norbury Park, formerly the seat of Mr. Locke, who appears to have had a deserved reputation for taste in the fine arts (his daughter married an Angerstein), is situate on a noble elevation upon the right of the village of Mickleham. Between the grounds and the road, are glorious slopes and meadows, superabundant in wood, and pierced by the river Mole. In coming back we turned up a path into them, to look at a farm that was to be let. It belongs to a gentleman, celebrated in the neighbourhood, and we believe elsewhere, for his powers of "conversation," but this we did not know at the time. He was absent, and had left his farm in the hands of his steward, to be let for a certain time. The house was a cottage, and furnished as becomes a cottage; but one room we thought would make a delicious study. Probably it is one, for there were books and an easy-chair in it. The window looked upon a close bit of lawn, shut in with trees, and round the walls hung a set of prints from Raphael. This looked as if the possessor had something to say for himself.

We were now in the bosom of the scenery for which this part of the country is celebrated. Between Mickleham and Dorking, on the left is the famous Box Hill, so called from the trees that grow on it. Part of it presents great bald pieces of chalk; but on the side of Mickleham it has one truly noble aspect, a "verdurous wall," which looks the higher for its being precipitous, and from its having somebody's house at the foot of it a white little mansion in a world of green. Otherwise, the size of this hill disappointed us. The river Mole runs at the foot of

it. This river, so called from taking part of its course under ground, does not plunge into the earth at once, as most people suppose. So at least Dr. Aikin informs us, for I did not look into the matter myself. He says it loses itself in the ground at various points about the neighbourhood, and rises again on the road to Leatherhead. I protest against its being called "fallen," in spite of what the poets have been pleased to call it for hiding itself. It is a good and gentle stream flowing through luxuriant banks, and clear enough where the sun is gravelly. It winds, just as the nymph must have done, and Drayton gives it a good character, if I remember. Unfortunately I have him not by me.

The town of Dorking has pounced upon us, especially one of us, who was a good deal there when a child, and who found new and ill-looking houses started up in the place of old friends. The people also appeared not so pleasant in their countenances in general, nor so healthy. There are more *Kings Arms* and *Red Lions* in the neighbourhood, signs, which doubtless came in with the Restoration. The *Leg of Mutton* is the favourite hieroglyphic about the Downs. Dorking is famous for a breed of fowl with six toes. I do not know whether they have any faculty at counting their own. We did not see Leith Hill, which is the great station for a prospect hereabouts, and upon which Dennis the critic made a lumbering attempt to be lively. You may see it in the two volumes of letters belonging to Mr. He "blunders round about a meaning," and endeavours to act the part of an inspired Cicerone, with oratorical "flashes in the pan." One or two of his attempts to convey a particular impression are very ludicrous. Just as you think you are going to catch an idea, they slide off into a hopeless generality. Such at least is my impression from what I remember. I regret that I could not meet at Epsom or Leatherhead with a Dorking,

Guide, which has been lately published, and which, I believe, is a work of merit. In the town itself I had not time to think of it, otherwise I might have had some better information to give you regarding spots in the neighbourhood, and persons who have added to their interest.

One of these, however, I know. Turning off to the left for Brockham, we had to go through Betchworth Park, formerly the seat of Abraham Tucker, one of the most amiable and truth-loving of philosophers. Mr Hazlitt made an abridgment of his principal work; but original and abridgment are both out of print. The latter, I should think, would sell now, when the public begin to be tired of the eternal cant, lies, and insincerity of criticism, and would fain hear what an honest observer has to say. It would only require to be well advertised, not puffed, for puffing, thank God, besides being a very unfair announcer of truth, has well-nigh cracked its cheeks.

Betchworth Castle is now in the possession of Mr Barclay the brewer, a descendant, if I mistake not, of the famous Barclay of Ury, the Apologist of the Quakers. If this gentleman is the same as the one mentioned in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," he is by nature, as well as descent, worthy of occupying the abode of a wise man. Or if he is not, why shouldn't he be worthy after his fashion? You remember the urbane old bookworm, who, conversing with a young gentleman, more remarkable for gentility than beauty, and understanding for the first time that he had sisters, said, in a transport of the gratuitous, "Doubtless very charming young ladies, sir." I will not take it for granted, that all the Barclays are philosophers, but something of a superiority to the vulgar, either in talents or the love of them, may be more reasonably expected in this kind of hereditary rank than the common one.

With Mr. Tucker and his chestnut groves I will con-

clude, having, in fact, nothing to say of Brockham, except that it was the boundary of our walk. Yes; I have one thing, and a pleasant one; which is, that I met there by chance, with the younger brother of a family whom I had known in my childhood, and who are eminent to this day for a certain mixture of religion and joviality, equally uncommon and good-hearted. May old and young continue not to know which shall live the longest. I do not mean religion or joviality but both in their shape.

Believe me, dear sir, very truly yours. Mine is not so novel or luxurious a journey as the one you treated us with the other day,[1] which I mention, because one journey always makes me long for another; and I hope not many years will pass over your head before you give us a second Ramble, in which I may see Italy once more, and hear with more accomplished ears the land of her music.

[1] See 'A Ramble among the Musicians in Germany,' a work full of gusto.



SUNDAY IN THE SUBURBS

BEING MORE LAST WORDS ON "SUNDAY IN LONDON" WITH A DIGRESSION ON THE NAME OF SMITH

In writing our articles on the subject, we have been so taken up, first with the dull look of the Sunday street, and afterwards with the lovers who make their wills lively on the hidden side, that we fairly overlooked a feature in our Metropolitan Sabbath, eminently sabbatical, to wit, the suburbs and their holiday-makers. What a thing to forget! What a thing to forget, even if it concerned only Smith in his new hat and boots! Why, he has been the king of

them all the week, and how could we, who sympathise with all the Smith-ism and boots in existence, forget them? The hatter did not bring home his hat till last night, the bootmaker his boots till this morning. How did not Smith (and he is a shrewd fellow too, and reads us) pounce upon the hat-box, unfasten the pasteboard lid, whisk off the silver paper, delicately detach the dear beaver, and put it on before the glass. The coat must be owned—he sate in it half a per- one. Never was hat more fit. All Aldersgate, and the Cross Road, and the New Road, and Camden and Kentish Town, lifted their heads before him, as he went down in it, lifted in their hats. He could have gone to keep in it, it would not have spoiled his trip, and its own.

Then the boots! Look at him. There he goes—up Somers Town. Who would suppose, from the ease and superiority of his countenance, that he had not had his boots above two hours, that he had given up a good fourth part of the time he had worn and borne them, that he had cut up in his face with pulling them on with his boot-hook, and that at this moment they horribly pinch him! But he has a small foot has Jack Smith, and he would squeeze, pain, and damn it into a thimble, rather than look where it to be a bit larger than it seems.

Do not think ill of him, especially you that are pinched a little less. Jack has sympathies, and as long as the admiration of the community runs to a pair of little feet and well-polished boots, he cannot dispense, in those quarters, with the esteem of his fellow-men. As the sympathies enlarge, Jack's boots will grow wider; and we venture to prophesy, that at forty he will care for little feet, and much for his corns and the gout. We are the more bold in this anticipation, from certain reminiscences we have of boots of our own. We shall not enter into details, for fear of compromising the dignity of literature, but the good-

natured may think of them what they please. *Non ignara mali* (said Dido), *miseris succurrere disco*: that is, having known what it was to wear shoes too small herself, she should never measure, for her part, the capabilities of a woman's head, by the pettiness of her slippers.

Napoleon was proud of a little foot; and Cæsar, in his youth, was a dandy. So go on, Smith, and bear your tortures like a man; especially towards one o'clock, when it will be hot and dusty.

Smith does not carry a cane with a twist at the top of it for a handle. That is for an inferior grade of holiday-maker, who poles about the suburbs, gaping at the new buildings, or treats his fellow-servant to a trip to White Conduit House, and an orange by the way—always too sour. Smith has a stick or a whimpher, or, if he rides, a switch. He is not a good rider; and we must say it is his own fault, for he rides only on Sundays, and will not scrape acquaintance with the ostler on other days of the week. You may know him on horseback by the brisk forlornness of his steed, the inclined plane of his body, the extreme outwardness or inwardness of his toes, and an expression of face between ardour, fear, and indifference. He is the most without a footman of any man in the world: that is to say, he has the most excessive desire to be taken for a man who ought to have one; and, therefore, the space of road behind him pursues him, as it were, with the reproach of its emptiness.

A word, by the way, as to our use of the generic name "Smith." A correspondent wrote to us the other day, intimating that it would be a good-natured thing if we refrained in future from designating classes of men by the name of "Tomkins." We know not whether he was a Tomkins himself, or whether he only felt for some friend of that name, or for the whole body of the Tomkinses; all we know is, that he has taken the word out of our mouth

for ever. How many paragraphs he may have ruined by it, we cannot say; but the truth is, he has us on our weak side. We can resist no appeal to our good-nature made by a good-natured man. Besides, we like him for the seriousness and good faith with which he took the matter to heart, and for the niceness of his sympathy. Adieu, then, name of Tomkins! Jenkins also, for a like respectful reason, we shall abstain from in future. But let nobody interfere in behalf of Smith, for Smith does not want it. Smith is too universal. Even a John Smith could not regard the use of his name as personal; for John Smith, as far as his name is concerned, has no personality. He is a class, a huge body; he has a good bit of the Directory to himself. You may see for pages together (if our memory does not deceive us) John Smith, John Smith, John Smith, or rather,

Smith, John,
Smith, John,
Smith, John,
Smith, John,
Smith, John,
Smith, John,

and so on, with everlasting Smith-Johnisms, like a set of palisades or iron rails; almost as if you could make them clink as you go, with drawing something along them. The repetition is dazzling. The monotony bristles with sameness. It is a *chevaux-de-Smith*. John Smith in short, is so public and multitudinous a personage, that we do not hesitate to say we know an excellent individual of that name, whose regard we venture thus openly to boast of, without fearing to run any danger of offending his modesty: for nobody will know whom we mean. An Italian poet says he hates the name of John, because if anybody calls him by it in the street, twenty people look out of window. Now let anybody call "John Smith!" and half Holborn will cry out "Well?"

As to other and anonymous Smiths, they are too strongly

marked out by their fame, sometimes by their Christian names, and partly, indeed, by the uncommon lustre they attain through their very commonness, to make us at all squeamish in helping ourselves to their generic appellation at ordinary times. Who will ever think of confounding Smith, in the abstract, with Adam Smith, or Sir Sydney Smith, or the Reverend Sydney Smith, or James and Horace Smith, or Dr Southwood Smith, or any other concretion of wit, bravery, or philosophy?

By this time, following, as we talk, our friend Jack up the road, we arrive at the first suburb tea-gardens, which he, for his part, passes with disdain; not our friend, John Smith, be it observed, for his philosophy is as universal as his name, but Jack Smith, our friend of the new hat and boots. And yet he will be a philosopher, too, by and by; and his boots shall help him to philosophise, but all in good time. Meanwhile, we who are old enough to consult our inclination in preference to our grandeur, turn into the tea-gardens, where there is no tea going forward and not much garden, but worlds of beer, and tobacco-pipes, and alcoves; and in a corner behind some palings there is (we fear) a sound of skittles. May no unchristian churchman hear it, who is twirling his thumbs, or listening to the ring of his wine-glasses. How hot the people look! how unpruned the goodly old dames! how tired, yet unwilling, the children! and how each alcove opens upon you as you pass, with its talk, smoke, beer, and bad paint! Then what a feast to their eyes is the grass-plat! Truly, without well knowing it, do they sit down almost as much to the enjoyment of that green table of Nature's in the midst of them, as to their tobacco and "half-and-half." It is something which they do not see all the rest of the week; the first bit of grass, of any size, which they come to from home; and here they stop and are content. For our parts, we wish they would go further, as Smith does, and get fairly out in the

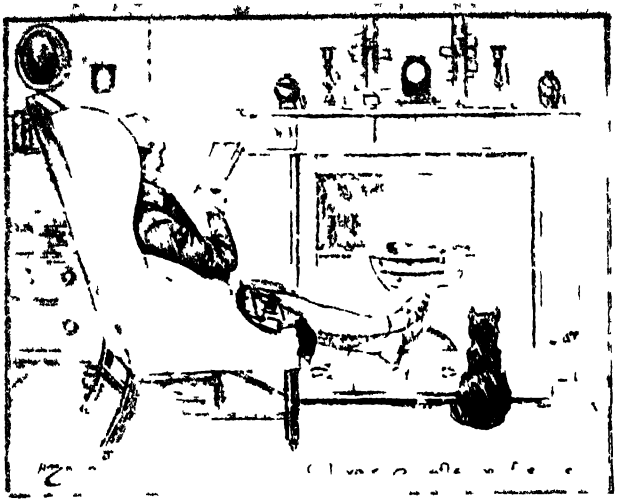
fields; but they will do that, as they become freer, and wiser, and more comfortable, and learn to know and love what the wild-flowers have to say to them. At present how should they be able to hear those small angelic voices, when their ears are ringing with stocking-frames and crying children, and they are but too happy in their tired-heartedness to get to the first bit of holiday ground they can reach?

We come away, and mingle with the crowds returning home, among whom we recognise our friend of the twisted cane, and his lass, who looks the reddest, proudest, and most assured of maid-servants, and sometimes "snubs" him a little, out loud, to show her power: though she loves every blink of his eye. Yonder is a multitude collected round a Methodist preacher, whom they think far "behind his age," extremely apt to put out of yesterday's unstamped, but "well-meaning," a "poor mistaken fellow, sir," and they will not have him hustled by the police. Lord X. would hear what they say. It might put in ideas unpublished.

The gas-lights begin to shine, the tide of the crowd grows thinner, chapel-windows are lit up; maid-servants stand in doorways, married couples carry their children, or dispute about them, and children, not carried, cry for spite, and jumble their souls out.

As for Smith, he is in some friend's room, very comfortable, with his brandy and water beside him, his coloured handkerchief on his knee, and his boots *intermittent*.[1]

[1] In a remittent "to grow mild between the fits or paroxysms"—Johnson.



ADVICE TO THE MELANCHOLY

If you are melancholy for the first time, you will find upon a little inquiry, that other have been melancholy many times, and yet are cheerful now. If you have been melancholy many times, recollect that you have got over all those times, and try if you cannot find out means of getting over them better.

Do not imagine that mind alone is concerned in your bad spirits. The body has a great deal to do with these matters. The mind may undoubtedly affect the body, but the body also affects the mind. There is a reaction between them, and by lessening it on either side, you diminish the pain on both.

If you are melancholy, and know not why, be assured it must arise entirely from some physical weakness, and do your best to strengthen yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow, the blood of a lively man is clear and quick. Endeavour therefore to put your blood in

motion. Exercise is the best way to do it; but you may also help yourself, in moderation, with wine, or other excitements. Only you must take care so to proportion the use of any artificial stimulus, that it may not render the blood fatigued by over-exciting it at first; and that you may be able to keep up, by the natural stimulus only, the help you have given yourself by the artificial.

Regard the bad weather as somebody has advised us to handle the nettle. In proportion as you are delicate with it, it will make you feel; but

> "Grasp it like a man of mettle,
> And the rogue obeys you well."

Do not the less, however, on that account, take all reasonable precaution and arms against it—your boots, etc., against wet feet, and your great-coat or umbrella against the rain. It is timidity and flight which are to be deprecated, not proper armour for the battle. The first will lay you open to defeat, on the least attack. A proper use of the latter will only keep you strong for it. Plato had such a high opinion of exercise, that he said it was a cure even for a wounded conscience. Nor is this opinion a dangerous one. For there is no system, even of superstition, however severe or cruel in other matters, that does not allow a wounded conscience to be curable by some means. Nature will work out its rights and its kindness some way or other, through the worst sophistications; and this is one of the instances in which she seems to raise herself above all contingencies. The conscience may have been wounded by artificial or by real guilt; but then she will tell it in those extremities, that even the real guilt may have been produced by circumstances. It is her kindness alone, which nothing can pull down from its predominance.

See fair play between cares and pastimes. Diminish your artificial wants as much as possible, whether you are rich or

poor; for the rich man's, increasing by indulgence, are apt to outweigh even the abundance of his means, and the poor man's diminution of them renders his means the greater. On the other hand, increase all your natural and healthy enjoyments. Cultivate your afternoon fireside, the society of your friends, the company of agreeable children, music, theatres, amusing books, an urbane and generous gallantry. He who thinks any innocent pastime foolish, has either to grow wiser or is past the ability to do so. In the one case, his notion of being childish is itself a childish notion. In the other, his importance is of so feeble and hollow a cast, that it dare not move for fear of tumbling to pieces.

A friend of ours, who knows as well as any man how to unite industry with enjoyment, has set an excellent example to those who can afford the leisure, by taking two Sabbaths every week instead of one, not Methodistical Sabbaths, but days of rest which pay true homage to the Supreme Being by enjoying His creation.

One of the best pieces of advice for an ailing spirit is to go to no sudden extremes; to adopt no great and extreme changes in diet or other habits. They may make a man look very great and philosophic to his own mind, but they are not fit for a being, to whom custom has been truly said to be a second nature. Dr Cheyne may tell us that a drowning man cannot too quickly get himself out of the water; but the analogy is not good. If the water has become a second habit he might almost as well say that a fish could not get too quickly out of it.

Upon this point, Bacon says that we should discontinue what we think hurtful by little and little. And he quotes with admiration the advice of Celsus, that "a man do vary and interchange contraries, but rather with an inclination to the more benign extreme." "Use fasting," he says, "and full eating, but *rather* full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise, and

the like, so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught mastries."

We cannot do better than conclude with one or two other passages out of the same Essay, full of his usual calm wisdom. "If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you need it." (He means that a general state of health should not make us over-confident and contemptuous of physic, but that we should use it moderately if required, that it may not be too strange to us when we require it.) "If you make it too familiar, it will have no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh. I commend rather some diet for certain season, than frequent use of physic, except it be grown into a custom, for those diets alter the body more and trouble it less."

"As for the passions and studies of the mind," says he, "avoid envy, anxious fear, anger fretful, inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilaration in excess, sadness not communicated" (for as he says finely, somewhere else, they who keep their grief to themselves, are "cannibals of their own hearts") "but entertain hopes; mirth rather than joy," (that is to say, cheerfulness rather than boisterous merriment), "variety of delights rather than surfeit of them, wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties, studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature."



OF THE SIGHT OF SHOPS

Though we are such lovers of the country, we can admire London in some points of view, and among others, from the entertainment to be derived from its shops. Their variety and brilliancy can hardly fail of attracting the most sluggish attention. And besides reasons of this kind, we can never look at some of them without thinking of the gallant figure they make in the *Arabian Nights*, with their bazaars and bezesteins, where the most beautiful of unknowns goes shopping in a veil, and the most graceful of drapers is taken blindfold to see her. He goes, too smitten at heart to think of the danger of his head; and finds her seated among her slave (exquisite themselves, only very inferior), upon which she encourages him to sit near her, and lutes are played, upon which he sighs, and cannot help looking tenderly, upon which she claps her hands, and a charming collation is brought in; upon which they eat, but

not much A din ensues, and the o ular sympathy is
ew r tenfere , when in mpossible of l w min ppears,
nd in th the Sultan is comin Al s! How often
have we been wake l up, in the person o the youn draper
or jeweller, by that ineff ble motion How have we re-
ceived the lily in the veil, thro h which we saw nothing
but le lark eye and rosy cheeks! H w have we sat
t le, el er e sh on, hearin or fa ling the lute,
whose sound ri ht w s like our enamoured eyes! How
often have we no lost our ear and left hands, like one of
th C l d r s Or in eye, like mother? Or a l e d,
and resume l it at the end of he s ory? Or slept (no, not
slept) in the Sultan len at Schi z wit the fair Persian
P to re n (well s such enamoured persons can)
to ou h ? We p efer th country a million times over
for w m r enerally, es ecially if we have the friends
in it that enjoy it as well but there are seasons when the
very trees may vie with a If you have been solitary,
for instance, for a lon time, it is pleasant to get among
your fell w-creatures again, even to be t led in l elbowed
If you live in town, and the weat r is showery, you
may get out in the mer y l of rain, and then a quickly-
dried pavement and a set of bri ht shop ir pleasant.
Nay, we have known days, even in spring, when a street
shall outdo the f nest sp cts of the country, but then it is
only when the lad s are abroad, and there happens to be a
run of agreeable faces that day Be r whether it is fancy
or not, or whether certain days do not rather bring out
certain people, it is a common remark, that one morning
you shall meet a succession of good looks, and ano r
encounter none but the reverse We not merely spe k
of handsome fac , but of those w ch are charming, or
otherwise, whatever be the cause We suppose, that the
money-takers are all abr l one day, and the heart-takers
the other.

It is to be observed, that we are not speaking of utility in this article, except indeed the great utility of agreeableness. A candid leather-cutter therefore will pardon us if we do not find anything very attractive in his premises. So will his friend the shoemaker, who is bound to like us rural pedestrians. A stationer too, on obvious accounts, will excuse us for thinking his a very dull and bald-headed business. We cannot bear the horribly neat monotony of his shelves, with their load of virgin paper, their slates and slate-pencils that set one's teeth on edge, their pocket-books, and above all, their detestable ruled account-books, which at once remind one of the necessity of writing, and the impossibility of writing anything pleasant on such pages. The only agreeable line in a stationer's shop, when it has it, is the ornamental work, the card-racks, hand-screens, etc., which remind us of the fair morning fingers that paste and gild such things, and surprise their aunts with presents of flowery boxes. But we grieve to add, that the prints which the stationers furnish for such elegancies, are not in the very highest taste. They are apt to deviate too scrupulously from the original. Their well-known heads become too monymous. Their young ladies have casts in their eye, a little too much on one side even for the sidelong divinities of Mr Harlowe.

In a hatter's shop we can see nothing but the hats, and the reader is acquainted with our pique against them. The beaver is a curious animal, but the idea of it is not entertaining enough to convert a window full of those requisite nuisances into an agreeable spectacle. It is true, a hatter, like some other tradesmen, may be pleasanter himself, by reason of the adversity of his situation. We cannot say more for the *cruel*-shop next door, a name justly provocative of a pun. It is customary, however, to have sign-paintings of Adam and Eve at these places, which is some relief to the monotony of the windows, only they remind

us but too well of these cruel necessities to which they brought us. The baker's next ensuing is a very dull shop, much inferior to the gingerbread baker's, whose parliament we used to munch at school. The tailor's makes one as melancholy to look at it, as the sedentary persons within. The hosier's is worse; particularly if it has a Golden Leg over it, for that precious limb is certainly not symbolical of the weaver's. The windows, half board and half dusty glass, which abound in the City, can scarcely be turned to a purpose of amusement, even by the most attic of dry-salters. We own we have half a longing to break them, and let in the light of nature upon their recesses; whether they belong to those more piquant gentlemen, or to bankers, or any other high and wholesale personages. A light in one of the windows in the morning is, to us, one of the very dismallest reflections on humanity. We wish we could say something for a tallow-chandler's, because everybody abuses it, but we cannot. It must bear its fate like the rest. A good deal might be said in behalf of candle-light; but in passing from shop to shop, the variety is so great, that the imagination has not time to dwell on any one in particular. The ideas they suggest must be obvious and on the surface. A grocer's and a tea-dealer's is a good thing. It fills the mind instantly with a variety of pleasant tastes, as the ladies in Italy on certain holidays pelt the gentlemen with sweetmeats. An undertaker's is as great a balk to one's spirits, as a loose stone to one's foot. It gives one a deadly jerk. But it is pleasant upon the whole, to see the inhabitant looking carelessly out of doors, or hammering while humming a tune; for why should he die a death at every fresh order for a coffin? An undertaker walking merrily drunk by the side of a hearse, is a horrid object; but an undertaker singing and hammering in his shop, is only tapping death himself on the knuckles. The dead are not there, the altered fellow-creature is not there;

but only the living man, and the abstract idea of death; and he may defy that as much as he pleases. An apothecary's is the more deadly thing of the two; for the coffin may be made for a good old age, but the draught and the drug are for the sickly. An apothecary's looks well however at night-time, on account of the coloured glasses. It is curious to see two or three people talking together in the light of one of them, and looking profoundly blue. There are two good things in the Italian warehouse, its name and its olives; but it is chiefly built up of gout. Nothing can be got out of a brazier's windows, except by a thief: but we understand that it is a good place to live at for those who cannot procure water-falls. A music-shop with its windows full of title-pages, is provokingly insipid to look at, considering the quantity of slumbering enchantment inside, which only wants waking. A bookseller's is interesting, especially if the books are very old or very new, and have frontispieces. But let no author, with or without money in his pocket, trust himself in the inside, unless, like the bookseller, he has too much at home. An author is like a baker; it is for him to make the sweets, and others to buy and enjoy them. And yet not so. Let us not blaspheme the "divinity that stirs within us." The old comparison of the bee is better; for even if his toil at last is his destruction, and he is killed in order to be plundered, he has had the range of nature before he dies. His has been the summer air, and the sunshine, and the flowers; and gentle ears have listened to him, and gentle eyes have been upon him. Let others eat his honey that please, so that he has had his morsel and his song. A bookstall is better for an author than a regular shop; for the books are cheaper, the choice often better and more ancient; and he may look at them, and move on without the horrors of not buying anything; unless indeed the master or mistress stands looking at him from the shop-door; which is a vile

practice. It is necessary, we suppose, to guard against pilferers, but then only the not a small-keeper, of any perception, to know one of us real magnanimous spoilers of our gloves from a sordid thief. A tavern and coffee-house is a pleasant sight, from its sociality, not to mention the illustrious club memories of the times of Shakspeare and the Tatlers. We confess that the commonest public-house in town is not such an eyesore to us as it is to some. There may be a little too much drinking and roaring going on in the middle of the week, but what, in the meantime, are pride, and avarice, and all the unsocial vices about? Before we object to public-houses, and above all, to their Saturday evening recreations, we must alter the system that make them a necessary comfort to the poor and laborious. Till then, in spite of the evil, and of the police, we shall have an esteem for the "Devil and the Bung of Nails", and like to hear, as we go along on Saturday night, the applauding knocks on the table that follow the song of "Lovely Nan," or "Brave Captain Death," or "Tobacco is an Indian Weed," or "Why, Soldiers, why," or "Says Plato, why should man be vain," or that judicious and unanswerable ditty commencing

> Now what can man more desire
> Nor sitting by a scold fire
> And on his knees etc

We will even refuse to hear anything against a gin-shop, till the various systems of the moralists and economists are discussed, and the virtuous leave off seduction and old port. In the meantime, we give up to anybody's dislike the butcher's and fishmonger's. And yet how things go by comparison. We remember, in our boyhood, a lady from the West Indies, of a very delicate and high-bred nature, who could find nothing about our streets that more excited her admiration than the butchers' shops. She had no

notion, from what she had seen in her own country, that so ugly a business could be carried on with so much neatness, and become actually passible. An open potato shop is a dull bleak-looking place, except in the height of summer. A cheesemonger's is then at its height of annoyance, unless you see a painter or bricklayer coming out with his three penn'orth on his bread: a bitter sight than the glutton's waddling away from the fishmonger's. A poulterer's is a dead-bodied business, with its birds and their lax necks. We dislike to see a bird anywhere but in the open air, alive and quick. Of all creatures, restraint and death become its winged vivacity the least. For the same reason we hate aviaries. Dog-shops are tolerable. A cook-shop does not mingle the agreeable with the useful. We hate its panes, with *Ham and Beef* scratched upon them in white letters. An ivory-turner's is pleasant, with its red and white chessmen, and little bird-headed Indians on elephants; so is a toy-shop, with its endless delights for children. A coach-maker's is not disagreeable, if you can see the painting and panels. An umbrella-shop only reminds one of a rainy day, unless it is a shop for sticks also, which as we have already shown are meritorious articles. The curiosity-shop is sometimes very amusing, with its mandarins, stuffed birds, odd old carved faces, and a variety of things as indescribable as bits of dreams. The greengrocer carries his recommendation in his epithet. The hairdressers are also interesting as far as their hair goes, but not as their heads: we mean the heads in their windows. One of the shops we like least is an angling repository, with its rod for a sign, and a fish dancing in the agonies of death at the end of it. We really cannot see what equanimity there is in jerking a lacerated carp out of water by the jaws, merely because it has not the power of making a noise; for we presume that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish. An optician's is not

very amusing, unless it has those reflecting-glasses in which you see your face run off on each side into attenuated width, or upwards and downwards in the same manner, in dreary longitude. A toyshop is a beautiful spectacle; it reminds one of the splendour of a fairy palace. We like a blacksmith's for the sturdy looks and thumpings of the men, the swarthy colour, the fiery sparkles and the thunder-breathing throat of the furnace. Of other houses of traffic, not common in the streets, there is something striking to us in the large, well-conditioned horses of the brewers, and the rich smoke rolling from out their chimneys. We also greatly admire a wharf, with its boats, barrels, and packages, and the fresh air from the water, not to mention the smell of pitch. It carries us at once a hundred miles over the water. For similar reasons the cold-looking old Dock has its merits in our eyes, if there is a sail-maker's in it or a boat-builder's and water at the end. How sedately old Roberts of Lambeth to gratify the aspiring modesty of our school-coats, when he welcomed us down to his wherries and captains on a holiday, and said, "Blue against Black at any time, gemmen: the Westminster boys!" And the colleges will richly bear praise, taking into consideration the difference of the numbers that go there from either cloisters. But of all shops in the streets a print-seller's pleases us the most. We would rather pay a shilling to Mr Colnaghi, Mr Molteno, or Messieurs Moon and Boys, to look at their windows on one of their best-furnished days, than we would for many on exhibition. We can see fine engravings there, translations from Raphael and Titian. Such are newer than hundreds of oil-mills. We do not dislike a pastry-cook's, though we would rather not eat tarts and puffs before the half-worked face of the prettiest of accountants, especially with a beggar waiting and praying all the while at the

door. We need not expatiate on the beauties of a florist's, where you see unwithering leaves, and roses made immortal. A dress warehouse is sometimes really worth stopping at, for its flowered draperies and richly-coloured shawls. But one's pleasure is apt to be disturbed (ye powers of gallantry! bear witness to the unwilling pen that writes it) by the fair faces that come forth, and the half-polite, half-execrating expression of the tradesman that bows them out. For here takes place the chief enjoyment of the mystery yclept shopping; and here, while some ladies give the smallest trouble unwillingly, others have an infinity of things turned over, for the mere purpose of wasting their own time and the shopman's. We have read of a choice of cheese by cheese. It is difficult to speak of preference in such matters, and all such single modes of trial must be somethings equivocal; but we must say, that of all modes of the kind, we should desire no better way of seeing what ladies we admired most, and whom least, than by witnessing this trial of them at a linen-draper's counter



A NEARER VIEW
OF SOME OF THE SHOPS

In the general glance that we have taken at shops, we found ourselves unwillingly compelled to pass some of them too quickly. It is the object therefore of the present article to enter into those more attractive thresholds, and look a little about us. We imagine a fine day, time, about noon; scene, any good brilliant street. The ladies are abroad in white and green, the beaux lounging, conscious of their waists and neckcloths, the busy pushing forward, conscious of their bills, the dogs and coaches—but we must reserve this out-of-door view of the streets for a separate article.

To begin then, where our shopping experience began, with the toy-shop—

> "Visions of glory, spare our aching sight!
> Ye just beginnings of a wish or will not on our soul!"

We still seem to have a lively sense of the smell of that gorgeous red paint, which was on the handle of our first wooden sword! The pewter guard also how beautifully fretted and like silver did it look! How did we hang it round our shoulder by the proud belt of an old ribbon;—then feel it well suspended, then draw it out of the sheath, eager to cut down four savage men for ill-using ditto of damsels! An old muff made an excellent grenadier's cap; or one's hat and feather, with the assistance of three surreptitious large pins, became fiercely modern and military. There it is, in that corner of the window the same identical sword, to all appearance, which kept us awake the first

night behind our pillow. We still feel ourselves little boys, while standing in this shop; and for that matter, so we do on other occasions. A field has as much merit in our eyes, and gingerbread almost as much in our mouths, as at that daisy-plucking and cake-eating period of life. There is the trigger-rattling gun, fine of its kind, but not so complete a thing as the sword. Its memories are not so ancient: for Alexander or St George did not fight with a musket. Neither is it so true a thing, it is not "like life." The trigger is too much like that of a cross-bow; and the pea which it shoots, however hard, produces even to the imaginative faculties of boyhood a humiliating flash of the mock-heroic. It is difficult to fancy a dragon killed with a pea, but the shape and appurtenances of the sword being genuine, the whole sentiment of massacre is as much in its wooden blade, as if it were steel of Damascus. The drum is still more real, though not so heroic. In the corner opposite are battle-doors and shuttle-cocks, which have their maturer beauties; balls, which possess the additional zest of the danger of breaking people's windows; ropes, good for swinging and skipping, especially the long ones which others turn for you, while you run in a masterly manner up and down, or skip in one spot with an easy and endless exactitude of toe, looking alternately at their conscious faces; blood-allies, with which the possessor of a crisp finger and thumb-knuckle causes the smitten marbles to vanish out of the ring; kites, which must appear to more vital birds a ghastly kind of fowl, with their grim long white faces, no bodies, and endless tails;—cricket bats, mainly to handle;—trap bats, a genteel inferiority;—swimming corks, despicable;—horses on wheels, an imposition on the infant public;—rocking-horses, too much like Pegasus, ardent, yet never getting on,—Dutch toys, so like life that they ought to be better;—Jacob's ladders, flapping down one over another their tintinnabulary shutters;—dissected



maps, from which the infant statesmen may learn how to dovetail provinces and kingdoms;—paper posture-makers, who hitch up their knees against their shoulder-blades, and dangle their legs like an opera dancer;—Lilliputian plates, dishes, and other household utensils, in which a grand dinner is served up out of half an apple;—boxes of paints, to colour engravings with, always beyond the outline;—ditto of bricks, a very sensible and lasting toy, which we except from a grudge we have against the gravity of infant geometricks;—whips, very useful for cutting people's eyes unawares;—hoops, one of the most ancient as well as excellent of toys;—sheets of pictures, from A apple-pie up to farming, military, and zoological exhibitions, always taking care that the Fly is as large as the Elephant, and the letter X exclusively appropriated to Xerxes;—musical

deal-boxes, rather complaining than sweet, and more like a peal of bodkins than bells; — penny trumpets, awful at Bartlemy-tide; — jew's harps, that thrill and breathe between the lips like a metal tongue; — carts — carriages — hobby-horses, upon which the infant equestrian prances about proudly on his own feet; — in short, not to go through the whole representative body of existence — dolls, which are so dear to the maternal instincts of little girls. We protest, however, against their abuse of them, which makes them full-dressed young ladies in body, while they remain infant in face; especially when they are of frail wax. It is cultivating finery instead of affection. We prefer good honest plump limbs of cotton and sawdust, dressed in baby-linen, or even our ancient young friends, with their staring dotted eyes, red varnished faces, triangular noses, and Rosinante wooden limbs not, it must be confessed, excessively shapely or feminine, but the reverse of fragile beauty, and prepared against all disasters.

The next step is to the Pastry-cook's, where the plain bun is still the pleasantest thing in our eyes, from its respectability in those of childhood. The pastry, less patronised by judicious mothers, is only so much elegant indigestion — yet it is not easy to forget the pleasure of nibbling away the crust all round a raspberry or currant tart, in order to enjoy the three or four delicious semi-circular bites at the fruity plenitude remaining. There is a custard with a wall of paste round it, which provokes a siege of this kind; and the cheese-cake has its amenities of approach. The acid flavour is a relief to the mawkishness of the biffin or pressed baked apple, and an addition to the glib and quivering lightness of the jelly. Twelfth Cake, which when cut looks like the side of a rich pit of earth covered with snow, is pleasant from warmer associations. Confectionary does not seem in the same request as of old; its paint has hurt its reputation. Yet the school-boy has still

much to say for its humbler suavities. Kisses are very amiable and allegorical. Eight or ten of them, judiciously wrapped up in pieces of letter-paper, have saved many a loving heart the trouble of a less eloquent billet-doux. Candid citron we look upon to be the very acmé and atticism of confectionary grace. Preserves are too much of a good thing, with the exception of the jams that retain their fruit-skins. "Jam satis." They qualify the cloying. Yet marmalade must not be passed over in these times, when it has been raised to the dignity of the peerage. The other day there was a Duke of Marmalade in Hayti and a Count of Lemonade—so called, from places in which those eminent relishes are manufactured. After all, we must own that there is but one thing for which we care much at a pastry-cook's, except our old acquaintance the bun; especially as we can take up that, and go on. It is an ice. Fancy a very hot day; the blinds down, the loungers unusually languid; the pavement burning one's feet; the sun, with a strong outline in the street, baking one whole side of it like a brick-kiln; so that everybody is crowding on the other, except a man going to intercept a creditor bound for the Continent. Then think of a heaped-up ice, brought upon a salver with a spoon. What statesman, of any warmth of imagination, would not pardon the Neapolitans in summer, for an insurrection on account of the want of ice? Think of the first sidelong dip of the spoon in it, bringing away a well-sliced lump; then of the sweet wintry refreshment, that goes lengthening down one's throat; and lastly, of the sense of power and satisfaction resulting from having *had* the ice.

"Not heaven itself can do away that ice;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my ice."

We unaccountably omitted two excellent shops last week,—the fruiterer's and the sculptor's. There is great beauty as well as agreeableness in a well-disposed fruiterer's window.

Here are the round piled-up oranges, deepening almost into red, and heavy with juice; the apple with its brown-red cheek, as if it had slept in the sun; the pear, swelling downwards, thronging grapes, like so many tight little bags of wine; the peach, whose handsome leathern coat strips off so finely; the pearly or ruby-like currants, heaped in light long baskets; the red little mouthful of strawberries; the larger purple ones of plums, cherries, whose old comparison with lips is better than anything new, mulberries, dark and rich with juice, fit to grow over what Homer calls the deep black-watered fountains, the swelling pomp of melons, the rough inexorable-looking cocoa-nut, milky at heart; the elaborate elegance of walnuts, the quaint cashoo-nut, almonds, figs, raisins, tamarinds, green leaves, —in short,

> "Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
> In India East or West, or middle shore
> In Pontus or the Punick coast, or where
> Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
> Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell"
>
> MILTON

There is something of more refined service in waiting upon a lady in a fruit-shop, than in a pastry-cook's. The eating of tarts, as Sir Walter Scott handsomely saith in his "Life of Dryden" (who used to enjoy them, it seems, in company with "Madam Reeves"), is "no inelegant pleasure," but there is something still more graceful and suitable in the choosing of the natural fruit, with its rosy lips and red cheeks. A white hand looks better on a basket of plums than in the doubtful touching of syrupy and sophisticated pastry. There is less of the kitchen about the fair visitor. She is more Pomona-like, native, and to the purpose. We help her, as we would a local deity.

> "Here be grapes whose lusty blood
> Is the learned poets good,

Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus;—nuts more brown
Than the squirrels' teeth that crack them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.
For these black ey'd Driope
Hath often times commanded me,
With my clasped knee to climb;
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a Queen,
Some be red, some be green:
These are of that luscious meat,
The great God Pan himself doth eat
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong,
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade."

FLETCHER'S *Faithful Shepherdess.*

How the poets double every delight for us, with their imagination and their music!

In the windows of some of the sculptors' shops artificial fruit may be seen. It is a better thing to put upon a mantelpiece than many articles of greater fashion; but it gives an abominable sensation to one's imaginary teeth. The incautious epicure who plunges his teeth into "a painted snowball" in Italy (see Brydone's *Tour in Sicily and Malta*), can hardly receive so jarring a balk to his gums, as the bare apprehension of a bite at a stone peach. but the farther you go in a sculptor's shop the better. Many persons are not aware that there are show-rooms in these places, which are well worth getting a sight of by some small purchase. For the best plaster casts the Italian shops, such as Papera's in Marylebone Street, Golden Square, and Sarti's in Greek

Street, are the best. Of all the shop-pleasures that are "not inelegant," an hour or two passed in a place of this kind is surely one of the most polite. Here are the gods and heroes of old, and the more beneficent philosophers, ancient and modern. You are looked upon, as you walk among them, by the paternal majesty of Jupiter, the force and decision of Minerva, the still more arresting gentleness of Venus, the budding compactness of Hebe, the breathing inspiration of Apollo. Here the Celestial Venus, naked in heart and body, ties up her locks, her drapery hanging upon her lower limbs. Here the Belvidere Apollo, breathing forth his triumphant disdain, follows with an earnest eye the shaft that has killed the serpent. Here the Graces, linked in an affectionate group, meet you in the naked sincerity of their innocence and generosity, their hands "open as day," and two advancing, for one receding. Here Hercules, like the building of a man, looks down from his propping club, as if half-disdaining even that repose. There Mercury, with his light limbs, seems just to touch the ground, ready to give a start with his foot and be off again. Bacchus, with his riper cheek and his thicker hanging locks, appears to be evening one of his nymphs. The Vatican Apollo near him, leans upon the stump of a tree, the hand which hangs upon it holding a bit of his lyre, the other arm thrown up over his head, as if he felt the air upon his body, and heard it singing through the strings. In a corner on another side, is the Crouching Venus of John of Bologna, shrinking just before she steps into the bath. The Dancing Faun is not far off, with his animal spirits, and the Piping Faun, sedater because he possesses an art more accomplished. Among the other divinities, we look up with veneration to old Homer's head, resembling an earthly Jupiter. Plato beholds us with a bland dignity a beauty unimpairable by years. How different from the brute impulse of Mars, the bloated self-will of Nero, or the dull

and literal effeminacy of some of the other emperors! There is a sort of presence in sculpture more than in any other representations of art. It is curious to see how instinctively people will fall into this sentiment when they come into a place with busts and statues in it, however common. They hush, as if the images could hear them. In our boyhood, some of our most delightful holidays were spent in the gallery of the late Mr West, in Newman Street. It runs a good way back from the street, crossing a small garden, and opening into loftier rooms on the other side of it. We remember how the world used to seem shut out from us the moment the street door was closed, and we began stepping down those long-carpeted aisles of pictures, with statues in the angles where they turned. We had observed everybody walk down them in this way, like the mild possessor of the mansion, and we went so likewise. We have walked down with him at night to his painting-room, as he went in his white flannel gown, with a lamp in his hand, which shot a lustrous twilight upon the pictured walls in passing; and everything looked so quiet and graceful, that we should have thought it sacrilege to hear a sound beyond the light tread of his footsteps. But it was the statues that impressed us still more than the pictures. It seemed as if Venus and Apollo waited our turning at the corners; and there they were, always the same, placid and intuitive, more human and bodily than the paintings, yet too divine to be over real. It is to that house with the gallery in question, and the little green plot of ground, surrounded with an arcade and busts, that we owe the greatest part of our love for what is Italian and belongs to the fine arts. And if this is a piece of private history, with which the readers have little to do, they will excuse it for the sake of the greatest of all excuse, which is Love.



Smoking has had its vicissitudes, as well as other fashions. In Elizabeth's day, when it first came up, it was a high accomplishment: James (who liked it none the better for its being of Raleigh's invention) indignantly refused it the light of his countenance: in Charles's time it was dashed out by the cannon; lips had no leisure for it under Charles the Second: the clubs and the Dutch brought it back again with King William: it prevailed more or less during the reign of the first two Georges; grew thin, and died away under George the Third; and has lately reappeared, with a flourish of Turkish pipes, and through the milder medium of the cigar, under the auspices of his successor.

The last smoker I recollect among those of the old school, was a clergyman. He had seen the best society, and was a man of the most polished behaviour. This did not hinder him from taking his pipe every evening before he went to bed. He sat in his armchair, his back gently bending, his knees a little apart, his eyes placidly inclined towards the fire: and delighted, in the intervals of puff, to recount anecdotes of the Marquis of Rockingham and "my Lord North." The end of his recreation was announced to those who had gone to bed, by the tapping of the bowl of his pipe upon the hob, for the purpose of emptying it of

its ashes. Ashes to ashes; head to bed. It is a pity that the long day of life cannot always terminate as pleasantly. Bacon said that the art of making deathbeds easy was among the *desiderata* of knowledge. Perhaps, for the most part, they are easier than the great chancellor imagined; but, no doubt, the most conscientious ones might often be bettered. A virtuous man shall not always take his departure as comfortably as a sinner with a livelier state of diaphragm. Frenchmen have died, sitting in their chairs, full-dressed and powdered. I have a better taste in mortality than that; but I think I could drop off with a decent compromise between thought and forgetfulness, sitting with my pipe by a fireside, in an old elbow-chair.

I delight to think of the times when smoking was an ornament of literature, a refreshment and repose to the studious head; when Hobbes meditated, and Cowley built his castles in those warmer clouds, and Dr Aldrich his quadrangles. In smoking, you may think or not think, as you please. If the mind is actively employed, the pipe keeps it in a state of satisfaction, supplies it with a side luxury, a soft ground to work upon. If you wish to be idle, the successive puffs take the place of thinking. There is a negative activity in it, that fills up the place of real. Intruding notions are met with a puff in their teeth, and puffed into nothing. Studious men are subject to a working and fermenting of thought, when their meditations would fain be over: they cannot always cease meditating. Bacon was accustomed to take a draught of March beer towards bedtime, to settle this æstuary of his mind. I wonder he did not take a pipe, as a gentler carrier off of that uneasiness. Being a link between thought and no thought, one would imagine it would have been a more advisable compromise with his state of excitement than the dashing of one stream upon another in that violent manner, and forcing his nerves to behave themselves.

There are delicate heads, I am aware, that cannot bear even a cigar. Smoking, of any sort, makes too sudden an appeal to the connection between their sensitive nerves and the stomach; produces what the doctors call predigestion, and is rebuked with a punishment of the weaker part, to wit, the brain. Bacon's might have been such in his old age, after all the service it had seen; but I wonder, on that account, that he resorted to the jolly and fox-hunting succedaneum of beer. A walk would have been better. "After study walk a mile" The object is to restore the blood gradually to motion, arrested as it has been with many thoughts, and confused when they let it go. Now a pipe is a more gradual restorative than a draught. As it is a shadowing off between thinking and no thinking, so it is a preparer for sleep, and a reconciler with want of company.

But the genius of smoking, being truly philosophical, has its love of society too: and then it resorts to a cup. Among Mr Stothard's agreeable designs for the Spectator, there is one of the club over a table, with their pipes and their wine. Captain Sentry is going to light his pipe at the candle; Sir Roger is sitting with his knees apart, like the old gentleman I have been describing, in the act of preparing his, perhaps thinking what a pretty tobacco-stopper the widow's finger would have made. One longs to be among them As I never pass Covent Garden (and I pass it very often) without thinking of all the old coffee-houses and the wits, so I can never reflect, without impatience, that there are no such meetings nowadays, and no coffee-room that looks as if it would suit them. People confine themselves too much to their pews and boxes. In former times there was a more humane openness of intercourse. Different parties had indeed their respective places of resort; a natural consequence of politics, perhaps of letters; but this prevented ungraceful

quarrels. Hostility might get in, but was obliged to behave itself. Dryden, who was the object of attack to an increasing horde of scribblers, was never insulted in his coffee-house. Even the bravos of Lord Rochester, or whoever it was that had him waylaid in Rose Alley, did not venture to disturb the peace of his symposium. The room in which he sat is described as open to all comers, and he occupied a prominent part in it. In winter a place was sacred for him at the fireside.

I confess, if I were a wit, I would rather have a room to myself and friends. I should like to be public only in my books. But this is a taste originating in the times. Dryden was a modest man in his intercourse; and was never charged, I believe, among all the accusations of vanity brought against him, of being the vainer for frequenting a coffee-room. Being a lover of wits, I should like to see the times alter in this respect, and the great men of all parties become visible. But where could they be so? Where could the pleasant fellows among our existing Whigs and Tories take up one of their respective tabernacles, and make a religion of our going to hear them, and aspiring to a pinch out of their snuff-boxes? I was thinking of this, as I passed through Convent Garden the other evening. Above all, said I, where could we have the whole warmth of the intercourse revived, the Spectator's tobacco-pipe and all, especially when it is no longer the fashion to drink wine? It would take a great deal to fetch Englishmen again out of their boxes. They do not allow smoking in the best coffee-houses; and where they do, so many other things are allowed, that no gentleman would remain. Where shall I place my imaginary coterie, and fancy myself listening to the Drydens and Addisons of the day? It is the fashion now for your wilder writers in magazines to patronise or pretend to patronise, some house of call, or vociferation, the mediocrity of which shall give

them an air of vigour and defiance in the patronage, and prove them men of originality. There is something pleasant in this where it is not an affectation of superiority to prejudice, arising out of an absolute sense to the contrary, and betraying itself by a tone of bullying. But real or not, and with all my regard for those honest houses, where the only sophisticate thing is the presence of some of their panegyrists, they will not do for the purpose before us. Due is my consideration for the "Dog and the Coalhole," pungent my sense of the "Cheshire Cheese" the "Hole in the Wall" has a snug appellation, and as for Dolly's "Beef-Steak House," great would be my ingratitude, did I forget its hot pewter-plate, new bread, floury potatoes, foaming pot of porter, and perfect beefsteak. The man that cannot enjoy a beefsteak there, can enjoy a stomach nowhere. But it is not what I was seeking the other night. Neither is the "Hummums," nor the "Bedford," nor the "Piazza," nor the "Southampton," nor the "Salopian."

During these meditations, I approach my friend Gliddon's snuff and tobacco-shop, in King Street. Ay, here, said I, is wherewithal to fill the boxes of the Steeles and Congreves, and the pipes of the Aldriches and Sir Roger de Coverleys. But where is the room in which we can fancy them? Where is the coffee-house to match? Where the union of a certain domestic comfort with publicity,—journals of literature as well as news,—a fire visible to all,—cups without inebriety,—smoking without vulgarity? On a sudden, I find carriages stopping at the door; I recognise an acquaintance of mine, a member of Parliament, who does not easily come out of his way to fill a snuff-box. I hear a gentleman inquiring about the coffee-room, and "whether Prince Esterhazy is to be turned away again by a stress of company." I enter, and ask my old acquaintance what miracle he has been about. He

points to a board in his shop, and then takes me through a door in the wall into the very room that I was looking for. It was rather two rooms thrown into one, and with a fire in each, a divan of ample dimensions runs round it; lamps of ground glass diffuse a soft, yet sufficient light, the floor is carpeted, two cheerful fires offer double facility of approach, a twofold provocation to poke and be self-possessed, round are small marble tables, with chairs, in addition to the divan, and in the midst of all, stands a large cone, precisely covered with the periodical works of the day, newspapers, magazines and publications that come out in numbers. I sat down, and immersed with the hospitality due to an old friend, in all the amenities of the place. Cream and an excellent cup of coffee are served. "But will you have a good coffee at the end of the year?" "Can you ask me the question, Mr Honeycomb you, who have known me long?" "Well, if anybody that ever kept a shop can do it, it is you: and I tell you what, if you do, depend upon it, no success will be like yours. Good fortune produces abuse of it, but the abuse of always is impolitic, compared with a genuine policy, as cunning is inferior to wisdom. If there were any one shop in London, in which the customer for a series of years were sure to find one undeviating goodness of article, the phenomenon would attract and retain all eyes. And these cigars the boy tells me they are excellent also. Is this true?" "I can tell you one thing they say of them, by which you may judge for yourself, they say they are smuggled." "O, ho!"

'And snatch a grace beyond the reach of law.'

"You know how the law picked my pocket once. Before that time, I was so tender of conscience, that when I was at Hastings I would not purchase a toy or a pair of gloves that was contraband: whereas *now*—I will not ask you to



Impatient waiting
for the newspaper.

make me certain whether the articles are smuggled or not—say no more—rest your insinuating fame on that. But a prettier-tasted cigar—a leaf with a finer tip of flavour in it,—pray, how many cigars might a man smoke of an evening? I have a great mind to try. But I must look at your publications. By the way, you have no pipes, I see; and I observe no bottles. Have you neither pipes nor wine?"—"No, we are exclusively cigar; we have coffee, sherbet, lemonade—all reasonable Oriental drinks to harmonise with our divan, but nothing to disturb the peace of it. Thus we secure a certain domestic elegance in-doors, and can prevent drunkards from coming in to get drunker. A gentleman may come from his dining or drawing-room, and still find himself in a manner at home. Besides, a cigar is the mildest as well as most fashionable form of tobacco-taking; and as it is no longer the mode to drink wine, wine is not sought after." "That is all very good for you; but for me, who have been casting a wistful eye, as I came along, at the old haunts of Sir Roger and his friends, I confess it is a drawback on a certain fancy I had, when I first came in. However, we must consider what Steele and Addison would have liked had they lived now, and witnessed the effect of the Spectators of other men. It is they that have helped to ruin their own pipes and wine, and given us a greater taste for literature and domesticity; and I comfort myself with concluding that they would have come here, at least *after* their bottle, to take their coffee and look over your papers and magazines. There he sits, over the way,—Steele, I mean, the man with the short face; for I perceive there is wit at that table. Opposite him is Addison, in black, looking something like a master in chancery. The handsome man, always on the giggle, must be Rowe; and the other one, an officer, is Colonel Brett. But who is this tall formal personage coming up? Look at him,—the very man,

Ambrose Phillips. Who would think that his muse was a little dancer in octosyllables,—a dandler of young ladies of quality?"

Mine host left me alone to complete my initiation. Another cup of coffee was brought me, and five several publications; to wit, a newspaper, a twopenny sheet, a number to be continued, a magazine, and a review; for I am fond of having too many books at once. I looked over these, and then, contented with the power to read them further, continued giving bland puffs to my cigar, and speculating around me. The conversations were maintained in very quiet and gentlemanly tones: now and then was heard the sound of a leaf turning over; sometimes a hem, consequential or otherwise; my own puffs were always distinguishable to myself; and at intervals I could discern those of others, and hear the social crackling of the fire. No noisy altercation here; no sanded floors or cold feet; no impatient waiting for the newspaper; while the person in possession keeps it the longer because you wait: all is warm, easy, quiet, abundant, satisfactory.

I conclude the principal visitors of the divan to be theatre-goers, officers who have learnt to love a cigar on service, men of letters, and men of fortune who have a taste for letters, and can whirl themselves from their own firesides to these. If you are in the City, on business, go for a steak to Dolly's; if midway between City and West End, go to the first clean-looking larder you come to; if a man of fashion, and you must dine in your altitudes, go to the "Clarendon"; but after any of these, man of fashion or not, go if you can, and end your cigar and your cup of coffee at Gliddon's. It is finishing with a grace and a repose.

By the way, I spent a pretty afternoon the other day. It was a complete thing, one thing excepted: but—she's at Paris. I dined, I will not say how early; but took only a

couple glasses of wine, which will retrieve my character on that point. I then made tour of the book-stalls, at Covent-Garden; bought some comedies and a Catullus, went to the theatre, and saw Der Freyschutz and Charles the Second; re-issued from among the perukes, with a gallant sense about my head and shoulders, as if I curled one myself; went and settled my faculties over a cup of the New Monthly at Gliddon's; got home by eleven (for I would not go to a party where she was not); and fell to sleep at the words "Lulling hope," in a song I am writing.

ON WASHERWOMEN.



WRITERS, we think, might oftener indulge themselves in direct picture-making, that is to say, in detached sketches of men and things, which should be to *manners*, what those of Theophrastus are to *character*.

Painters do not always think it necessary to paint epics; or to fill a room with a series of pictures on one subject. They deal sometimes in single figures and groups; and often exhibit a profounder feeling in these little concentrations of their art, than in subjects of a more numerous

lescription. Their *gusto*, perhaps, is less likely to be lost, on that very account. They are no longer Sultans in a eraglio, but lovers with a favourite mistress, retired and absorbed. A Madonna of Correggio's, the Bath of Michael Angelo, the Standard of Leonardo da Vinci, Titian's Mistress, and other single subjects or groups of the great nasters, are acknowledged to be among their greatest performances, some of them their greatest of all.

It is the same with music. Overtures, which are supposed to make allusion to the whole progress of the story hey precede, are not always the best productions of the naster; still less are choruses, and quintetts, and other pieces involving a multiplicity of actors. The overture to Mozart's *Magic Flute* (*Zauberflote*) is worthy of the title of the piece; it is truly enchanting; but what are so intense, in their way, as the duet of the two lovers, *Ah Perdona*,— or the laughing trio in *Cosi Fan Tutte*,—or that passionate serenade in Don Giovanni, *Deh vieni alla finestra*, which breathes the very soul of refined sensuality! The gallant is before you, with his mandolin and his cap and feather, taking place of the nightingale for that amorous hour; and you feel that the sounds must inevitably draw his mistress to the window. Their intenseness even renders them pathetic; and his heart seems in earnest, because his senses are.

We do not mean to say, that, in proportion as the work is large and the subject numerous, the merit may not be the greater if all is good. Raphael's Sacrament is a greater work than his Adam and Eve; but his Transfiguration would still have been the finest picture in the world, had the second group in the foreground been away; nay, the latter is supposed, and, we think, with justice, to injure its effect. We only say that there are times when the numerousness may scatter the individual gusto;—that the greatest possible feeling may be proved without it;—and, above all, returning to our more immediate subject, that

writers, like painters, may sometimes have leisure for excellent detached pieces, when they want it for larger productions. Here, then, is an opportunity for them. Let them, in their intervals of history, or, if they want time for it, give us portraits of humanity. People lament that Sappho did not write more: but, at any rate, her two odes are worth twenty epics like Tryphiodorus.

But, in portraits of this kind, writing will also have a great advantage; and may avoid what seems to be an inevitable stumbling-block in paintings of a similar description. Between the matter-of-fact works of the Dutch artists, and the subtle compositions of Hogarth, there seems to be a medium reserved only for the pen. The writer only can tell you all he means, can let you into his whole mind and intention. The moral insinuations of the painter are, on the one hand, apt to be lost for want of distinctness; or tempted, on the other, by their visible nature, to put on too gross a shape. If he leaves his meanings to be imagined, he may unfortunately speak to unimaginative spectators, and generally does; if he wishes to explain himself so as not to be mistaken, he will paint a set of comments upon his own incidents and characters, rather than let them tell for themselves. Hogarth himself, for instance, who never does anything without a sentiment or a moral, is too apt to perk them both in your face, and to be over-redundant in his combinations. His persons, in many instances, seem too much taken away from their proper indifference to effect, and to be made too much of conscious agents and joint contributors. He "o'er-informs his tenements." His very goods and chattels are didactic. He makes a capital remark of a cow's horn, and brings up a piece of cannon in aid of a satire on vanity.[1] It is the writer only who, without hurting the

[1] See the cannon going off in the turbulent portrait of a General Officer, and the cow's head coming just over that of the citizen who is walking with his wife.

most delicate propriety of the representation, can leave no doubt of all his intentions,—who can insinuate his object, in two or three words, to the dullest conception; and, in conversing with the most foreign minds, take away all the awkwardness of interpretation. What painting gains in universality to the eye, it loses by an infinite proportion in power of suggestion to the understanding.

There is something of the sort of sketches we are recommending in Sterne: but Sterne had a general connected object before him, of which the parts apparently detached were still connecting links: and while he also is apt to overdo his subject like Hogarth, is infinitely less various and powerful. The greatest master of detached portrait is Steele: but his pictures too form a sort of link in a chain. Perhaps the completest specimen of what we mean in the English language is Shenstone's "School-Mistress," by far his best production, and a most natural, quiet, and touching old dame.— But what? Are we leaving out *Chaucer*? Alas, we thought to be doing something a little original, and find it all existing already, and in unrivalled perfection, in his portraits of the Canterbury Pilgrims! We can only dilate, and vary upon his principle.

But we are making a very important preface to what may turn out a very trifling subject, and must request the reader not to be startled at the homely specimen we are about to give him, after all this gravity of recommendation. Not that we would apologise for homeliness, as homeliness. The beauty of this unlimited power of suggestion in writing is, that you may take up the driest and most commonplace of all possible subjects, and strike a light out of it to warm your intellect and your heart by. The fastidious habits of polished life generally incline us to reject, as incapable of interesting us, whatever does not present itself in a graceful shape of its own, and a ready-made suit of ornaments. But some of the plainest weeds become beautiful under the

microscope. It is the benevolent provision of nature, that in proportion as you feel the necessity of extracting interest from common things, you are enabled to do so, and the very least that this familiarity with homeliness will do for us is to render our artificial delicacy less liable to annoyance, and to teach us how to grasp the nettle till they obey us.

The reader see that we are Wordsworthians enough not to confine our tastes to the received elegancies of society; and, in one respect we go further than Mr Wordsworth, for, though as fond, perhaps, of the country as he, we can manage to please ourselves in the very thick of cities, and even find there much reason to do justice to Providence, as he does in the haunts of sportsmen, angler, and all-devouring insects.

To think, for instance, of that laborious and inelegant class of the community *Washer-women*, and of all the hot, disagreeable dabbling, moking, splashing, kitcheny, cold-dinner, anti-company-receiving associations, to which they give rise. What can be more annoying to any tasteful lady or gentleman, at their first waking in the morning, than when that dreadful thump at the door comes, announcing the tub-tumbling virtuoes, with their brawny arms and brawling voices? We must confess, for our own parts, that our taste, in the abstract, is not for washerwomen, we prefer Dryads and Naiads, and the figures that resemble them;—

> Fair forms that glance amid the green of woods,
> Or from the waters give their sidelong shapes
> Half swelling.

Yet we have lain awake sometimes street in town, after this first confounded rap, and pleased ourselves with imagining how equally the pains and enjoyments of this world are dealt out, and what pleasure there is in the mere contemplation of any set of one's fellow-creatures and their

humours, when our knowledge has acquired humility enough to look it them steadily.

The reader knows the knock which we mean It comes like a lump of lead and instantly wakes the maid, whose business it is to get up, though she pretends not to hear it. Another knock is inevitable, and it comes, and then another, but still Betty does not stir, or stirs only to put herself in a still snugger posture, knowing very well that they must knock it un "Now, do it that Betty," says one of the washerwomen, "be hearty well we do, but the deuce a bit will she move till we give her another", and at the word another, down on the knocker it un "It's very odd," says the mistress of the house, mumbling from under the bed-clothes, "that Betty does not get up to let the people in, I've heard the knocker three times" "Oh," returns the mistress, "she's as lazy as she's high," and off goes the chamber-bell, by which time Molly, who begins to lose her sympathy with her fellow-servant in impatience of what is coming on, gives her one or two conclusive digs in the side, when the other gets up, and rubbing her eyes, and mumbling, and fastening and shuffling her petticoat downwards, opens the door with "Lard, Mrs Watson, I hope you haven't been standing in my little entry" "Standing here long, Mrs Betty! Oh, don't tell me, people might stand starving their legs off, before you'd put a finger out of bed" — "Oh, don't say so, Mrs Watson, I am sure I always rises at the first knock, and there you'll find everything comfortable below, with a nice hock of ham, which I made John leave for you" At this the washerwomen leave their grumbling, and shuffle downstairs, hoping to see Mrs Betty early at breakfast. Here, after warming themselves at the copper, taking a mutual pinch of snuff, and getting things ready for the wash, they take a snack at the promised hock, for people of this profession have always their appetite at hand, and every interval of labour is invariably

cheered by the prospect of *having something* at the end of it. "Well," says Mrs Watson, finishing the last cut, "some people thinks themselves mighty generous for leaving one what little they can't eat; but, howsomever, it's better than nothing." "Ah," says Mrs Jones, who is a minor genius, "one must take what one can get now-a-days; but Squire Hervey's for my money." "Squire Hervey!" rejoins Mrs Watson, "what's that the great what's-his-name as lives yonder?" "Ay," returns Mrs Jones, "him as has a niece and nevvy, as they say eats him out of house and land"; and here commences the history of all the last week of the whole neighbourhood round, which continues amidst the dipping of splashing fists, the rumbling of suds, and the creaking of wringings-out, till an hour or two are elapsed; and then for another snack and a pinch of snuff, till the resumption of another hour's labour or so brings round the time for first breakfast. Then, having had nothing to signify since five, they sit down at half-past six in the wash-house, to take their own meal before the servants meet at the general one. This is the chief moment of enjoyment. They have just laboured enough to make the tea and bread and butter welcome, are at an interesting point of the conversation, (for there they contrive to leave off on purpose), and so down they sit, fatigued and happy, with their red elbows and white corrugated fingers, to a tub turned upside down, and a dish of good Christian souchong, fit for a body to drink.

We could dwell a good deal upon this point of time, but shall only admonish the fastidious reader, who thinks he has all the taste and means of enjoyment to himself, how he looks with scorn upon two persons, who are perhaps at this moment the happiest couple of human beings in the street,—who have discharged their duty, have earned their enjoyment, and have health and spirits to relish it to the full. A washerwoman's cup of tea may vie with the first drawn

cork at a bon-vivant's table, and the complacent opening of her snuff-box with that of the most triumphant politician over a scheme of partition. We say nothing of the continuation of their labours, of the scandal they resume, or the complaints they pour forth, when they first set off again in the indolence of a satisfied appetite, at the quantity of work which the mistress of the house, above all other mistresses, is sure to heap upon them. Scandal and complaint, in these instances, do not hurt the complacency of our reflections; they are in their proper sphere; and are nothing but a part, as it were, of the day's work, and are so much vent to the animal spirits. Even the unpleasant day which the work causes upstairs in some houses, the visitors which it excludes, and the leg of mutton which it hinders from roasting, are only so much enjoyment kept back and contrasted, in order to be made keener the rest of the week. Beauty itself is indebted to it, and draws from that steaming outhouse and splashing tub the well-fitting robe that gives out its figure, and the snowy cap that contrasts its curls and its complexion. In short, whenever we hear a washerwoman at her foaming work, or see her plodding towards us with her jolly warm face, her mob cap, her black stockings, clattering pattens, and tub at arm's length resting on her hip-joint, we look upon her as a living lesson to us to make the most both of time and comfort, and as a sort of allegorical compound of pain and pleasure, a little too much, perhaps, in the style of Rubens.



THE BUTCHER

BUTCHERS AND JURY —BUTLER'S DEFENCE OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, ETC

IT was observed by us the other day in a journal that "butchers are wisely forbidden to be upon juries, not because they are not as good as other men by nature, and often as truly kind, but because the habit of taking away the lives of sheep and oxen inures them to the sight of blood, and violence, and mortal pangs."

The *Times*, in noticing this passage, corrected our error. There neither is, nor ever was, it seems a law forbidding butchers to be upon juries, though the reverse opinion has so prevailed among all classes, that Locke takes it for granted in his *Treatise on Education*, and our own

authority was the author of *Hudibras*, a man of very exact and universal knowledge. The passage that was in our mind is in his *Posthumous Works*, and is worth quoting on other accounts. He is speaking of those pedantic and would-be classical critics who judge the poets of one nation by those of another. Butler's resistance of their pretensions is the more honourable to him, inasmuch as the prejudices of his own education, and even the propensities of his genius, lay on the learned and anti-impulsive side. But his judgment was thorough-going and candid. His style is of the off-hand careless order, after the fashion of the old satires and epistles, though not so rough:—

> "An English poet should be tried by his peers,
> And not by pedants and philosophers,
> Incompetent to judge poetic wits
> *As strangers are forbid to be of juries*,
> Besides the most intolerable wrong
> To try their masters in a foreign tongue,
> By foreign jurymen like Sophocles,
> Or *talis*[1] falser than Euripides
> When not an English native dares appear
> To be a witness for the prisoner,
> When all the laws they use to arraign and try
> The innocent and wronged delinquent by,
> Were made by a foreign lawyer and his pupils,
> To put a end to all poetic scruples
> And by the advice of virtuosi Tuscans,
> Determined all the doubts of socks and buskins,

[1] Tales Latin, persons chosen to supply the place of men impannelled upon a jury or inquest, and not appearing when called [We copy this from a very useful and pregnant volume, called *Treasury of Knowledge*, full of such heaps of information as are looked for in lists and vocabularies, and occupying the very margins with proverbs. Mr Disraeli, sen., objects to this last overflow of contents, but not, we think, with his usual good sense and gratitude, as a lover of books. These proverbial sayings, which are the most universal things in the world, appear to have a particularly good effect in thus coming in to refresh one among the technicalities of knowledge.]

Gave judgment on all past and *future plays*,
As is apparent by Speroni's case,[1]
Which Lope Vega first began to steal
And after him the French *filou*[2] Corneille;
And since, our English plagiaries *nim*
And steal their far fetch'd criticisms from him,
And by an action, falsely laid of *trover*,[3]
The lumber for their proper goods recover,
Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers
Of witty Beaumont's poetry and Fletcher's,
Who for a few *misprisions of wit*,
Are charged by those who ten times worse commit,
And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
Are censured for it *with more unlucky sense*:

(How happily said!)

When all their worst mis-arriages delight
And please more than the best that pedants write."

Having been guilty of this involuntary scandal against the butchers, we would fain make them amends by saying nothing but good of them and their trade; and truly if we find the latter part of the proposition a little difficult, they themselves are for the most part a jovial, good-humoured race, and can afford the trade to be handled as sharply as their beef on the block. There is cut and come again in them. Your butcher breathes an atmosphere of good living. The beef mingles kindly with his animal nature. He grows fat with the best of it, perhaps with inhaling its very essence; and has no time to grow spare, theoretical, and hypochondriacal, like those whose more thinking stomachs drive them

[1] Speroni, a celebrated critic in the days of Tasso.

[2] *Filou*—pickpocket! This irreverent epithet must have startled many of Butler's readers and brother-lovers of the court of Charles the Second. But he suffered nothing to stand in the way of what seemed to him a just opinion.

[3] *Trover*—an action for goods found and not delivered on demand.—*Treasury of Knowledge*. Butler's wit dragged every species of information into his net.

upon the apparently more innocent but less easy and analogous intercommunications of fruit and vegetables. For our parts, like all persons who think at all, —nay, like the butcher himself, when he catches himself in a strange fit of meditation, after some doctor perhaps has "kept him low," — we confess to an abstract dislike of eating the sheep and lamb that we see in the meadow; albeit our concrete regard for mutton is considerable, particularly Welsh mutton. But Nature has a beautiful way of reconciling all necessities that are unmalignant; and as butchers at present must exist, and sheep and lambs would not exist at all in civilised countries, and crop the sweet grass so long, but for the brief pang at the end of it, he is as comfortable a fellow as can be,—one of the liveliest ministers of her mortal necessities,—of the deaths by which she gives and diversifies life; and has no more notion of doing any harm in his vocation, than the lamb that swallows the lady-bird on the thyme. A very pretty insect is she, and has had a pretty time of it; a very calm, clear feeling, healthy, and, therefore, happy little woollen giant, compared with her, is the lamb,—her butcher; and an equally innocent and festive personage is the butcher himself, notwithstanding the popular fallacy about juries, and the salutary misgiving his beholders feel when they see him going to take the lamb out of the meadow, or entering the more tragical doors of the slaughter-house. His thoughts, while knocking down the ox, are of skill and strength, and not of cruelty. And the death, though it may not be the very best of deaths, is, assuredly, none of the worst. Animals, that grow old in an artificial state, would have a hard time of it in a lingering decay. Their mode of life would not have prepared them for it. Their blood would not run lively enough to the last. We doubt even whether the John Bull of the herd, when about to be killed, would change places with a very gouty, irritable old gentleman, or be willing to endure a grievous being of

his own sort, with legs answering to the gout; much less if Cow were to grow old with him, and plague him with endless lowings, occasioned by the loss of her beauty, and the increasing insipidity of the hay. A human being who can survive those ulterior vicissitudes must indeed possess some great reliefs of his own, and deserve them, and life may reasonably be a wonderfully precious thing in his eyes, nor shall excuse be wanting to the executioner, and will made them such, especially if they will but prove a little more quiet and ruminating. But who would have the death of some old, gouty, whimsical, effeminate, frightened, lingering man in life, such as Mecenas for example, compared with a good, jolly knock-down blow, at a reasonable period, whether of hatchet or of apoplexy, whether the bull's death or the butcher's? Our own preference, it is true, is for neither. We are for an excellent, healthy, happy life, of the very best sort, and a death to match it, going out calmly as a summer's evening. Our taste is not particular. But we are for the knock-down blow rather than the death-in-life.

The butcher, when young, is famous for his health, strength, and vivacity, and for his riding any kind of horse down any sort of hill, with a fury before him, the reins for a whip, and no hat on his head. It was a gallant sort of this sort that Robin Hood imitated, when he beguiled the poor Sheriff of to the forest, and showed him his own deer to sell. The old ballads apostrophise him well as the "butcher so bold," or better with the accent on the last syllable — "thou bold butcher." No syllable of his was to be trifled with. The butcher keeps up his health in middle life, not only with the food that seems so congenial to flesh, but with rising early in the morning, and going to market with his own or his master's cart. When more sedentary, and very jovial and good humoured, he is apt to expand into a most analogous state of fat and smoothness, with silken

tones and a short breath,—harbingers, we fear, of asthma and gout; or the kindly apoplexy comes, and treats him as he treated the ox.

When rising in the world, he is indefatigable on Saturday nights, walking about in the front of those white-clothed and joint-abounding open shops, while the meat is being half-cooked beforehand with the gas-lights. The rapidity of his "What-d'ye-buy?" on these occasions is famous; and both he and the good housewives, distracted with the choice before them, pronounce the legs of veal "*beautiful* — exceedingly."

How he endures the meat against his head, as he carries it about on a tray, or how we endure that he should do it, or how he can handle the joints as he does with that habitual indifference, or with what floods of hot water he contrives to purify himself of the exoterical part of his philosophy on going to bed, we cannot say; but take him all in all, he is a fine specimen of the triumph of the general over the particular.

The only poet that was the son of a butcher (and the trade may be proud of him) is Akenside, who naturally resorted to the "Pleasures of Imagination." As to Wolsey, we can never quite picture him to ourselves apart from the shop. He had the cardinal butcher's-virtue of a love of good eating, as his picture shows; and he was foreman all his life to the butcher Henry the Eighth. We beg pardon of the trade for this application of their name: and exhort them to cut the cardinal, and stick to the poet.

THE MAID-SERVANT[1]

Must be considered as young, or else she has married the butcher, the butler, or her cousin, or has otherwise settled into a character distinct from her original one, so as to become what is properly called the domestic. The Maid-Servant, in her apparel, is either slovenly and fine by turns, and dirty always; or she is at all times neat and tight, and dressed according to her station. In the latter case, her ordinary dress is black stockings, a stuff gown, a cap, and a neck-handkerchief pinned cornerwise behind. If you want a pin, she feels about her, and has always one to give you. On Sundays and holidays, and perhaps of afternoons, she changes her black stockings for white, puts on a gown of a better texture and finer pattern, sets her cap and her curls jauntily, and lays aside the neck-handkerchief for a high-body, which, by the way, is not half so pretty.

The general furniture of her ordinary room, the kitchen, is not so much her own as her master's and mistress's, and need not be described: but in a drawer of the dresser or the table, in company with a duster and a pair of snuffers, may be found some of her property, such as a brass thimble, a pair of scissors, a thread-case, a piece of wax candle much wrinkled with the thread, an odd volume of Punch, and perhaps a sixpenny play, such as George Barnwell or Southerne's Oroonoko. There is a piece of looking-glass in the window. The rest of her furniture is in the garret, where you may find a good looking-glass on the table; and in the window a Bible, a comb and a piece of soap. Her stands also, under stout lock and key, the mighty mystery,—the box, containing, among other things, her clothes, two or three song-books, consisting of nineteen for the penny; sundry tragedies at a halfpenny the sheet; the *Whole Nature*

[1] In some respects, particularly of costume, this portrait must be understood of originals existing twenty or thirty years ago.

of Dreams Laid Open, together with the *Fortune-teller* and the *Account of the Ghost of Mrs Veal*; the *Story of the Beautiful Zoa* "who was cast away on a desert island, showing how," &c.; some half-crowns in a purse, including pieces of country-money; a silver penny wrapped up in cotton by itself; a crooked sixpence, given her before she came to town, and the giver of which has either forgotten or been forgotten by her, she is not sure which; two little enamel boxes, with looking-glass in the lids, one of them a fairing, the other "a Trifle from Margate"; and lastly, various letters, square and ragged, and directed in all sorts of spellings, chiefly with little letters for capitals. One of them, written by a girl who went to a day-school, is directed "Miss."

In her manners, the Maid-servant sometimes imitates her young mistress; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits. But her own character and condition overcome all sophistications of this sort; her shape, fortified by the mop and scrubbing-brush, will make its way; and exercise keeps her healthy and cheerful. From the same cause her temper is good; though she gets into little heats when a stranger is over saucy, or when she is told not to go so heavily down stairs, or when some unthinking person goes up her wet stairs with dirty shoes,—or when she is called away often from dinner; neither does she much like to be seen scrubbing the street-door steps of a morning; and sometimes she catches herself saying, "Drat that butcher," but immediately adds, "God forgive me." The tradesmen indeed, with their compliments and arch looks, seldom give her cause to complain. The milkman bespeaks her good-humour for the day with "Come, pretty maids":—then follow the butcher, the baker, the oilman, &c., all with their several smirks and little loiterings; and when she goes to the shops herself, it is for her the grocer pulls down his string from

its roller with more than ordinary whirl, and tosses his parcel into a tie.

Thus pass the mornings between working, and singing, and giggling, and grumbling, and being flattered. If she takes any pleasure unconnected with her office before the afternoon, it is when she runs up the area-steps or to the door to hear and purchase a new song, or to see a troop of soldiers go by, or when she happens to thrust her head out of a chamber window at the same time with a servant at the next house, when a dialogue infallibly ensues, stimulated by the imaginary obstacles between. If the Maid-servant is wise, the best part of her work is done by dinner-time; and nothing else is necessary to give perfect zest to the meal. She tells us what she thinks of it, when she calls it "a bit o' dinner." There is the same sort of eloquence in her other phrase, "a cup o' tea", but the old ones, and the washerwomen, beat her at that. After tea in great houses, she goes with the other servants to hot cockles, or What-are-my-thoughts-like, and tells Mr John to "have done then"; or if there is a ball given that night, they throw open the doors, and make use of the music up stairs to dance by. In smaller houses, she receives the visits of her afore-said cousin, and sits down alone, or with a fellow maid-servant, to work, talks of her young master or mistress and Mr Ivins (Evans), or else she calls to mind her own friends in the country; where she thinks the cows and "all that" beautiful, now she is away. Meanwhile, if she is lazy, she snuffs the candle with her scissors; or if she has eaten more heartily than usual, she sighs double the usual number of times, and thinks that tender hearts were born to be unhappy.

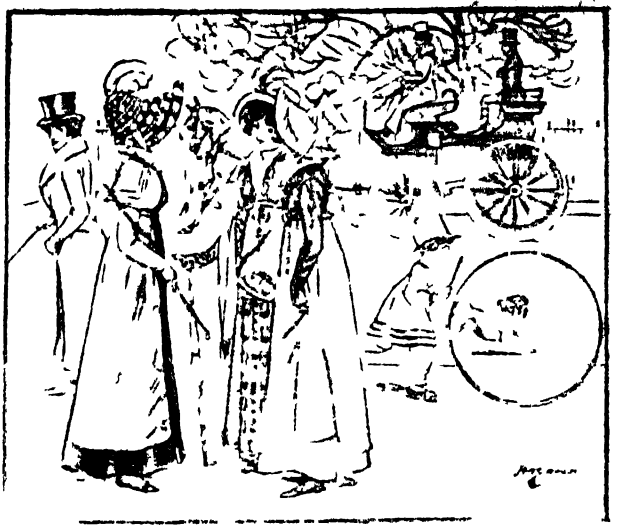
Such being the Maid-servant's life in-doors, she scorns, when abroad, to be anything but a creature of sheer enjoyment. The Maid-servant, the sailor, and the school-boy, are the three beings that enjoy a holiday beyond all the rest of the world;—and all for the same reason,—because their



"Walks through
an endless round of noise"

inexperience, peculiarity of life, and habit of being with persons of circumstances or thoughts above them, give them all, in their way, a cast of the romantic. The most active of the money-getters is respectable compared with them. The Maid-servant when she first goes to Vauxhall, thinks she is in heaven. A theatre is all pleasure to her, whatever is going forward, whether the play or the music, or the waiting which makes others impatient, or the munching of apples and gingerbread, which she and her party commence almost as soon as they have seated themselves. She prefers tragedy to comedy, because it is prouder, and less like what she meets with in real life, and because she thinks it more in earnest also, especially in the love-scenes. Her favourite play is *All's well that ends well, or the Fatal Queens*. Another great delight in going is gaping. She loves to look at the patterns in the windows, and the fine things labelled with those corpulent numerals of "only 7s" — "only 6s 6d." She has also, unless born and bred in London, been to see my Lord Mayor, the fine people coming out of Court, and the "beasties" in the Tower, and at all events she has been to Astley's and the Circus, from which she comes away, equally smitten with the rider, and sore with laughing at the clown. But it is difficult to say what pleasure is her supreme. One of the completest of all is the fair, where she walks through endless round of noise, and toys, and gallant apprentices, and wonders. Here she is invited in by courteous and well-dressed people, as if she were the mistress. Here also is the conjuror's booth, where the operator himself, a most stately and genteel person all in white, calls her Ma'am, and says to John by her side, in spite of his laced hat, "Be good enough, sir, to hand the card to the lady."

Ah! may her "cousin" turn out as true as he says he is; or may she get home soon enough and smiling enough to be as happy again next time.



FINE DAYS IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY

We speak of those days, unexpected, sunshiny, cheerful, even vernal, which come towards the end of January, and are too apt to come alone. They are often set in the midst of a series of rainy ones, like a patch of blue in the sky. Fine weather is much at any time, after or before the end of the year, but, in the latter case, the days are still winter days, whereas, in the former, the year being turned, and March and April before us, we seem to feel the coming of spring. In the streets and squares, the ladies are abroad with their colours and glowing cheeks. If you can hear anything but noise, you hear the sparrows. People anticipate at breakfast the pleasure they shall have in "getting out." The solitary poplar in a corner looks green against the sky; and the brick wall has warmth in it. Then in the noisier streets, what a multitude and a new life! What horseback!

What promenading! What shopping and giving good day! Bonnets encounter bonnets; all the Miss Williamses meet all the Miss Joneses; and everybody wonders, particularly at nothing. The shop-windows, putting forward their best, may be said to be in blossom. The yellow carriages flash in the sunshine; footmen rejoice in their white calves, not dabbed, as usual, with rain; the gossips look out of their three-pairs-of-stairs windows; other windows are thrown open; fruiterers' shops look well, swelling with full baskets; pavements are found to be dry; lap-dogs frisk under their asthmas; and old gentlemen issue forth, peering up at the region of the north-east.

Then in the country, how emerald the green, how open-looking the prospect! Honeysuckles (a name alone with a garden in it) are detected in blossom; the hazel follows; the snowdrop hangs its white perfection, exquisite with green; we fancy the trees are already thicker; voices of winter birds are taken for new ones; and in February the new ones come—the thrush, the chaffinch, and the wood-lark. Then rooks begin to pair; and the wagtail dances in the lane. As we write this article, the sun is on our paper, and chanticleer (the same, we trust, that we heard the other day) seems to crow in a very different style, lord of the ascendant, and as willing to be with his wives abroad as at home. We think we see him, as in Chaucer's homestead:

> He looketh, as it were, a grim leoun;
> And on his toes he roameth up and down;
> Him deigneth not to set his foot to ground;
> He clucketh when he hath a corn yfound,
> And to him runnen then his wivès all.

Will the reader have the rest of the picture, as Chaucer gave it? It is as bright and strong as the day itself, and as suited to it as a falcon to a knight's fist. Hear how the old poet throws forth his strenuous music; as fine, con-

sidered as mere music and versification, as the description is pleasant and noble.

> His comb was redder than the fine corall,
> Embattled as it were a castle wall,
> His bill was black, and as the jet it shine,
> Like azure was his legges and his toe,
> His nailes whiter than the lilly flower,
> And like the burned gold was his colour

Hardly one pause like the other throughout, and yet all flowing and sweet. The pause on the third syllable in the last line but one, and that on the sixth in the last, together with the deep variety of vowels, make a beautiful concluding couplet; and indeed the whole is a study for versification. So little were those old poets aware of their task, as some are apt to suppose them, and so little have others dreamt, that they surpassed them in their own pretensions. The accent, it is to be observed, in those concluding words, as *corall* and *colour*, is to be thrown on the last syllable, as it is in Italian. *Color*, *clore*, and Chaucer's old Anglo-Gallic word, is a much nobler one than our modern one *colour*. We have injured many such words, by throwing back the accent.

We should beg pardon for this digression, if it had not been part of our understood agreement with the reader to be as desultory as we please, and as befits Companions. Our very enjoyment of the day we are describing would not let us be otherwise. It is also an old fancy of ours to associate the ideas of Chaucer with that of any early and vigorous manifestation of light and pleasure. He is not only the "morning star" of our poetry, as Denham calls him, but the morning itself, and a good part of the noon; and we could as soon help quoting him at the beginning of the year, as we could help wishing to hear the cry of primroses, and thinking of the sweet faces that buy them.



BAD WEATHER

After longing these two months for some "real winter weather," the public have had a good sharp specimen, a little too real. We mean to take our revenge by writing an article upon it after a good breakfast, with our feet at a good fire, and in a room quiet enough to let us hear the fire as well as feel it. Outside the casement (for we are writing this in a cottage) the east-wind is heard, cutting away like a knife, snow is on the ground, there is frost and sleet at once, and the melancholy crow of poor chanticleer at a distance seems complaining that nobody will cherish him. One imagines that his toes must be cold; and that he is drawing comparisons between the present feeling of his sides, and the warmth they enjoy next his plump wife on a perch.

But in the country there is always something to enjoy. There is the silence, if nothing else; you feel that the air is

healthy, and you can see to write. Think of a street in London, at once narrow, foggy, and noisy, the snow thawing, not because the frost has not returned, but because the union of mud and smoke prevails against it, and then the unnatural cold sound of the clink of milk pails (if you are up early enough), or, if you are not, the chill, damp, straws, rickety hackney-coaches going by, with fellows inside of them with cold feet, and the coachman a mere bundle of rags, blue nose, and jolting (He'll quarrel with every fare, and the passenger knows it, and will resist So they will stand with their feet in the mud, haggling The old gentleman saw an extra charge of a shilling in his face.) To complete the misery, the pedestrians kick, as they go, those detestable flakes of united snow and mud, at least they ought to do so, to complete our picture, and at night-time, people coming home hardly know whether or not they have chins

But is there no comfort then in a London street in such weather? Infinite, if people will but have it, and families are good-tempered We trust we shall be read by hundreds of such this morning Of some we are certain, and do hereby, agreeably to our ubiquitous privileges, take several breakfasts at once. How pleasant is this rug! How bright and generous the fire! How charming the fair makers of the tea! And how happy that they have not to make it themselves, the drinkers of it! Even the hackney-coachman means to get double as much as usual to-day, either by cheating or being pathetic, and the old gentleman is resolved to make amends for the necessity of his morning drive, by another pint of wine at dinner, and crumpets with his tea It is not by grumbling against the elements, that evil is to be done away, but by keeping one's-self in good heart with one's fellow-creatures, and remembering that they are all capable of partaking our pleasures. The contemplation of pain, acting upon a

splenetic temperament, produces a stirring reformer here and there, who does good rather out of spite against wrong, than sympathy with pleasure, and becomes a sort of disagreeable angel. Far be it from us, in the present state of society, to wish that no such existed! But they will pardon us for labouring in the vocation, to which a livelier nature calls us, and drawing a distinction between the dissatisfaction that ends in good, and the mere common-place grumbling that in a thousand instances to one ends in nothing but plaguing everybody as well as the grumbler. In almost all cases, those who are in a state of pain themselves, are in the fairest way for giving it; whereas, pleasure is in its nature social. The very abuses of it (terrible as they sometimes are) cannot do as much harm as the violations of the common sense of good-humour; simply because it is its nature to go with, and not counter to humanity. The only point to take care of is, that as many innocent sources of pleasure are kept open as possible, and affection and imagination brought in to show us what they are, and how surely all may partake of them. We are not likely to forget that a human being is of importance, when we can discern the merits of so small a thing as a leaf, or a honey-bee, or the beauty of a flake of snow, or the fanciful scenery made by the glowing coals in a fire-place. Professors of sciences may do this. Writers of the most enthusiastic in a good cause, may sometimes lose sight of their duties, by reason of the very absorption in their enthusiasm. Imagination itself cannot always be abroad and at home at the same time. But the many are not likely to think too deeply of anything; and the more pleasures that are taught them, by dint of an agreeable exercise of their reflection, the more they will learn to reflect on all round them, and to endeavour that their reflections may have a right to be agreeable. Any increase of the sum of our enjoyments almost invariably produces a wish to communicate them. An over-indulged

human being is ruined by being taught to think of nobody but himself, but a human being, at once gratified and made to think of others, learns to add to his very pleasures in the act of diminishing them.

But how, it may be said, are we to enjoy ourselves with reflection, when our very reflection will teach us the quantity of suffering that exists? How are we to be happy with breakfasting and warming our hands, when so many of our fellow-creatures are, at that instant, cold and hungry? It is no paradox to answer, that the fact of our remembering them, gives us a right to forget them. We mean, that "there is a time for all things," and that having done our duty at other times in sympathising with pain we have not only a right, but it becomes our duty, to show the happy privilege of virtue by sympathising with pleasure. The best person in a holiday-making party is bound to have the liveliest face, or if not that, a face too happy even to be lively. Suppose, in order to complete the beauty of it, that the face is Lily's. She is bound, if any uneasy reflection crosses her mind, to say to herself, "To this happiness I have contributed, pain I have helped to diminish, I am sincere, and wish well to everybody, and I think everybody would be as good as I am, perhaps better, if society were wise. Now society, I trust, is getting wiser, perhaps will beat all our wisdom a hundred years hence; and meanwhile, I must not show that goodness is of no use, but let it realise all it can, and be as merry as the youngest." So saying, she gives her hand to a friend for a new dance, and really forgets what she has been thinking of, in the glad spinning of her blood. A good-hearted woman, in the rosy blaze of her joy, is the loveliest object in —. But everybody knows that.

Adam Smith, in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, has rebuked Thomson for a famous apostrophe in *Winter* to

the "gay, licentious proud;" where he says, that amidst their dances and festivities they little think of the misery that is going on in the world—because, observes the philosopher, upon this principle there never could be any enjoyment in the world, unless every corner of it were happy; which would be preposterous. We need not say how entirely we agree with the philosopher in the abstract: and certainly the poet would deserve the rebuke, had he addressed himself only to the "gay;" but then his gay are also "licentious," and not only licentious but "proud." Now we confess we would not be too squeamish even about the thoughtlessness of these gentry, for is not their very thoughtlessness their excuse? And are they not brought up in it, just as a boy in St Giles's is brought up in thievery, or a girl to callousness and prostitution? It is not the thoughtless in high life from whom we are to expect any good, lecture them as we may—and observe Thomson himself does not say how cruel they are, or what a set of rascals to dance and be merry in spite of their better knowledge. He says,

"Ah, little think the gay licentious proud"

and so they do. And so they will, till the diffusion of thought, among all classes, flows, of necessity, into their gay rooms and crowded elevations, and forces them to look out upon the world, that they may not be lost by being under the level.

We had intended a very merry paper this week, to bespeak the favour of our new readers:—

"A very merry dancing drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking 'paper'

as Dryden has it. But the Christmas holidays are past; and it is their termination, we suppose, that has made us

serious. Sitting up at night also is a great inducer of your moral remark; and if we are not so pleasant as we intended to be, it is because some friends of ours, the other night, were the pleasantest people in the world till five in the morning.



RAINY-DAY POETRY

Decessit ad astris
Hum[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Lucan

Hum ut set the welkin free,
And ever descends with you and me

Critics lament over a number of idle rhymes in the works of Swift, that may come under the above title; and wish, at least, that they had never been published. They designate them as the sweepings of his study, his private weaknesses, unworthy of so great a genius, and exclaim against his friends for collecting them. I really cannot see the humiliation. If he had written nothing else, there might be some colour of accusation against him; though I do not see why a dean is bound to be a dull private gentleman. But if he had written nothing else, I think it may be pretty

safely pronounced that he would not have written these trifles. They bear the mark of a great hand, trifling as they are. Their extravagance is that of power, not of weakness, and the wilder Irish waggery of Dr Sheridan, slatternly and muddled, stands rebuked before them. What should we have done had we lost Mary the Cook-maid's Letter, and the Grand Question about the Barracks? These, to be sure, are excepted by everybody, but I like, for my part, to hear all that such an exquisite wag has to say. I except the confessions of two or three pieces, which I never read. I wish the critics could say as much. I have such a disgust of this kind of writing that there are poems, even in Chaucer, which I never look at. But this does not hinder me from loving all the rest. Perhaps I carry my dislike of what I allude to too far. It is possible that it may not be without its use in certain stages of society. But so it is, and I mention it, that I may not be thought to be confounding or recommending two different things.

It is our own fault if we take this Rainy-Day Poetry for more than the author intended it. It is our loss if we do not take it for as much. I give it this title, because we may suppose it written to while away the tedium of rainy days, or of the feelings that resemble it. There is also Rainy-Day Prose, of a great deal of which my own writings are composed, though I was hardly aware of it at the time. I relish all that Swift has favoured us with, of either kind. The only approach that we minor humorists can make to such men, is to show that we understand them in all their moods, that nothing is lost on us. The greatest fit of laughter I ever remember to have had, was in reading the *Commination* piece against William Wells, in which all his enemies are introduced execrating him in puns. The zest was heightened by the presence of a deaf old lady, who had desired a friend of mine and myself to take a book, while waiting to see a kinswoman of hers. Her imperturbable face,

the shocking things we said before her, and even the dread of being thought rude, produced a sort of double drama in our minds, extreme and irresistible.

A periodical writer derives the same privileges from necessity which other men do from wit. The rainy days here in Italy are very rare compared with those of England; but the damps which the latter produce within us sometimes make their appearance when we are away; and a . . . In short, it is not necessary to inform the reader that periodical writers produce a great deal of rainy-day poetry, voluntary or involuntary. If he excuses it, all is well. I shall, therefore, whenever I am inclined, make use of this title to pass off rhymes that I have more pleasure in writing than in publishing. The other day I was moved to vent my pluviose indignation on the subject of Ferdinand, King of Spain, a personage who has had the extraordinary fortune (even for a prince) to become the spectacle of the whole world, precisely because he is destitute of every quality which deserves their notice. That my poem might be as small as my subject, I wrote it in Lilliputian lines and miniature cantos, but in consequence of the variety of feelings that pressed upon me as I proceeded, three out of the four became neither one thing nor t'other, and are not worth indulgence. The exordium I lay before the reader, because it contains an anecdote of his majesty's first appearance on the stage, with which he may not be acquainted. I had it from a Spanish gentleman now in England.

I sing the least of things,—
To wit, the least of kings.

Imprimis, when the nation
First raised him to his station,
And blest him as he rid
In triumph to Madrid,
A gentleman who saw him
(And hugely longed to claw him)

Said that he never showed
One feeling on the road,
But sat in stupid pride,
Staring on either side
Letting his hand be kissed
I think I see the fist)
As if wherever they to knit
They meant to pick his pocket,
And peering like an owl
The hideous leaky fool!

The last line is emphatic! I had not patience to continue in a proper style of burlesque. Ferdinand has astonished even those who were never astonished at kings before. And yet what was to be expected from this portentious specimen of royalty, royalty, naked, instinctive, unmitigated, unadorned? What examples he had before him! What an education! What contempt of decencies, public and private! What a mother, what a minister, what a father! The same gentleman who related to me the above anecdote told me that he had seen the old king dining in public, and that the spectacle was disgusting beyond description. Such brutal feeding, such jawing and grinding, such absorption in the immediate appetite and will, and contempt of everything else in the world, could only be exhibited by one who was accustomed to set up the mere consciousness of royalty as superior to every other consideration. This is Ferdinand's principle. He has no other, nor ever had, even when he petitioned to be made a member of Bonaparte's family. Bonaparte dazzled him, like something supernatural, and was an emperor to boot; but if he had not been one, it would have made no difference. The royal will, the immediate security, interest, or even whim, sanctions everything; and royalty is to come out clear from the furnace upon the strength of its divine right, let it have gone through what it may. How much right have we to complain of it flattering it as we do, even in

the best regulated monarchies? The frog in the fable swelled herself to bursting, as it was; but if she had, besides, had all frogland for spectators and applauders, if she had been puffed up with huzzas' and vivas! and been made a worshipped spectacle wherever she carried herself, who would have wondered at all her children's bursting themselves, one after the other, in spite of her example? I pity, for my part (next to suffering nations), every king in existence, except Ferdinand; and will pity him too when he is put out of a condition to slaughter those who would have made him an honest man.

Pleasant C. R.! let me recall my happier rhymes and rainy days by thinking of thee. C. R. is one of those happy persons whom goodness, imagination, and a tranquil art conspire to keep in a perpetual youth. He and his brother once called upon a man whom I knew, who told me he had seen "the young gentlemen," and yet this man was not old, and C. R. was seven-and-thirty if he was a day. C. R. has a quaint manner with him, which some take for simplicity. It is, but not of the sort which they take it for. I could hear it talk for an hour together, and have heard it, delighting all the while at the interest he can take in a trifle, and the entertainment he can raise out of it. His simplicity is anything but foolishness, though it is full of *bonhomie*. He is a nice observer. At the same time he is as romantic as a sequestered schoolmaster, and will make as grave Latin quotations. He produces a history out of a whistle. He will describe to you a steam-engine or a water-mill, with all the machinery and the noise to boot, till you die at once with laughter and real interest at the gravity of his enthusiasm. He makes them appear living things, as the fulling-mills did to Don Quixote. One day he gave us all an account of a man he had seen in the Strand, who was standing with a pole in his hand, at the top of which was a bladder, and underneath the bladder a

bill. He told us what a mystery this excited in the minds of the spectators, and how they looked, first at "the man," then at "the bill," and then "at the bladder;"—and again, said he, they looked at the bladder, then at the bill, and so on, ringing the changes on these words till we saw nothing before us in life but a man holding these two phenomena. We begged him to change the word 'man" into "body," that charm of alliteration might be added; and he complied with a passing laugh, and the greatest good nature conceivable, entering into the joke, and yet feeling a real gravity in commenting upon the people's astonishment. This combination of "bill, body, and bladder" was, after all, nothing but a man standing with an advertisement of blacking, or an eating-house, or some such thing. We have been thankful ever since that "such things are."

I once rode with C. R. from Gainsborough to Doncaster, making rhymes with him all the way on the word philosopher. We made a hundred and fifty, and were only stopped by arriving at our journey's end. Readers uninitiated in doggerel may be startled at this; but nothing is more true. The *words* were all different, and legitimate doggerel rhymes; though, undoubtedly, the *rhymes* themselves must often have been repeated, that is to say the same consonants must have begun them. The following is a rainy-day production on the same subject, exhausting, we believe, the real alphabetical quantum of rhymes, with their combinations. But it is submitted with deference to the learned. We dedicate it to our pleasant friend, heartily wishing we could have such another ride with him to-morrow.

You talk of rhyming to the word Philosopher.—
That jade the Muse! It's doubtless very cross of her
To stint one even in rhymes, which are the dross of her;
I can't but think that 's extremely gross of her:

I told her once how very wrong it was of her
If I could help, I'd not ask one, that's pos of her
I would not quote *procumbit humi bos* of her,
Nor earn a single lettuce yclept Cos of her,
I would not speak to Valentier or to Voss of her
Nor Dryden's self, although the Great High Joss of her·
I would not care for the *dictynnam os* of her
No though she rhymed me the whole *mare flos, rus*, of her:
Walking in woods I wouldn't brush the moss off her
Nor in the newest green grown take the gloss of her:
In winter time I wouldn't keep the snows off her
And yet I don't think either I could go so far.
If y anger, certainly I couldn't show so far
I didn't think the hatchet I could throw so far
Good heavens! now I reflect, I love the nose of her
I could cut off my hair to tie the hose of her
The brightest eyes are nothing to the *dore* of her
Love in my heart the smallest keepsake stows of her
O, for as many kisses as I chose of her!
Since I had one there's no sweet art but blows of her.
There's not a stream but murmurs as it flows of her
I could exalt to heaven the very clothes of her
I wonder how a man can speak in prose of her
Yet some have even said ill while my blood froze of her:
Never again shall any be that crows offer
To do her harm, or with his *quid pro quo* huff her.
With pleasure I could every earthly woe suffer
Rather than see the charmer's little toe suffer
'Tis only gouty Muses that should so suffer



THEIR COSTUMES AND BEARING

The writer of the following letter is very unmerciful on the ribands, plumes, and other enormities of the present mode of dress, and having torn these to pieces, proceeds to rend away veils and gowns, and fall plumb down upon the pretty feet of the wearer, and their mode of walking, but when our fair readers see what he says of their faces, and call to mind how Momus found fault with the steps of Venus herself, we trust they will forgive his fury for the sake of his love, and consider whether so fond an indignation does not contain something worth their reflection.

French Ladies *versus* English.

To the Editor.

Sir, —

It is Mrs Gore, I think, in one of her late novels, who says, that ninety-nine English women out of a hundred, dress infinitely worse than so many French; but that the *hundredth* dresses with a neatness, elegance, and propriety

which is not to be paralleled on the other side of the channel. On my relating this to a fair relation of mine, she replied, "Very true,—only I never saw *that hundredth*." Nor has any one else. Without exception, the English women wear the prettiest faces and the ugliest dresses of any in the known world. A Hottentot hangs her sheepskin *caross* on her shoulders with more effect,—and it is from what I see every day of my life that I come to this conclusion.

I was the other day at a large shop at the west end of the town, where, if anywhere, we may expect to meet with favourable specimens of our countrywomen. Not a bit of it. There were a couple of French ladies there dressed smartly and tidily, one in blue and the other in rose-coloured silk, with snug little *scutty* bonnets guiltless of tawdry ribbons or dingy plumes; and great was their astonishment at beholding the nondescript figures which ever and anon passed by. First came gliding out of her carriage, with a languishing air, a young Miss all ringlets down to the knees —feathers drooping on one side of her bonnet, flowers on the other, and an immense Brussels veil (or some such trash) hanging behind; her gown pinned to her back like rags on a Guy Fawkes; a large warming-pan of a watch, secured round her neck by as many chains, gold, silver, and pinchbeck, as an Italian brigand; with divers other articles, as handkerchiefs, boas, &c., which however costly and beautiful individually, formed altogether an unbecoming and cook-maidish whole. Then came the two old ladies—but I give *them* up, as too far gone in their evil ways of dressing to hope for amelioration. *Ditto* for the widows in their hideous black bonnets, with a foot and a half of black crape tacked to each side like wings to a paper kite—the horned caps of Edward the Confessor are nothing to them. The French damsels alluded to above, eyed one or two of these *machines* (they can go by no other name) with considerable attention, as if doubting the sanity of the wearer.

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead"

says Pope's Narcissa. I might address a similar question to English widows:

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one *mourns*"

I looked from one end to the other of the crowded shop, in hopes of finding some happy lady to retrieve the honour of her country; but in vain. All wore the same ugly garment, more akin to a night-shirt than a gown, the same warming-pan watch and hair, the same fly-flapping bonnet with bunches of ugly ribband. Altogether they formed an awkward contrast to the "symmetrical, regular-built French craft," as Mathew's Tom Piper calls them. This time, however, it was the English who were "rigged out of trim."

And then their walk! Oh, *ridiculum!* Indeed! *quondam!* Father! *quondam!* and present lover of all that is good and graceful! could you not "indicate" to our English ladies the way to walk? In what absurd book was it that I read the other day that French women walk ill, because, from the want of *trottoirs* in France, the constant habit of "picking" with one foot, which gives a peculiar air to the gait. The aristocratic noodle! whose female relations shuffle about on smooth pavements, till they forget how to walk at all! I would not have them cross my path for the world. They would decapitate the very dustmen. How infinitely superior is the French woman's brisk springy step (albeit cramped by a most plebeian and ill-English want of causeways), to the limp and sauntering gait of most English dames! Nature teaches the one: the drill-sergeant can do nothing with the other. I wonder how they walked in the days of Charles II. Surely Nell Gwynne and my Lady Castlemaine walked well: and if they did, they walked differently from what they do *now*.

I hope that some gross creature like the London Journalist, who believes in the *improvability* of all things,

will take up this subject. A word from *him* would set English ladies upon trying, at least, to improve both in dressing and walking. There are models enough look at the French, the Spanish, the Italians. They have not better opportunities for dressing well than we, and yet they beat us hollow. Why can't we have a *basquina* or *mantilla*, as well as any one else? Let us endeavour.

Above all, let no one suppose that the writer of these desultory remarks is in the least deficient in love and duty to his fair countrywomen. If he offends any of them, they must imagine that it has been caused by excess of zeal for their interests. Bless their bonnie faces! if we could screw English heads on French figures, what women there would be sure*ly*!

AN OLD CRONY.

July 7th 1834

To enter properly into this subject, however trifling it may appear (as indeed is the case with almost every subject so called), would be to open a wide field of investigation into morals, laws, climates, &c. Perhaps climate alone, by reason of the variety of habits it generates in consequence of its various heats, colds, and other influences, will ever prevent an entire similarity of manners, whatever may be the approximation of opinion; but taking for granted, as is not unreasonable, that the progress of knowledge and intercourse will not be without its effect in bringing the customs of civilised countries nearer to one another, and that each will be for availing itself of what is best and pleasantest amongst its neighbours, it becomes worth anybody's while to consider, in what respect it is advisable or otherwise to modify the behaviour or manners accordingly. We can say little, from personal experience, how the case may be in the present instance with regard to French manners. We have a great opinion of Mrs Gore, both as a general observer, and one that particularly understands what is

charming in her own sex. On the other hand, from books, and from a readiness to be pleased with those who wish to please, and even from merely having passed through France in our way from another country, we have got a strong impression that the "hundredth" Frenchwoman, as well as the hundredth Englishwoman, nay, the hundredth Italian, that is to say, the one that carries the requisite graces, the *beau ideal*, of any country to its height, is likely to be so charming a person, in dress and everything else, to her own countrymen, that what Mrs Gore says of the perfectly dressing Englishwoman, is precisely the same thing that would be said of the perfectly dressing Frenchwoman by the French, and of her Italian counterpart by the Italians. It is impossible, unless we are half-foreigners, or unless our own nation is altogether of an inferior grade (and then perhaps our prejudices and irritation would render it equally so) to get rid of some one point of national preference in forming judgments of this kind. Our friend the old Crony, we see, for all his connoisseurship and crony-ism, his regard for a certain piquancy of perfection in the French dress and walk, and his wish that his fair countrywomen would "take steps" after their fashion, cannot get rid of the preference in which he was brought up for the beauty of the English countenance. We have a similar feeling in favour even of a certain subjected manner, a bending gentleness, (how shall we term it?) in the bearing of the sweetest of our countrywomen, not exactly connected with decision of step, nor perhaps with variety of harmony; for all pleasures run into one another, if they are of a right sort and the ground of them true. Look at the paintings of the French, and you will find, in like manner, that their ideal of grace, let them try to universalise it as they can, is a French one, and so it is with the Spanish and Italian paintings, and with the Greek statues. The merry African girls shriek with horror when they first look upon a white traveller. Their notion of a

beautiful complexion is a skin shining like Warren's blacking.

It is proper to understand, in any question, great or small, the premises from which we set out, the point which is required. In the dress and walk of females, as in all other matters in which they are concerned, the point of perfection, we conceive, is that which shall give us the best possible idea of perfect *womanhood!* We are not to consider the dress by itself, nor the walk by itself, but as the dress and the walk of the best and pleasantest woman, and how far therefore it does her justice. This produces the consideration of what we look upon as a perfect female, people will vary in their opinions on this head, and hence even so easy a looking question as the one before us, becomes invested with difficulties. The opinion will depend greatly on the temperament as well as the understanding of the judge. Our correspondent, for instance, is evidently a lively fellow, old or young, and given a good deal rather to the material than to the spiritual, and hence his notion of perfection tends towards a union of the trim and the lively, the impulsive, and yet withal to the self-possessed. He is one, we conceive, who would "have no nonsense," as the phrase is, in his opinion of the possible or desirable, and who is in no danger of the perils, either of sentimentality or entiment, either of an affected refinement of feeling or any very serious demand of any sort. He is not for bringing into the walks of publicity, male or female, the notion of sequestered imaginations, nor to have women glancing and bashful like fawns. He is for having all things tight and convenient as a dressing-case; "neat as imported", polished, piquant, well packed, and with no more flowers upon it than serve to give a hint of the smart pungency within, like a bottle of attar of roses, or fleur-d'epine. We do not quarrel with him. *Chacun a son goût.* Every man to his taste. Nay, his taste is our

own, as far as concerns the improvement of female manners in ordinary. We do think that the general style of female English dressing and walking would be benefited by an inoculation of that which we conceive him to recommend. We have no predilection in favour of shuffling, and shouldering, and lounging, of a mere moving onwards of the feet, and an absence of all grace and self-possession. We can easily believe, that the French women surpass the English in this respect, because their climate is livelier, and themselves better taught and respected. People may start at that last word, but there is no doubt that the general run of French females are better taught, and therefore more respected, than the same number of English. They read more, they converse more, they are on more equal terms with the other sex (as they ought to be), and hence the other sex have more value for their opinions, ay, and for their persons; for the more sensible a woman is, supposing her not to be masculine, the more attractive she is, in her proportionate power to entertain. But whether it is that we are English, or fonder of poetry in its higher sense than of *vers de societe* or the poetry of polite life, we cannot help feeling a prejudice in favour of Mrs Gore's notion about the "hundredth" Englishwoman; though perhaps the "hundredth" Frenchwoman, if we could see her, or the hundredth Italian or Spanish woman, would surpass all others, by dint of combining the sort of *private* manner which we have in our eye, with some exquisite implication of a fitness for general intercourse, which we have never yet met with.

Meantime, we repeat, that we give up to our correspondent's vituperations the gait of English females in general, and their dress also; though it is a little hard in him to praise the smallness of the French bonnet at the expense of the largeness of the English, when it is recollected that the latter are copied from France, and that

our fair countrywomen were ridiculed on their first visit there after the war, for the very reverse appearance. But it is to the spirit of our mode of dressing and walking that we object; and both are unfit either for the private or public "walk" of life, because both are alike untaught and unpleasing,—alike indicative of minds not properly cultivated, and of habitual feelings that do not care to be agreeable. The walk is a saunter or shuffle, and the dress a lump. Or if not a lump throughout, it is a lump at both ends, with a horrible pinch in the middle. A tight-laced Englishwoman is thus, from head to foot, a most painful sight, her best notion of being charming is confined to three inches of ill-used ribs and liver, while her head is either grossly ignorant of the harm she is doing herself, or her heart more deplorably careless of the consequences to her offspring.

Are we of opinion then, that the dress and walk of Englishwomen would be bettered, generally speaking, by taking the advice of our correspondent? Most certainly we are; and for this reason; that there is *some* sense of grace, at all events, in the attire and bearing of the females of the Continent, some evidence of mind, and some testimony to the proper claims of the person; whereas, the only idea in the heads of the majority with us is that of being in fashion merely because it *is* the fashion, or of dressing in a manner to show how much they can *afford*. This is partly owing, no doubt, to our being a commercial people, and also to the struggles which everybody has been making for the last forty years to seem richer than they are, some for the sake or concealing how they have decreased in means, and others to show how they have risen; but a nation may be commercial, and yet have a true taste. The Florentines had it, when they were at once the leaders of trade and of the fine arts, in the time of Lorenzo de Medici. It is to our fine arts and our increasing knowledge

that we ourselves must look to improvement even in dress, in default of being impelled to it by greater liveliness of spirit, or a more convenient climate. We shall then learn to oppose even the climate better, and to furnish it with the grace and colour which it wants. In France, the better temperature of the atmosphere, as well as intellectual and moral causes, impels people to a livelier and happier way of walking. They have no reason to look as if they were uncomfortable. In the south of Europe, where everything respires animal sensibility, and love and music divide the time with business, the most unaffected people acquire an apparent consciousness and spring in the gait, which in England would be thought ostentatious. It gave no such idea to the severe and simple Dante, when (in the poetical spirit of the image, and not of course in the letter,) he praised his mistress for moving along like "a peacock," and a "crane."

> Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone,
> Diritta sopra se come una grue
>
> Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock, strait
> Above herself, like to the lady crane.

Petrarch, speaking of Laura, does not venture upon these primeval images; but still he shows how much he thought of the beauty of a woman's steps! Laura too was a Frenchwoman, not an Italian, and probably had a different kind of walk. Petrarch expresses the moral graces of it.

> Non era l'andar suo cosa mortale,
> Ma d'angelica forma.
>
> Her walk was like no mortal thing, but shaped
> After an angel's.

In English poetry the lover speaks with the usual enthusiasm of his mistress's eyes and lips, etc., but he scarcely ever mentions her walk. The fact is remarkable, and the

reason too obvious. The walk is not worth mention Italian and (we believe) Spanish poetry abounds with the reverse Milton, deeply imbued with the Italian, as well as with his own perceptions of beauty in a great poet, did not forget, in his description of Eve, to say that

> "Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love."

This moving and perfectionating beauty was not English, at least she is not the Englishwoman of our days. Mrs. Hutchinson perhaps might have been such a woman, or the ladies of the Bridgewater family, for whom he wrote his *Comus*. In Virgil, Aeneas no sooner knows that his mother Venus has been speaking with him in the guise of a wood-nymph, till he begins to move with the "divinity" then became apparent

> "Et vera incessu patuit dea."
>
> "And by her walk the Queen of Love was known."
> Dryden.

The women of Spain and Spanish America are celebrated throughout the world for the grace of their walking, and for the way in which they carry their veil or *mantilla*, as all the world knows. Our correspondent knows it only from books, we conjecture precisely in what the beauty of their walk consists, but we take it to be something between stateliness and vivacity between a consciousness of being admired, and that grace which is natural to any human being who is well made, till art or diffidence spoils it. It is the perfection, we do not, of animal elegance. We have an English doubt, whether we should not require in addition or modification of something, not indeed diffident, but perhaps not quite so confident, something which to the perfection of animal elegance, should add that of intellectual and moral refinement, and a security from the chances of

coarseness and violence. But *all* these are matters of breeding and bringing up, ay, of "birth, parentage, and education," and we should be grateful when we can get any one of them. Better have even a good walk than nothing, for there is some refinement in it, and moral refinement too, though we may not always think the epithet very applicable to the possessor. Good walking and good dressing, truly so called, are alike valuable, only inasmuch as they afford some external evidence, however slight, of a disposition to orderliness and harmony in the mind within, of shapeliness and grace in the habitual movements of the soul.

THE ITALIAN GIRL

The sun was shining beautifully one summer evening, as if he bade sparkling farewell to a world which he had made happy. It seemed also, by his looks, as if he promised to make his appearance again to-morrow; but there was at times a deep breathing western wind, and dark purple clouds came up here and there, like gorgeous wavers at a funeral. The children in a village not far from the metropolis were playing however on the green, content with the brightness of the moment, when they saw a female approaching, who gathered them about her by the singularity of her dress. It was not a very remarkable dress; but any difference from the usual apparel of their country-women appeared so to them; and crying out, "A French girl! A French girl!" they ran up to her, and stood looking and talking.

The stranger seated herself upon a bench that was fixed between two elms, and for a moment leaned her head against one of them, as if faint with walking. But she raised it speedily, and smiled with complacency on the rude urchins. She had a bonnet and petticoat on of different



"They ran up to her
and stood looking and talking"

colours, and a handkerchief tied neatly about her head with the point behind. On her hands were gloves without fingers, and she wore about her neck a guitar, upon the strings of which one of her hands rested. The children thought her very handsome. Anybody else would also have thought her very ill, but they saw nothing before them but a good-natured looking foreigner and a guitar, and they asked her to play. "*O che bei ragazzi!*" said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice, "*Che vaghi!*"[1] and she began to play. She tried to sing too, but her voice failed her, and she shook her head smilingly, saying "*Stanca! stanca!*"[2] "Sing—do sing," said the children, and nodding her head, she was trying to do so, when a set of boys came up and joined in the request. "No, no," said one of the elder boys, "she is not well. You are ill, aint you,—Miss?" added he, laying his hand upon hers as if to hinder it. He drew out the last word somewhat doubtfully, for her appearance perplexed him, he scarcely knew whether to take her for a strolling musician or a lady strayed from a sick bed. "*Grazie!*" said she, understanding his look. "*troppo stanca troppo!*"[3]

By this time the usher came up, and addressed her in French, but she only understood a word here and there. He then spoke Latin, and she repeated one or two of his words, as if they were familiar to her.

"She is an Italian!" said he, looking round with a good-natured importance, "for the Italian is but a bastard of the Latin." The children looked with the more wonder, thinking he was speaking of the fair musician.

"*Non dubito*," continued the usher, "*quin tu lectitas poetam illum celeberrimum Tassonem*,[4] *Tasso*, I should say

[1] O what fine boys! What happy faces! Weary! Weary!
[2] Thanks—too weary! too weary!
[4] Doubtless you read that celebrated poet Tasso

properly, but the departure from the Italian name is considerable." The stranger did not understand a word.

"I speak of Tasso," said the usher, "of Tasso."

"*Tasso! Tasso!*" repeated the fair minstrel, "*oh — conosco — il Tasso*,"[1] and she hung with an accent of beautiful languor upon the first syllable.

"Yes," returned the worthy scholar, "doubtless your accent may be better. Then of course you know those classical lines:

> Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrose piante
> D'antica selva dal cavallo scorta."

The stranger repeated the words in a tone of fondness, like those of an old friend:

> Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrose piante
> D'antica selva dal cavallo scorta,
> Nè più governo il fren la man tremante,
> E mezza quasi par, tra viva e morta.

Our usher's common-place book had supplied him with a fortunate passage, for it was a favourite one of her countrywomen. It also singularly applied to her situation. There was a sort of exquisite mixture of clearness in her utterance of these verses, which gave some of the children a better idea of French than they had had; for they could not get it out of their heads that she must be a French girl;— "Italian-French perhaps," said one of them. But her voice trembled as she went on, like the hand she spoke of.

"I have heard my poor cousin Montague sing those very lines," said the boy who prevented her from playing.

"Montague," repeated the stranger very plainly, but turning paler and fainter. She put one of her hands to

[1] O—I know—Tasso

> Meantime in the old wood the Princess bore
> Erminia deeper into shade and shade,
> Her trembling hands could hold him in no more,
> And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.

turn upon the boy's affectionately, and pointed towards the spot where the church was.

"Yes, yes," cried the boy; "why, she knew my cousin:— she must have known him in Florence."

"I told you," said the usher, "she was an Italian."

"Help her to my aunt's," continued the youth, "she'll understand her: - lean upon me, Miss;" and he repeated the last word without his former hesitation.

Only a few boys followed her to the door, the rest having been awed away by the usher. As soon as the stranger entered the house and saw an elderly lady, who received her kindly, she exclaimed "La Signora Madre," and fell in a swoon at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk till she had had a sleep. She merely heard enough to find out, that the stranger had known her son in Italy; and she was thrown into a painful state of suspicion by the poor girl's eyes, which followed her about the room till the lady fairly came up and closed them.

"Obedient! obedient!" said the patient: "obedient in everything, only the Signora will let me kiss her hand;" and taking it with her own trembling one, she laid her cheek upon it, and it stand there till she had dropt asleep for weariness.

". . Silken rest
The all thy cares up!"

thought her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon a recollection of that beautiful passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl's visit. "And yet," thought she, turning her eyes with a thin tear in them towards the church spire, "he was an excellent boy, - the boy of my heart."

When the stranger woke, the secret was explained: and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the

more touched with pity, and indeed moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl (for she evidently was dying, and happy in the thought of it) was the niece of an humble tradesman in Florence, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged and fallen sick during his travels. She was a lively, good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coquetting and playing the guitar with her neighbours, and it was greatly on this account, that her considerate and humane gravity struck him whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coquetting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when he came to give him some drink, and she said she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him.

"But you do not call your voice and your music a noise," said he, "to you, Rosetta? I hope not, for I had expected it would give me strength to get rid of this fever and recollection."

Rosetta turned pale, and let the patient into a secret, but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sang too, only less sprightly airs.

"You get better and better, Signor," said she, "every day, and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had."

"The best in the world," cried he, and as he sat up in bed, he put his arm round her waist and kissed her.

"Pardon me, Signora," said the poor girl to her hostess; "but I felt that arm round my waist for a week after, almost as much as if it had been there."

"And Charles felt that you did," the fair mother, "for he never told me the story."

"He begged my pardon, continued she, "as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence. And to hear him talk so to

me, who used to fear what he might think of myself, it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall, and weep such bitter, and yet such sweet tears!—But he did not hear them No, Madam, he did not know, indeed, how much I how much I——"

"Loved him, child," interrupted Mrs Montague, "you have a right to say so, and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself"

"Oh, good God!" said the dying girl, her tears flowing away, "this is too great a happiness for me, to hear his own mother talking so." And again she lays her weak head upon the lady's hand

The latter would have persuaded her to sleep again, but she said she could not for joy "for I'll tell you, Madam," continued she, "I do not believe you will think it foolish, for something very private at my heart tells me it is not so, but I have had a long thought," (and her voice and look grew more exalted as she spoke,) "which has supported me through much toil and many disagreeable things to this country and this place, and I will tell you what it is, and how it came into my mind. I received this letter from your son."

Here she drew out a paper which, though carefully wrapped up in several others, was much worn at the sides It was dated from the village, and ran thus

"'This comes from the Englishman whom Rosaura nursed so kindly at Florence She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying; and he sometimes fears that her sorrow will be greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl, for all must love Rosaura who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can.'

"As soon as I read this letter, Madam," continues Rosaura, "and what he said about heaven, it flashed into

my head, that though I did not deserve him on earth, I might, perhaps, by trying and patience, deserve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim; but he knew as little of the world as I, and I found that I could earn my way to England better, and quite as religious, by playing my guitar, which was also more independent; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. So I played my guitar from Florence all the way to England, and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure me lodging. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy tears over it, because I looked up to heaven and thought he might see me. I have sometimes, though not often, met with small insults; but if ever they threatened to grow greater, I begged the people to desist in the kindest way I could, even smiling, and saying I would please them if I had the heart; which might be wrong, but it seemed as if deep thoughts told me to say so; and they used to look astonished, and left off; which made me the more hope that St Philip and the Holy Virgin did not think ill of my endeavours. So playing, and giving alms in this manner, I arrived in the neighbourhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for a while, and was very kindly treated in an out-house; though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid on this crucifix – (though your son never did), though he taught me to think kindly of everybody, and hope the best, and leave everything, except our own endeavours, to Heaven. I fell sick, Madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive."

She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker, and her hostess would fain have had

her keep silence, but she pressed her hand as well as she might, and prayed with such a patient pantomime of voice to be allowed to go on, that she was. She smiled thankfully and resumed —

"So when — so when I got my strength a little again, I walked on and came to the beloved village, and I saw the beautiful white church just in the trees — and then I knew where his body slept, and I thought some kind person would help me to die, with my face looking towards the church — but now does — and death is upon me, even now but hide me a little further on the pillow, dear lady, that I may see the green round of the hill."

She was raised up as he wished, and after looking awhile with a placid feeling — at the hill, and in a very low voice, "Say one prayer for me, dear lady, and if it be not too proud in me, call me in your daughter."

The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and knelt and said, "O Heavenly Father of us all, who in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties bringest us into strong passes of mistrust, which nevertheless thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech thee, upon this thy young and lowly servant, the daughter — that might have been — of my heart, and enable her spirit to pass through the perishing bonds of mortality, and be gathered into thy rest with those we love. Do, dear and great God, of thy infinite mercy, for we are poor weak creatures, both young and old ——" here her voice melted away into a breathing tearfulness, and after remaining on her knees a moment longer, she rose and looked upon the bed, and saw that the weary smiling one was no more.



POETS' HOUSES

A letter in Mr Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature" upon "Literary Residences," is very amusing and curious, but it begins with a mistake in saying that "men of genius have usually been condemned to compose their finest works, which are usually their earliest ones, under the roof of a garret," and the author seems to think, that few have realized the sort of house they wished to live in. The combination of "genius and a garret" is an old joke, but little more. Genius has been often poor enough, but seldom so much so as to want what are looked upon as the decencies of life. In point of abode, in particular, we take it to have been generally lucky as to fact, and not at all so grand in the desire as Mr Disraeli seems to imagine. Ariosto, who raised such fine structures in his poetry, was asked indeed how he came to have no greater one when he built a house for himself; and he answered, that "palaces

are easier built with words than stones" It was a pleasant answer, and fit for the interrogator, but Ariosto valued himself much upon the snug little abode which he did build, as may be seen by the inscription still remaining upon it at Ferrara[1], and we will venture to say for the cordial, tranquillity-loving poet, that he would rather live in such a house as that, and amuse himself with building palaces in his poetry, than have undergone the fatigue, and drawn upon himself the publicity, of erecting a princely mansion, full of gold and marble. No mansion which he could have built would have equalled what he could fancy, and poets love nests from which they can take their flights not worlds of wood and stone to strut in, and give them a sensation. If so, they would have set their wits to get rich, and live accordingly, which none of them ever did yet,—at any rate, not the greatest. Ariosto notoriously neglected his "fortunes"—in that sense of the word. Shakspeare had the felicity of building a house for himself, and settling in his native town, but though the best *in* it, it was nothing equal to the "seats" outside of it (where the richer men of the district lived); and it appears to have been a "modest mansion," not bigger, for instance, than a good-sized house in Red Lion Street, or some other old quarter in the metropolis. Suppose he had set *his* great wits to rise in the state and accumulate money, like Lionel Cranfield, for example, or Thomas Cromwell, the blacksmith's son. We know that any man who chooses to begin systematically with a penny, under circumstances at all favourable, may end with thousands. Suppose Shakspeare had done it, he might have built a house like a mountain. But he did not, – it will be said, – because he was a poet, and poets are not getters of money. Well; and for the

[1] See an engraving of the house itself, with its inscription, in the "Gallery of Portraits," No XXVIII, Article "Ariosto" But it wants the garden-ground which belonged to it.

same reason, poets do not care for the mightiest things which money can get. It can offer them health, and freedom, and a life in the green field, and mansions in fairy-land, and they prefer those, and a thousand visible to them.

Chaucer had a great large house to live in, rent-free, because he was connected with royalty, but he does not delight to talk of such places. He is all for the garden and the daisied field, and I dare say there was a "pretty parlour." His mind was too big for a great house, which challenges merriment with its immense, and is generally equal to them. He felt elbow-room, and heart-room, only out in God's sun, or in the heart itself, or in the bowers built by Nature, and reminding him of the greatness of her love.

Spenser lived at one time in a castle, in Ireland, a piece of confiscated property, given him for political services, and he loved to repent it; for it was burnt in civil warfare, and his poor child perished with it, and the poet was driven back to England, heart-broken. But look at the houses he describes in his poem, even he who was bred in a court, and loved pomp, and pursued fashion. He strews the ground with palaces, upon palaces, and all sorts of personages, who live in state and have many servants, (for the best houses, after all, are but collections of small ones, and of unfitting neighbourhoods too, but his nest, his poetic bowers, his *dear* and *inward*, he keeps for Una herself and his favourite nymphs, and his flowers of courtesy, and observe how he delights to repeat the word "little," when describing them. His travellers come to "little valleys," in which, through the tree-tops, comes reeking up a "little smoke," (a "cheerful sign, quoth the wise,") and

> "Low cottages in which the shepherds lie

and though all his little cots are not happy, yet he is ever happiest when describing them: then should they be so, and

showing in what sort of contentment his mind delighted finally to rest

> [illegible]
> [illegible]
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Milton, who built the Pandemonium, and filled it with

> "A thousand demi-gods on golden seats

was content if he could but get a "garden-house" to live in, as it was called in his time, that is to say, a small house in the suburbs, with a little plot of garden to it. He required nothing but a tree or two about it, to give him "air of Paradise." His biographer knows, and has made a point of having a residence of this kind. He lived as near as he could to the wood-side and the field, like his fellow-poet, Marvell, who would have been the Andrew Marvell of these times, and who owned his great friend as the other did, or like his Muse (*Allegro*) writing his Melancholy.

And how beloved Cowley, quiet and pleasant as the sound in his trees. "I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a *small* house and *large* garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder

of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature; and there, with no design beyond my wall,

> 'whole and entire to lie,
> In no unactive ease, and no inglorious poverty.'"
> *The Garden.*

"I confess," says he, in another essay (on Greatness), "I love littleness almost in all things, a little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast; and if ever I were to fall in love again (which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it), it would be, I think, with prettiness, rather than with majestical beauty."

(What charming writing!—how charming *as* writing, as well as thinking! and charming in both respects, because it possesses the only real perfection of either,—truth of feeling).

Cowley, to be sure, got such a house as he wanted "at last," and was not so happy in it as he expected to be; but then it was because he did only get it "*at last*," when he was growing old, and was in bad health. Neither might he have ever been so happy in such a place as he supposed (blest are the poets, surely, in enjoying happiness even in imagination!) yet he would have been less comfortable in a house less to his taste.

Dryden lived in a house in Gerrard Street (then almost a suburb), looking, at the back, into the gardens of Leicester House, the mansion of the Sidneys. Pope had a nest at Twickenham, much smaller than the fine house since built upon the site; and Thomson another at Richmond, consisting only of the ground-floor of the present house. Everybody knows what a room a house Cowper lived in. Shenstone's was but a farm adorned, and his bad health unfortunately hindered *him* from enjoying it. He married a house and grounds, poor man! instead of a

wife; which was being very "one-sided" in his poetry—and he found them more expensive than Miss Dolman would have been. He had better have taken poor Maria first, and got a few domestic cares of a handsome sort, to keep him alive and moving. Most of the living poets are dwellers in cottages, except Mr Rogers, who is rich, and has a mansion, looking on one of the parks; but there it *does* look--upon grass and trees. He will have as much nature with his art as he can get. Next to a cottage of the most comfortable order, we should prefer, for our parts, if we must have servants and a household, one of those good old mansions of the Tudor age, or some such place, which looks like a sort of cottage-palace, and is full of old corners, old seats in the windows, and old memories. The servants, in such a case, would probably have grown old in one's family, and become friends; and this makes a great difference in the possible comfort of a great house. It gives it old family warmth.



ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF LAUREL FROM VAUCLUSE

And this piece of laurel is from Vaucluse! Perhaps Petrarch, perhaps Laura sat under it! This is a true present. What an exquisite, dry, old, vital, young-looking, everlasting twig it is! It has been plucked nine months, and yet looks as hale and as crisp as if it would last ninety years. It shall last, at any rate, as long as its owner, and longer, if care and love can preserve it. How beautifully it is turned! It was a happy pull from the tree. Its shape is the very line of beauty; it has berries upon it, as if resolved to show us in what fine condition the trees are; while the leaves issue from it, and sweep upwards with their elegant points, as though they had come from adorning the poet's head. Be thou among the best of one's keepsakes, thou gentle stem, *in sinu nostris*; and may the very maid-servant, who wonders to see thy withered beauty in its

fame, miss her lover the next five weeks, for not having the instinct to know that thou must have something to do with love!

Perhaps Petrarch has felt the old ancestral boughs of this branch stretching over his head, and whispering to him of the name of Laura, of his love, and of their future glory, for all these ideas used to be entwined in one (Sestina 2, canzone 17, sonetti 162, 163, 164, 207, 224, &c.) Perhaps it was of the very stock of that bough, which he describes as supplying his mistress with a leaning-stock, when he sat in her favourite bower

> Giovane donna sotto un verde lauro
> Vidi più bianca e più fredda neve
> Non percossa dal sole in alcun tempo,
> E più lucenti assai che 'l nostro oro,
> Ma più superbi assai che grati meco,
> E 'l suo sempre verde fronde appoggiando
> Lasciva sestina.
>
> Vaga fiorita et verdeggiante herba
> Ch'ai sparsi fiori et a' bei piedi adorni
> Veli di fresche et lucide acque erbose,
> Ove 'l bel lauro, ch'ogni ora onoro,
> Spiega i rami che 'l Ciel non scalda et teme
> Ove sol Febo mai non pose il piede

The laurel seems more appropriate to Petrarch than to any other poet. He delighted to sit under its leaves, he loved it both for itself and for the resemblance of its name to that of his mistress, he wrote of it continually, and he was called from out of its shade to be crowned with it in the capitol. It is a remarkable instance of the fondness with which he cherished the united idea of Laura and the laurel, that he confesses this fancy to have been one of the greatest delights he experienced in receiving the crown upon his head.

It was out of Vaucluse that he was called. Vaucluse, Valchiusa, the Shut Valley (from which the French, in the

modern enthusiasm for intellect, gave the name to the department in which it lies), is a remarkable spot in the old poetical region of Provence, consisting of a little deep glen of green meadows, surrounded with rocks, and containing the fountain of the river Sorgue. Petrarch, when a boy of eight or nine years of age, had been struck with its beauty, and exclaimed that it was the place of all others he should like to live in, better than the most splendid cities. He resided there afterwards for several years, and composed in it the greater part of his poems. Indeed, he says in his account of himself, that he either wrote or conceived, in that valley, almost every work he produced. He lived in a little cottage, with a small homestead, on the banks of the river. Here he thought to forget his passion for Laura, and here he found it stronger than ever. We do not well see how it could have been otherwise; for Laura lived no great way off, at Chabrières, and he appears to have seen her often in the very place. He paced along the river; he sat under the trees; he climbed the mountains; but Love, he says, was ever by his side,

Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui.

He holding talk with me, and I with him

We are supposing that all our readers are acquainted with Petrarch. Many of them doubtless know him intimately. Should any of them want an introduction to him, how should we speak of him in the gross? We should say, that he was one of the finest gentlemen and greatest scholars that ever lived; that he was a writer who flourished in Italy in the fourteenth century, at the time when Chaucer was young, during the reigns of our Edwards; that he was the greatest light of his age; that although so fine a writer himself, and the author of a multitude of works, or rather because he was both, he took the greatest pains to revive the knowledge of the ancient learning, recommending it

everywhere, and copying out large manuscripts with his own hand, that two great cities, Paris and Rome, contended which should have the honour of crowning him, that he was crowned publicly, in the Metropolis of the World, with laurel and with myrtle, that he was the friend of Boccaccio, the Father of Italian Prose; and lastly, that his greatest renown nevertheless, as well as the predominant feelings of his existence, arose from the long love he bore for a Lady of Avignon, the far-famed Laura, whom he fell in love with on the 6th of April 1327, on a Good Friday, whom he rendered illustrious in a multitude of sonnets, which have left a sweet sound and sentiment in the ear of all after lovers, and who died, still passionately beloved, in the year 1348, on the same day and hour on which he first beheld her. Who she was, or why their connexion was not closer, remains a mystery. But that she was a real person, and that in spite of her staid manners she did not show in altogether insensible countenance to his passion, is clear from his long-haunted imagination, from his own repeated accounts from all that he wrote, uttered, and thought. One love, and one poet, sufficed to give the whole civilised world a sense of delicacy in desire, of the abundant riches to be found in one single idea, and of the going out of a man's self to dwell in the soul and happiness of another, which has served to refine the passion for all modern times, and perhaps will do so, as long as love renews the world.

RHYME AND REASON.

OR A NEW PROPOSAL TO THE PUBLIC RESPECTING POETRY IN ORDINARY

A FRIEND of ours the other day, taking up the miscellaneous poems of Tasso, read the title-page into English as

follows: —"The Rhymes of the Lord Twisted Yew, Amorous, Bosky, and Maritime."[1] The Italians exhibit a modesty worthy of imitation in calling their Miscellaneous Poems, Rhymes. Twisted Yew himself, with all his genius, has put forth an abundance of these terminating blossoms, without any fruit behind them: and his countrymen of the present day do not scruple to confess, that their living poetry consists of little else. The French have a game at verses, called Rhymed Ends (Bouts Rimés) which they practise a great deal more than they are aware; and the English, though they are a more poetical people, and lay claim to the character of a less vain one, practise the same game to a very uncandid extent, without so much as allowing that the title is applicable to any part of it.

Yet how many "Poems" are there among all these nations, of which we require no more than the Rhymes, to be acquainted with the whole of them? You know what the rogues have done, by the ends they come to. For instance, what more is necessary to inform us of all which the following gentleman has for sale, than the bell which he tinkles at the end of his cry? We are as sure of him, as of the muffin man.

A Love Song.

Grove,	Heart	Kiss
Night,	Prove,	Blest
Rove,	Impart,	Bliss
Delight.	Love.	Rest.

Was there ever peroration more eloquent? Ever a series of catastrophes more explanatory of their previous history? Did any Chinese gentleman ever show the amount of his breeding and accomplishments more completely, by the nails which he carries at his fingers' ends?

[1] Rime del Signor Torquato Tasso, Amorose, Boschereccie, Marittime, &c.

The Italian Rimatori are equally comprehensive. We no sooner see the mastery of their rhymes, than we long to save the modesty of their general pretensions so much trouble in making out their case. Their *ers* and *ires* are not to be disputed. Cursed is he that does not put implicit reliance upon their *fe fi's*! that makes inquisition why the possessor *fia superbo*. They may take the oaths in their seat at once. For example—

Ben mi — Fuggito
Oh Dio — Repito
Pe te — Dime

And again—

Amata
Salmata
Turbata
Lava
Entrate
Dolce
Nome

With—

Oscuri
Dolci
Tristi
Fuore
Mute
Sfiore
Nembi

Where is the dull and inordinate persons that would require these rhymes to be filled up? If they are brief as the love of which they complain, are they not pregnant in conclusions, full of a world of things that have passed, infinitely retrospective, embracing, and enough? If not "vast," are they not "voluminous"?

It is doubtless an instinct of this kind that has made so many modern Italian poets intersperse their lyrics with those frequent single words, which are at once line and rhyme,

and which none of our countrymen have in vain endeavoured to naturalize in the English opera. Not that they want the same pregnancy in our language, but because they are neither so clear, distinct nor so musical, and besides, there is something in the rest of our verses, however common-place, which seems to be intending to the invasion of these vivacious strangers, as if it were a hoyden suddenly got up, and unseasonably. We do not naturally take to so abrupt and arbitrary.

This objection, however, does not apply to the proposal we are about to make. Our rhymers *mute* some and as there is a great difference between single words thus mingled with longer verses, and the same words in their proper places, it has struck us, that a world of time and paper might be saved to the ingenious *writer*, whether Italian or English, by forejudging at once all the true out part of his verses, that is to say, all the rest of them, and confining himself entirely, to the cadences or terminations. We subjoin some specimens in the various kinds of poetry, and inform the intelligent bookseller, that we are willing to treat with him for any quantity at a penny a hundred.

VARIETY.

Dawn	Lark	Eye	Me	Ray
Plains	Spoke	Mine	Woe	Heat
Lawn	Beech	Twin	Free	Play
Swains	Yoke	Divine	Woe	Sweet
June	Fields	Eyes	When	Farewell
Days	Bowers	Darts	Flocks	Cows
Moon	Yields	Mines	Renew	Dell
Gaze	Flowers	Hearts	Rocks	Boughs

Here, without any more ado, we have the whole history of a couple of successful rural lovers coming notes. They issue forth in the morning, fall into the proper place and dialogue; record the charms and kindness of their respective mistresses; do justice the same time to the fields and



"While they renew their addresses under the boughs"

shades; and conclude by telling their flocks to wait as usual while they renew their address under the boughs. How easily is all this covered from the rhymes! and how worse than idle would it be in two persons, who have such interesting avocations, to waste their precious time and the reader's in a heap of predatory remarks, falsely called verses!

Of love-songs we have already had specimens, and, by the bye, we did not think it necessary to give any French examples of our involuntary predecessors in this species of writing. The *yeux* and *langueurs*, *mort* and *sort*, *larmes* and *larmes*, are too well-known as well as too numerous to mention. We proceed to lay before the reader a Prologue, which, if spoken by a pretty actress, with a due sprinkling of nods and becks, and a judicious management of the pauses, would have an effect equally novel and triumphant. The reader is aware that a Prologue is generally made up of some observations on the drama in general, followed by an appeal in favour of the new one, some compliments to the nation, and a peculiar climax in honour of the persons appealed to. We scarcely need observe, that the rhymes should be read badly, in order to give effect to the truly understood remarks in the interval.

PROLOGUE.

Age	Fashion	Applause
Stage	British Nation	Virtue's Cause
Mind		Trust
Mankind	Young	Just
Face	Tongue	Fear
Trace	Bard	Here
Sigh	Reward	Stands
Tragedy	Hiss	Hands
Scene	Miss	True
Spleen	Dare	You
Pit	British Fair	
Wit		

Here we have some respectable observations on the advantages of the drama in every age, on the wideness of its survey, the different natures of tragedy and comedy, the vicissitudes of fashion, and the permanent greatness of the British empire. Then the young bard, new to the dramatic art, is introduced. He disclaims all hope of reward for any merit of his own, except that which is founded on a proper sense of the delicacy and beauty of his fair auditors, and his zeal in the cause of virtue. To this, at all events, he is sure his critics will be just; and though he cannot help feeling a certain timidity, standing where he does, yet upon the whole, as becomes an Englishman, he is perfectly willing to abide by the decision of his countrymen's hands, hoping that he shall be found

> ". . . to sense, if not to genius true,
> And trusts his cause to virtue, and to You."

Should the reader, before he comes to this explication of the Prologue, have had any other ideas suggested by it, we will undertake to say, that they will at all events be found to have a wonderful general similitude; and it is to be observed, that this very flexibility of adaptation is one of the happiest and most useful results of our proposed system of poetry. It comprehends all the possible common-places in vogue; and it also leaves to the ingenious reader something to fill up; which is a compliment that has always been held due to him by the best authorities.

The next specimen is what, in a more superfluous condition of metre, would have been entitled *Lines* on Time. It is much in that genteel didactic taste, which is at once thinking and non-thinking, and has a certain neat and elderly dislike of innovation in it, greatly to the comfort of the seniors who adorn the circles.

On Time,

Time	Child	Race	Hold
Sublime	Beguiled	Trace	Old
Fraught	Boy	All	Sure
Thought	Joy	Ball	Endure
Power	Man	Pride	Death
Devour	Span	Deride	Breath
Rust	Sire	Aim	Forgiven
Dust	Expire	Same	Heaven.
Glass		Undo	
Pass	So	New	
Wings	Go		
Kings			

We ask any impartial reader, whether he could possibly want a more sufficing account of the progress of this author's piece of reasoning upon Time? There is, first, the address to the hoary god, with all his emblems and consequence about him, the scythe excepted; that being an edge-tool to rhymers, which they judiciously keep inside the verse, as in a sheath. And then we are carried through all the stages of human existence, the caducity of which the writer applies to the world at large, impressing upon us the inutility of hope and exertion, and suggesting of course the propriety of thinking just as he does upon all subjects, political and moral, past, present, and to come.

ON DEATH & BURIAL

The cultivation of pleasurable emotions is, next to health, the great secret of enjoyment, and, accordingly, as we lessen our cares and increase our pleasures, we may imagine ourselves approaching useful species to the Author of happiness. Error and misery, taken in their proportion, are the exception in his system. The world is most unquestionably happier upon the whole than otherwise, or light and air, and the face of nature, would be different from what they are, and mankind no longer be hurried up in perpetual hope and action. By cultivating agreeable thoughts, then, we tend, like bees in philosophy, to the greater ends of sensations, rather than the less.

What we can enjoy, let us enjoy like creatures made for that very purpose; what we cannot, let us, in the same character, do our best to forget or bear with patience. Nothing can be more idle than the voluntary gloom with which people think to please Heaven in certain matters, and which they confound with serious knowledgment, or with what they call a due sense of its dispensations. It is nothing but the cultivation of the principle of fear, instead of confidence, with whatever name they may disguise it. It is covering frightened faces to court, instead of glad and grateful ones, and is above all measure ridiculous, because the real cause of it, and, by the way, of a thousand other feelings which religious courtiers mistake for religion, cannot be concealed from the Being it is intended to honour. There is a dignity certainly in suffering well, where we cannot choose but suffer. If we must take physic, let us do it like men,—but what would be his dignity, who, when he had the choice in his power, should make the physic bitterer than it is, or even to refuse to

render it more palatable, merely to look twice over it, and do honour to the physician?

The idea of our dissolution is one of those which we most abuse in this manner, principally, no doubt, because it is abhorrent from the very first principle of vitality implanted in us, and the habits that have grown up with it. But what then? So much the more should we divest it of all the unpleasant associations which it need not excite, and add to it all the pleasant ones which it will allow.

But what is the course we pursue? We remember having a strong impression, years ago, of the absurdity of our mode of treating a death-bed, and of the great desireableness of having it considered as nothing but a trick one, one to be smuggled and comforted, even by cordial helps, if necessary. We remember to how many persons, who, nevertheless, did too much justice to the very freest of our speculations to consider them as profane, were startled by this opinion, till we found it expressed, in almost as many words, by no less an authority than Lord Bacon. We got at our notion through a very different process, no doubt, he through the depth of his knowledge, and we from the very brink of our youth, but we seem disposed to think it the same wise on the whole. The serious," of course, are bound to be shocked at so cheering a proposition, but of them we have already spoken. The great objection would be, that such a system would deprive the evil-disposed of one terror in prospect, and that this principle of determent is already found too feeble to afford any diminution. The fact is, the whole principle is worth little or nothing, unless the penalty to be inflicted is pretty certain, and appeals also to the less sentimental part of our nature. It is good habits, a well-educated conscience, — a little early knowledge, the cultivation of generous motives,—must supply people with preventives of bad conduct; their sense of things is too immediate and lively

to attend, in the long run, to anything else. We will be bound to say, generally speaking, that the prospective terrors of a death-bed never influenced any others than nervous consciences, too weak, and inhabiting organizations too delicate, to afford to be very bad ones. But, in the mean time, they may be very alarming to such consciences in prospect, and very painful to the best and most temperate of mankind in actual sufferance; and why should this be, but, as we have said before, to keep bitter that which we could sweeten, and to persist in a mistaken want of relief, under a notion of its being a due sense of our condition? We know well enough what a due sense of our condition is in other cases of infirmity; and what is a death-bed but the very acme of infirmity, the sickness, bodily and mental, that of all others has most need of relief?

If the death happens to be an easy one, the case is altered; and no doubt it is oftener so than people imagine; but how much pains are often taken to render it difficult! First, the chamber, in which the dying person lies, is made as gloomy as possible with curtains, and vials, and nurses, and terrible whispers, and, perhaps, the continual application of handkerchiefs to weeping eyes;—then, whether he wishes it or not, or is fit to receive it or not, he is to have the whole truth told him by some busy-body who never was so anxious, perhaps, in the cause of veracity before; and lastly, come partings, and family assemblings, and confusion of the head with matters of faith, and trembling prayers, that tend to force upon dying weakness the very doubts they undertake to dissipate. Well may the soldier take advantage of such death-beds as these, to boast of the end that awaits him in the field.

But having lost our friend, we must still continue to add to our own misery at the circumstance. We must heap about the recollection of our loss all the most gloomy and

distasteful circumstances we can contrive, and thus, perhaps, absolutely incline ourselves to think as little of him as possible. We wrap the body in ghastly habiliments, put it in as tasteless a piece of furniture as we can invent, dress ourselves in the gloomiest of colours, awake the barbarous monotony of the church-bell (to frighten every sick person in the neighbourhood), call about us a set of officious mechanics, of all sorts, who are counting their shillings, as it were, by the tears that we shed, and watching with jealousy every candle's end of their "perquisites," — and proceed to consign our friend or relation to the dust, under a ceremony that takes particular pains to impress that consummation on our minds.—Lastly, come tasteless tombstones and ridiculous epitaphs, with perhaps a skull and cross-bones at top; and the tombstones are crowded together, generally in the middle of towns, always near the places of worship, unless the church-yard is overstocked. Scarcely ever is there a tree on the spot; — in some remote villages alone are the graves ever decorated with flowers.[1] All is stony, earthy, and dreary. It seems as if, after having rendered everything before death as painful as possible, we endeavoured to subside into a sullen indifference, which contradicted itself by its own efforts.

The Greeks managed these things better. It is curious that we, who boast so much of our knowledge of the immortality of the soul, and of the glad hopes of an after-life, should take such pains to make the image of death melancholy; while, on the other hand, Gentiles whom we treat with so much contempt for their ignorance on those heads, should do the reverse, and associate it with emblems that ought to belong rather to us. But the truth is, that we know very little what we are talking about when we speak, in the gross, of the ancients, and of their ideas of Deity and humanity. The very finest and most amiable

[1] Matters have been improving since this article was written.

part of our notions on those subjects comes originally from their philosophers; all the rest, the gloom, the bad passions, the favouritism, are the work of other hands, who have borrowed the better materials as they proceeded, and then pretended an original right in them. Even the absurd parts of the Greek Mythology are less puntually absurd than those of any other; because, generally speaking, they are on the cheerful side instead of the gloomy. We would rather have a Deity who fell in love with the beautiful creatures of his own making, than one who would consign nine hundred out of a thousand to destruction for not believing well of him.

But not to digress from the main subject. The ancients did not render the idea of death so horribly distinct, as we do, from that of life. They did not extinguish all light and cheerfulness in their minds, and in turn, shoot them, as it were, on the instant; nor did they keep before one's eyes, with hideous circumstance, the idea of death's head and skeletons, which, as revolutions of humanity, are something more absurd than the brick which the pedant carried about as the specimen of his house. They selected pleasant spots for sepulture, and without the town; they adorned their graves with arches and pillars, with myrtles, lilies, and roses; they kept up the social and useful idea of their great men by entombing them near the highway, so that every traveller paid his homage as he went; and latterly, they reduced the dead body to ashes,—a clean and inoffensive substance—gathered it into a tasteful urn, and often accompanied it with other vessels of exquisite construction, on which were painted the most cheerful actions of the person departed, even to those of his every-day life, the prize in the games, the toilet, the recollections of his marriages and friendships—the figures of beautiful females,—every thing, in short, which seemed to keep up the idea of a vital principle, and to say, "the creature

who so did and so enjoyed itself cannot be all gone." The image of the vital principle and of an after-life was, in fact, often and distinctly repeated on these vessels by a variety of emblems, animal and vegetable, particularly the image of Psyche, or the soul, by means of the butterfly, - an association which, in process of time, as other associations gathered about it, gave rise to the most exquisite allegory in the world, the story of *Cupid* and *Psyche*.

Now, we do not mean to say, that everybody who thinks as we do upon this subject, should or can depart at once from existing customs, especially the chief ones These things must either go out gradually or by some convulsive movement in society, as others have gone; and mere eccentricity is no help to their departure. What we cannot undo, let us only do as decently as possible; but we might render the dying a great deal more comfortable, by just daring a little to consider their comforts and not our puerility: we might allow their rooms also to be more light and cheerful; we might take pains to bring pleasanter associations about them altogether; and, when they were gone, we might cultivate our own a little better; our tombstones might at least be in better taste; we might take more care of our graves; we might preserve our sick neighbours from the sound of the death-bell; a single piece of ribbon or crape would surely be enough to guard us against the unweeting inquiries of friends, while, in the rest of our clothes, we might adopt, by means of a ring or a watch-ribbon, some cheerful instead of gloomy recollection of the person we had lost, - a favourite colour, for instance, or device, and thus contrive to balance a grief which we must feel, and which, indeed, in its proper associations, it would not be desirable to avoid. Rousseau died gazing on the setting sun, and was buried under green trees. Petrarch, who seemed born to complete and render glorious the idea of an author from first to last, was found dead in his study with

his head placidly resting on a book. What is there in deaths like these to make us look back with anguish, or to plunge into all sorts of gloominess and bad taste?

We know not whether it has ever struck any of our readers, but we seem to consider the relics of ancient taste, which we possess, as things of mere ornament, and forget that their uses may be in some measure preserved, so as to complete the idea of their beauty, and give them, as it were, a soul again. We place their urns and vases, for instance, about our apartments, but never think of putting anything in them; yet when they are not absolutely too fragile, we might often do so,—fruit, flowers,—toilet utensils,—a hundred things, with a fine opportunity (to boot) of showing our taste in inscriptions. The Chinese, in the *Citizen of the World*, when he was shown the two large vases from his own country, was naturally amused to hear that they only served to fill up the room, and held no supply of tea in them, as they did at home. A lady, a friend of ours, who shows in her countenance her origin from a country of taste, and who acts up to the promise of her countenance, is the only person, but one, whom we ever knew to turn antique ornament to account in this respect. She buried a favourite bird in a vase on her mantel-piece; and there the little rogue lies, with more kind and tasteful associations about him, than the greatest dust in Christendom. The other instance is that of two urns of marble, which have been turned as much as possible to the original purposes of such vessels, by becoming the depository of locks of hair. A lock of hair is an actual relic of the dead, as much so, in its proportion, as ashes, and more lively and recalling than even those. It is the part of us that preserves vitality longest; it is a clean and elegant substance: and it is especially connected with ideas of tenderness, in the cheek or the eyes about which it may have strayed, and the handling we may have given it on the living head. The thought

connected with such relics time gradually releases from grief itself, and softens into tender enjoyment; and we know that in the instance alluded to the possessor of those two little urns would no more consent to miss them from his study, than he would any other cheerful association that he could procure. It is a consideration, which he would not forego for a great deal, that the venerable and lovely dust to which they belonged lies in a village churchyard, and has left the most unfading part of it inclosed in graceful vessels.



MAY-DAY is a word, which used to awaken in the minds of our ancestors all the ideas of youth, and verdure, and blossoming, and love; and hilarity; in short, the union of the two best things in the world, the love of nature, and the love of each other. It was the day, on which the arrival of the year at maturity was kept, like that of a blooming heiress. They caught her eye as she was coming, and sent up hundreds of songs of joy.

Now the bright Morning Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

These songs were stopped by Milton's friends the Puritans, whom in his old age he differed with, most likely on these

points among others But till then, they appear to have been as old, all over Europe, as the existence of society. The Druids are said to have had festivals in honour of May. Our Teutonic ancestors had, undoubtedly, and in the countries which had constituted the Western Roman Empire, Flora still saw thanks paid for her flowers, though her worship had gone away [1]

The homage which was paid to the Month of Love and flowers, may be divided into two sorts, the general and the individual The first consisted in going with others to gather May, and in joining in sports and games afterwards. On the first of the month, "the juvenile part of both sexes," says Bourne, in his *Popular Antiquities*, "were wont to rise a little after midnight and walk to some neighbouring wood, where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this was done, they returned with their booty about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil The after part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a May-pole, which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there, as it were, consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation offered to it, in the whole circle of the year" Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, has detailed the circumstances, in a style like a rustic dance

> Younge folke now flocken in every where
> To gather May bus kets [2] and sweetning bree,

[1] The great May holiday observed over the West of Europe was known for centuries, up to a late period under the name of the Belte, or Beltane Such a number of etymologies all perplexingly probable, have been found for this word, that we have been surprised to miss among them that of *bel temps* the Fine Time or Season Thus *Printemps*, the First Time, or Prime Season, is the Spring

[2] *Buskets—Boskets*—Bushes—from *Boschetto, Ital*

And home they hasten—the postes to dight,
And all the kirk pilours ere day light,
With hawthorne buds and sweet eglantine,
And girlonds of roses—and soppes in wine.

* * * * * *

Sicker this morowe, no longer ago
I saw a shole of shepherds outrye,
With singing and shouting and jolly chere
Before them yode[1] a lusty tabrere
That to the many a horne pipe played
Whereto they dauncen each one with his mayd
To see these folkes make such joyssance
Maketh my heart after the pipe to daunce
Tho[2] to the greene wood they speeden hem all
To fetchen home May with their musicall
And home they bringen in a royall throne
Crowned as king and his queen attone[3]
Was Lady Flora, on whom I attend
A fayre flock of fayries in a fresh lend
Of lovely nymphes. O that I were there
To helpen the ladies sterve[4] their May haire.

The day was passed in sociality and manly sports;—in archery, and running, and pitching the bar, in dancing, singing, playing music, acting Robin Hood and his company, and making a well-earned feast upon all the country dainties in season. It closed with an award of prizes.

As I have seen the Lady of the May
Set in an arbour on a holiday
Built by the Mayers where the jocund swains
Dance with the maidens to the bag pipe's strains,
When envious night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one
And for their well performance soon dresses,
To this a garland interwove with roses,
To that a carved hook, or well wrought scrip,
Gracing in other with her cherry lip.

---

[1] *Yode*, Went
[2] *Tho*, Then
[3] *Attone*, At once—With him.
[4] *Sterve*, To labour

To one her garter, to another then
A handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again;
And none returneth empty, that hath spent
His pains to fill their rural merriment [1]

Among the gentry and at court the spirit of the same enjoyments took place, modified according to the taste or rank of the entertainers. The most universal amusement, agreeably to the general current in the veins, and the common participation of flesh and blood (for rank knows no distinction of legs and knee-pans), was dancing. Contests of chivalry supplied the place of more rural gymnastics. But the most poetical and elaborate entertainment was the Mask. A certain flowery grace was sprinkled over all; and the finest spirits of the time, though they showed both their manliness and wisdom in knowing how to raise the pleasures of the season to their height. Sir Philip Sydney, the idea of whom has come down to us as a personification of all the refinement of that age, is fondly recollected by Spenser in this character.

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honey without gall
And he himself seemed made for merriment,
Merrily masking both in bowre and hall
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
Wherein Astrophel sovereigne was away

For he could pipe, and dance, and caroll sweet,
Amongst the shepheards in their shearing feast,

[1] *Britannia's Pastorals*, by William Browne Song the 4th. Browne, like his friend Wither, from whom we quoted a passage last week, wanted strength and the power of selection, though not to such an extent He is however well worth reading by those who can expatiate over a pastoral subject, like a meadowy tract of country, finding out the beautiful spots, and gratified, if not much delighted, with the rest His genius, which was by no means destitute of the social part of passion, seems to have been turned almost wholly to description, by the beauties of his native county Devonshire.

As somer's larke that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth comming from the East.
And layes of love he also could compose
Thrice happie she, whom he to praise did choose.
Astrophil, st 5.

Individual homage to the month of May consisted in paying respect to it though alone, and in plucking flowers and flowering boughs to adorn apartments with.

This maiden, in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime
To get sweet setywall,
The honey suckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady smock,
To deck her summer hall
Drayton's Pastorals, Eclog. 4.

But when morning pleasures are to be spoken of, the lovers of poetry who do not know Chaucer, are like those who do not know what it is to be up in the morning. He has left us two exquisite pictures of the solitary observance of May, in his *Palamon and Arcite*. They are the more curious, inasmuch as the actor in one is a lady, and in the other a knight. How far they owe any of their beauty to his original, the *Theseide of Boccaccio*, we cannot say; for we never had the happiness of meeting with that rare work. The Italians have so neglected it, that they have not only never given it a ritacimento or re-modelling, as in the instance of Bojardo's poem, but are almost as much unacquainted with it, we believe, as foreign nations. Chaucer thought it worth his while to be both acquainted with it, and to make others so; and we may venture to say, that we know of no Italian after Boccaccio's age who was so likely to understand him to the core, as his English admirer, Ariosto not excepted. Still, from what we have seen of Boccaccio's poetry, we can imagine the *Theseide* to have been too lax and long. If Chaucer's *Palamon and Arcite*

be all that he thought proper to distil from it, it must have been greatly so; for it was an epic. But at all events the essence is an exquisite one. The tree must have been a fine old enormity, from which such honey could be drawn.

To begin, as in duty bound, with the Lady. How she sparkles through the antiquity of the language, like a young beauty in an old hood!

> Thus pa seth yere by yere, and day by day,
> Till it felle ones in a morowe of May,
> That Emelie —

But we will alter the spelling where we can, as in a former instance, merely to let the reader see what a notion is in his way, if he suffers the look of Chaucer's words to prevent his enjoying him.

> Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
> Till it fell once, in a morrow of May,
> That Emily (that fairer was to seen
> Than is the lily upon his stalk green,
> And fresher than the May with flowers new,
> (For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
> I n'ot which was the finer of them two)
> Er it was day, as she was wont to do,
> She was risen and all ready dight,
> For May will have no sluggyardly a night:
> The season pricketh every gentle heart,
> And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
> And saith "Arise, and do thine observance"
> This maketh Emily have remembrance
> To do honour to May, and for to rise.
> Yclothed was she, fresh for to devise
> Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,
> Behind her back, a yarde[1] long I guess:
> And in the garden, at the sun uprist,
> She walketh up and down where as her list;
> She gathereth flowers, party white and red
> To make a subtle garland for her head;

[1] These additional syllables are to be read slightly, like the *e* in French verse.

And as an angel, heavenly she sung
The great tower, that was so thick and strong,
Which of the castle was the chief dongeon,
(Where as these knightes weren in prison,
Of which I tolde you and tellen shall)
Was even joinant to the garden wall,
There as this Emily had her playing
Bright was the sun, and clear that morwening—

[How finely, to our ears at least, the second line of the couplet always rises up from this full stop at the first!]

Bright was the sun and clear that morwening,
And Palamon this woeful prisoner,
As was his wont by leave of his jailer
Was risen, and roamed in a chamber on high,
In which he all the noble city sigh,[1]
And eke the garden full of branches green,
There as this fresh Emilie the sheen[2]
Was in her walk and roamed up and down

Sir Walter Scott, in his edition of Dryden, says upon the passage before us, and Dryden's version of it, that "the modern must yield the palm to the ancient, in spite of the beauty of his versification." We quote from memory, but this is the substance of his words. For our parts, we agree with them, as to the consignment of the palm, but not as to the exception about the versification. With some allowance as to our present mode of accentuation, it appears to us to be touched with a finer sense of music even than Dryden's. It is more delicate, without any inferiority in strength, and still more various.

But to our other portrait. It is as sparkling with young manhood, as the former is with a gentler freshness. What a burst of radiant joy is in the second couplet; what a vital quickness in the comparison of the horse, "starting as the fire," and what a native and happy ease in the conclusion!

[1] Saw [2] The shining

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saleweth[1] in her song the morrow gray,
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his stremes drieth in the greves[2]
The silver droppes hanging in the leaves,
And Arcite that is in the court royal[3]
With Theseus the squier principal,
Is risen, and looketh on the merry day,
And for to do his observance to May,
Rememb'ring on the point of his desire,
He on the courser, starting as the fire
Is ridden to the fieldes him to play,
Out of the court, were it a mile or tway
And to the grove of which that ye herd told,
By aventure his way gan to hold,
To maken him a garland of the greves
Were it of woodbind or of hawthorn leaves,
And loud he sung ageinst the sunny sheen
"O May, with all thy flowers and thy green,
Right welcome be thou faire freshe May
I hope that I some green here getten may"
And from his courser, with a lusty heart,
Into the grove full hastily he start,
And in the path he roamed up and down

The versification of this is not so striking as the other, but Dryden again falls short in the freshness and feeling of the sentiment His lines are beautiful, but they do not come home to us with so happy and cordial a face. Here they are. The word morning in the first line, as it is repeated in the second, we are bound to consider as a slip of the pen, perhaps for mounting

The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morning gray,
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all the horizon laughed to see the joyous sight
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves and dries the dews

[1] Saluteth. [2] Groves. [3] Royal

When Arcite left his bed resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod
At ease he seemed, and prancing o'er the plains,
Turned only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I named before and lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair
Then turned his face against the rising day
And raised his voice to welcome in the May
"For thee sweet month the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first the fairest of the year
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers
When thy short reign is past the feverish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight
Nor goats with venomed teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wandering steps to find
The fragrant greens I seek my brows to bind"
His vows addressed within the grove he strayed

How poor is this to Arcite's leaping from his courser "with a lusty heart!" How inferior the common-place of the "fiery steed," which need not involve any actual notion in the writer's mind, to the courser "starting as the fire," how inferior the turning his face to "the rising day" and raising his voice to the sun, "loud against the sunny sheen," and lastly, the whole learned invocation and adjuration of May, about guiding his "wandering steps" and "so may thy tender blossoms" &c. to the call upon the "fair fresh May," ending with that simple, quick-hearted line, in which he hopes he shall get "some green here;" a touch in the happiest vivacity! Dryden's genius, for the most part, wanted faith in nature. It was too gross and sophisticate. There was as much difference between him and his original, as between a hot noon in perukes at St James's, and one of Chaucer's lounges on the grass, of a May-morning.

All this worship of May is over now. There is no issuing forth, in glad companies, to gather boughs; no adorning of houses with "the flowery spoil;" no songs, no dances, no village sports and coronations, no courtly poetries, no sense and acknowledgment of the quiet presence of nature, in grove or glade.

O dolce primavera, o fior novelli,
O aure, o arboscelli, o fresche erbette,
O piagge benedette e colli, e monti,
O valli, o fiumi, o fonti o verdi rivi,
Palme lauri, ed olive, edere e mirti,
O gloriosi spiriti degli boschi
O Eco o antri foschi o chiare linfe,
O fauni e ninfe, o igneti Pani,
O Satiri e Silvani, o Fauni e Dryadi,
Naiadi e Amadriadi o cari lochi,
Oreadi e Napee, or siete sole Sannazaro.

O thou delicious spring! O ye new flowers,
O airs, O yonnyling bowers fresh thickening grass,
And plains beneath heaven's face O hills and mountains,
Valleys and streams, and fountains banks of green,
Myrtles, and palms serene, ivies and bays
And ye who warm cold Ivys spirits o' the woods,
Echoes and lonely caves and lakes of light
O quivered nymphs beside, Pans rustical,
Satyrs and sylvans all Dryads, and ye
That up the mountains be and ye beneath
In meadow or flowery heath ye are alone

Two hundred years ago, our ancestors used to delight in anticipating their May holidays. Bigotry came in, and frowned them away; then Debauchery, and identified all pleasures with the town; then Avarice, and we have ever since been mistaking the means for the end.

Fortunately, it does not follow that we shall continue to do so. Commerce, while it thinks it is only exchanging commodities, is helping to diffuse knowledge. All other gains,—all selfish and extravagant systems of acquisition

—tend to over-do themselves, and to topple down by their own undiffused magnitude. The world, as it learns other things, may learn not to confound the means with the end, or at least (to speak more philosophically), a really poor means with a really richer. The veriest cricket-player on a green has as sufficient a quantity of excitement as a fund-holder or a partisan; and health, and spirits, and manliness to boot. Knowledge may go on; must do so, from necessity; and should do so, for the ends we speak of; but knowledge, so far from being incompatible with simplicity of pleasures, is the quickest to perceive its wealth. Chaucer would lie for hours looking at the daisies. Scipio and Lælius could amuse themselves with making ducks and drakes on the water. Epaminondas, the greatest of all the active spirits of Greece, was a flute-player and dancer. Alfred the Great could act the whole part of a minstrel. Epicurus taught the riches of temperance and intellectual pleasure in a garden. The other philosophers of his country walked between heaven and earth in the colloquial bowers of Academus; and "the wisest heart of Solomon," who found everything vain because he was a king, has left us panegyrics on the Spring and the "voice of the turtle," because he was a poet, a lover, and a wise man.



COACHES

According to the opinion commonly entertained respecting an author's want of riches, it may be allowed us to say, that we retain from childhood a considerable notion of "a ride in a coach." Nor do we hesitate to confess, that by coach, we especially mean a hired one, from the equivocal dignity of the post-chaise, down to that despised old cast-away, the hackney.

It is true, that the carriage, as it is indifferently called (as if nothing less genteel could carry an one), is a more decided thing than the chaise: it may be swifter even than the mail, leaves the stage at a full greater distance in every respect, and (for aught what it may come to itself) darts by the poor old lumbering hackney with immeasurable contempt. It rolls with a prouder ease than any other vehicle. It is full of cushions and comfort, elegantly coloured inside and out; rich, yet neat, light and rapid, yet substantial. The horses seem proud to draw it. The fat and fur-wigged coachman "lends his sounding lash," his arm only in action, and that but little, his body well set with its own weight. The footman, in the pride of his nonchalance, holding by the straps behind, and glancing down sideways betwixt his cocked-hat and neckcloth, stands swinging from east to west upon his springy toes. The horses rush along amidst

their glancing harness Spotted dogs leap about them, barking with princely superfluity of noise. The hammer-cloth trembles through all its fringe The plume flashes in the sun. We, contemptuous of everything less convenient, bow backward and forwards with a certain indifferent air of gentility, intimately predominant Suddenly, with a happy mixture of turbulence and truth, the carriage dashes up by the curb-stone to the very point desired, and stops with a lordly wilfulness of decision The coachman looks as if nothing had happened The footman is down in an instant; the knocker reverberates into the farthest corner of the house, doors, both carriage and house, are open;—we descend, ceremonies matter-of-course except the by-standers; and the moment we touch the pavement, the vehicle, as if conscious of what it has carried, and relieved from the weight of our importance, recovers from its sidelong inclination with a jerk, tossing and panting as it were, for very breath, like the proud heads of the horses

All this, it must be owned, is very pretty, but it is also gouty and superfluous It is too convenient, too exacting, too exclusive We must eat too much for it, and lose too much by it It plenty, as Ovid says, makes us poor. We neither have nor in the republic of letters, nor would desire it in any less predominant title Horses, as many as you please, provided men have enough to eat; hired coaches, a reasonable number but health and good-humour at all events

Gigs and curricles are things less objectionable, because they cannot be so relied upon as substitutes for exercise. Our taste in them, we must confess, is not enviable. How shall we own it? We like to be driven instead of driving — to read or look about us, instead of keeping watch on a horse's head We have no relish even for vehicles of this description that are safe Danger is a good thing for giving a fillip to a man's ideas, but even danger, to us,

must come recommended by something useful. We have no ambition to have TANDEM written on our tombstone.

The prettiest of these vehicles is the curricle, which is also the safest. There is something worth looking at in the pair of horses, with that sparkling pole of steel laid across them. It is like a bar of music, comprising their harmonious course. But to us, even gigs are but a sort of unsuccessful run at gentility. The driver, to all intents and purposes, had better be on the horse. Horseback is the noblest way of being carried in the world. It is cheaper than any other mode of riding, it is common to all ranks, and it is manly, graceful, and healthy. The handsomest mixture of danger with dignity, in the shape of a carriage, was the tall phaeton with its yellow wings. We remember looking up to it with respect in our childhood, partly for its loftiness, partly for its name, and partly for the show it makes in the prints to novels of that period. The most gallant figure which modern driving ever cut, was in the person of a late Duke of Hamilton, of whom we have read or heard somewhere, that he used to dash round the streets of Rome, with his horses prancing, and his hounds barking about his phaeton, to the equal fright and admiration of the Misters of the World, who were accustomed to witness nothing higher than a lumbering old coach, or a cardinal on a mule.

A post-chaise involves the idea of travelling, which in the company of those we love is home in motion. The smooth running along the road, the fresh air, the variety of scene, the leafy roads, the bursting prospects, the clatter through a town, the gaping gaze of a village, the hearty appetite, the leisure (your chaise waiting only upon your own movements), even the little contradictions to home-comfort and the expedients upon which they set us, all put the animal spirits at work, and throw a novelty over the road of life. If anything could grind us young again, it would be

the wheels of a post-chaise. The only monotonous sight is the perpetual up-and-down movement of the postillion, who, we wish exceedingly, could take a chair. His occasional retreat to the bar which occupies the place of a box, and his affecting to sit upon it, only remind us of its exquisite want of accommodation. But some have given the bar, lately, a surreptitious squeeze in the middle, and flattened it a little into something obliquely resembling an inconvenient seat.

If we are to believe the merry Columbus of Down-Hall, calashes, now almost obsolete for any purpose, used to be hired for travelling occasions a hundred years back; but he preferred a chariot; and neither was good. Yet see how pleasantly good-humour rides over its inconveniences.

Then answer'd 'Squire Morley, "Pray get a calash,
That in summer may burn and in winter may splash;
I love dirt and dust and 'tis always my pleasure
To take with me much of the soil that I measure."

But Matthew thought better, for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might pass;
For one window was canvass, the other was glass.

"Draw up," quoth friend Matthew. "Pull down," quoth friend John;
"We shall be both hotter and colder anon."
Thus, talking and scolding, they forward did speed,
And Ralpho paced by under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull;
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the highway
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

"Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'ye do
Where is Cicely so cleanly and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the waiter that dwelt here below?
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago?

And where is your sister so mild and so dear
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear?'
"By my troth she replies you grow younger I think
And pray, Sir what wine does the gentleman drink?

"Why not let me die Sir, or live up in trust
If I know to which question to answer you first
Why things since I saw you, most strangely have varied,
The hostler is hanged and the widow is married

"And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse,
And Cicely went off with a gentleman's purse,
And as to my sister so mild and so dear
She has lain in the churchyard full many a year

"Well, peace to her ashes! What signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powdered lean beef
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish
For tough were her pullets and tender her fish

PRIOR

This quotation reminds us of a little poem by the same author, entitled the *Secretary*, which, as it is short, and runs upon chaise-wheels, and seems to have slipped the notice it deserves, we will do our elves the pleasure of adding. It was written when he was Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, where he seems to have edified the Dutch with his insisting upon enjoying himself The astonishment with which the good Hollander and his wife look up to him as he rides, and the touch of yawning dialect at the end, are extremely pleasant

While with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right.
No Memoirs to compose, and no Post Boy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love,
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long winded cant of a dull Refugee
This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,—
To good or ill fortune the third we resign.

Thus scorning the world and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in processional state
So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode,
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse
Where people knew love and were partial to verse?
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drowned in interest and prose
By Greece and Japan tages what need I be tried
When the Hague and the precincts of her my side?
And is it enough for a poet this day
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say
When I Vinkeyes and burgravines
As they gaze on my triumph d freely allow
That search all the province you'll find no man *fit* is
So Hest as the *Heer* Secretaris

If Prior had been living now, he would have found the greatest want of travelling accommodation in a country for whose more serious wants we have to answer, without having her wit to help us to an excuse. The closest story told of an Irish post-chaise, the occupier of which, without quitting it, had to take to his heels. It was coming down hill as fast as wind and the impossibility of stopping could make it, when the foot passengers observed a couple of legs underneath, emulating, with all their might, the rapidity of the wheels. The bottom had come out, and the gentleman was obliged to run for his life.

We must relate another anecdote of an Irish post-chaise, merely to show the natural tendencies of the people to be lawless in self-defence. A friend of ours,[1] who was travelling among them, used to have this proposition put to him by the postillion whenever he approached a turnpike. Plase your honour, will I drive at the pike? The pike hung loosely across the road. Luckily, the rider happened to be of as lawless a turn for justice as the driver, so the answer was always a cordial one:- "Oh yes—drive at the pike."

[1] Mr Shelley.

The pike made way accordingly, and in a minute or two, the gate people were heard and seen, screaming in vain after the illegal motors.

> Hi tres equis iniqua neque audit urrus *Virgil*
>
> And we hear them beyond their swearing,
> Who expect to ride post-haste all day.

As to follow them, nobody in Ireland thinks of moving two miles, for instance!

The people on the high roads are not so much to be commended, though they generally look after their horses better than the rest of it. The common run of horses in Ireland, even if they are all of a breed, are the most that they are to be met with anywhere. They may get in seven or eight miles an hour, upon the whole they do; but they will be so wanting all the time before and behind, that no person but a knowing one can make out, while the driver is standing on the crown of the whip to keep them together, whether they live, they bolt, they swim, or stick together like mud or before a shower. Into one of these manœuvres or regular breakdowns they are sure to fall every ten miles. It is a mere coolly known and quietly looked for. At last you begin upon a leg, and are all right.

A very troublesome degree of patience is necessary for being well settled in the coach. We remember travelling in our youth, on the north road with an orthodox elderly gentleman of venerable perruke, who talked much with grave authority about universities, and won our respect and confidence with a notion that he was deep in Greek and Virgil. He was deeper in his wig. Towards evening, as he seemed restless, we asked with much diffidence whether a change, even for the worse,

might not relieve him; for we were riding backwards, and thought that all elderly people disliked that way. He insinuated the very objection; so we recoiled from asking him again. In a minute or two, however, he insisted that we were uneasy ourselves, and that he must relieve us for our own sake. We protested as filially as possible against this, but at last, out of mere shame of disputing the point with so benevolent an elder, we changed seats with him. After an interval of bland meditation, we found the evening sun full in our face. His new comfort set him dozing, and every now and then he jerked his wig in our eyes, till we had the pleasure of seeing him take out a nightcap and look very ghastly. The same person, and his serious young companion, tucked us out of a good bed we happened to get at the inn.

The greatest peculiarity attending a mail-coach arises from its travelling at night. The gradual decline of talk, the incipient snore, the rustling and shifting of legs and nightcaps, the cessation of other noises on the road, the sound of the wind or rain, of the moist circuit of the wheels, and of the time-beating tread of the horses—all dispose the traveller, who cannot sleep, to a double sense of the little that is left him to observe. The coach stops, the door opens, a rush of cold air announces the demands and merits of the guard, who is taking his leave, and is anxious to remember us. The door is clapped to again, the sound of everything outside becomes dim; and voices are heard knocking up the people of the inn, and answered by issuing yawns and excuses. Wooden shoes clog heavily about. The horses' mouths are heard, swilling up the water out of tubs. All is still again, and someone in the coach takes a long breath. The driver mounts, and we resume our way. It happens that we can sleep anywhere except in a mail-coach; so that we hate to see a prudent, warm,

old fellow, who has been eating our fowls and intercepting our toast, put on his nightcap in order to settle himself till morning. We rejoice in the digs that his neighbour's elbow gives him, and hail the long-legged traveller that sits opposite. A passenger of our wakeful description must try to content himself with listening to the sounds above mentioned, or thinking of his friends, or turning verses, as Sir Richard Blackmore did, "to the rumbling of his coach' wheels."

The stage-coach is a quiet and unpretending accommodation. It is a chief substitute, notwithstanding all its eighteen-penny and two-and-sixpenny temptations, for keeping a carriage or a horse, and we really think, in spite of its gossiping, is no mean help to philanthropy, for its passengers are promised, so often varied, so little yet so much together, so compelled to accommodate, so willing to pass short time pleasantly, and so liable to the criticism of strangers, that it is hard if they do not get a habit of speaking, or even thinking more kindly of one another than if they never met less often, or under other circumstances. The old and infirm are treated with reverence, the ailing sympathized with, the healthy congratulated, the rich not distinguished, the poor well met, the young, with their faces conscious of pride, promised, and allowed to be extra. Even the fiery, may the fat, learn to bear with each other, and if some high thoughted persons will talk now and then of their great acquaintances, or their preference of a carriage, there is an instinct which tells the rest, that they would not make such appeals to their good opinion, if they valued it so little as might be supposed. Stoppings and dust are not pleasant, but the latter may be had on grander occasions, and if any one is so unlucky as never to keep another stopping himself, he must be content with the superiority of his virtue.

The mail or stage-coachman, upon the whole, is no in-

human mass of great-coat, gruffness, civility, and old boots. The latter is the politer, from the smaller range of acquaintance, and his necessity for preserving them. His face is red, and his voice rough, by the same process of drink and catarrh. He has a silver watch with a steel chain, and plenty of loose silver in his pocket, mixed with halfpence. He serves the houses he goes by for a clock. He takes a glass at every alehouse; for thirst, when it is dry, and for warmth when it is wet. He likes to show the judicious reach of his whip, by twirling a dog or a goose on the road, or children that get in the way. His tenderness to descending old ladies is particular. He touches his hat to Mr Smith. He gives "the young woman" a ride, and lends her his box-coat in the rain. His liberality in imparting his knowledge to any one that has the good fortune to ride on the box with him, is a happy mixture of deference, conscious possession, and familiarity. His information chiefly lies in the occupancy of houses on the road, prize-fighters, Bow Street runners and accidents. He concludes that you know Dick Sams, or Old Joey, and proceeds to relate some of the stories that relish his pot and tobacco in the evening. If any of the four-in-hand gentry go by, he shakes his head, and thinks they might find something better to do. His contempt for them is founded on modesty. He tells you that his off-hand horse is as pretty a goer as ever was, but that Kitty—"Yeih, now there, Kitty, can't you be still? Kitty's a devil, Sir, for all you wouldn't think it." He knows that the boys on the road admire him, and gives the horses an indifferent lash with his whip as they go by. If you wish to know what rain and dust can do, you should look at his old hat. There is an indescribably placid and paternal look in the position of his corduroy knees and old top-boots on the foot-board, with their pointed toes and never-cleaned soles. His *beau-idéal* of appearance is a frock-coat, with mother-o'-pearl



"Imparting his knowledge"

buttons, a stripped yellow waistcoat, and a flower in his mouth.

> "But all our praises why for Charles and Robert?
> Rise, honest Muses, and sing the classic Bobart!"

Is the quadrijugal virtue of that learned person still extant? That Olympic and Baccalaureated charioteer? That best educated and most erudite of coachmen, of whom Dominie Sampson is alone worthy to speak? That singular punning and driving commentary on the *Sunt quos curriculo pulverem collegisse*? In short, the worthy and agreeable Mr Bobart, Bachelor of Arts, who drove the Oxford stage some years ago, capped verses and the front of his hat with equal dexterity, and read Horace over his brandy-and-water of an evening? We had once the pleasure of being beaten by him in that capital art, he having brought up against us an unusual number of those cross-armed letters, as puzzling to verse-cappers as iron-cats unto cavalry, yclepèd X's; which said warfare he was pleased to call to mind in after-times, unto divers of our comrades. The modest and natural greatness with which he used to say "Yat" to his horses, and then turn round with his rosy gills, and in eye like a fish, and give out the required verse, can never pass away from us, as long as verses or horses run.

Of the hackney-coach we cannot make as short work, as many persons like to make of it in reality. Perhaps it is partly a sense of the contempt it undergoes, which induces us to endeavour to make the best of it. But it has its merits, as we shall show presently. In the account of its demerits, we have been anticipated by a new, and we are sorry to say a very good, poetess, of the name of Lucy V—— L——, who has favoured us with a sight of a manuscript poem,[1] in which they are related with great nicety and sensitiveness.

[1] By Mr Keats. The manuscript purports to have been written by a Miss Lucy Vaughan Lloyd.

Reader. What, Sir, sorry to say that a lady is a good poetess?

Indicator. Only inasmuch, Madam, as the lady gives such authority to the anti-social view of this subject, and will not agree with us as to the beatitude of the hackney-coach. But hold! upon turning to the manuscript again, we find that the objections are put into the mouth of a dandy courtier. This makes a great difference. The hackney resumes all which it had lost in the good graces of the fair authoress. The only wonder is, how the courtier could talk so well. Here is the passage.

I ban, untempted by the Pastry cooks
Of Pastry he got store within the Palace,
With his sweet wrapped cloak, and his demure looks,
Incognito upon his errand still;
His small thin bottle ready for the olives
He passed the Hurdy gurdies with disdain,
Vowing he'd have them sent out to the galleys
Just as he made his way to gain
Therefore he called a coach and bade it drive amain

"I'll pull the string" said he, and further said,
"Pluted Jarvey! Ah, thou filthy hack!
Whose strings of life are all dried up and dead
Whose linsey wolsey lining hangs all slack,
Whose rug is straw whose wholeness is a crack,
And evermore thy steps go clatter clatter,
Whose pleasure up can never be got back,
Who put'st, with jolting arguments and bitter,
That tis of vile no use to travel in a litter

"Thou inconvenience! thou hungry crop
For all corn! thou snail creeper to and fro,
Who while thou goest ever seem'st to stop
And fiddle faddle strides while you go
In the morning, freighted with a weight of woe,
Unto some Lazar house thou journiest,
And in the evening take a double row
Of dowdies, for some dance or party dress,
Besides the goods meanwhile thou movest east and west.

"By thy ungallant bearing and sad mien,
An inch appears the utmost thou couldst budge;
Yet at the slightest nod, or hint or sign,
Round to the curb stone patient dost thou trudge,
Scholiasts a back in learned lit a nudge
A dull eyed Argus watchful for a fare
Quiet and plodding thou dost bear no grudge
To whisking lilliputs or Phaetons rare,
Curricles, or Mail coaches swift beyond compare

Philosophising thus he called the check
And like the coachman wheel to such a street,
Who turning much his body more his neck
Looted full well and heavily at him greet

The tact here is some, of the imitation which are but too likely to beset our poor old friend, that we should only spoil it to say more. I pass then to the merits.

One of the greatest helps to a sense of merit in other things, is a consciousness of one's own wants. Do you despise a hackney-coach? Get tired; get old, get young again. Lay down your carriage, or make it less uneasily too easy. Have to stand up half an hour, out of a storm, under a gateway. Be ill, and wish to visit a friend who is worse. Fall in love, and want to sit next your mistress. Or if all this will not do, fall into a cellar.

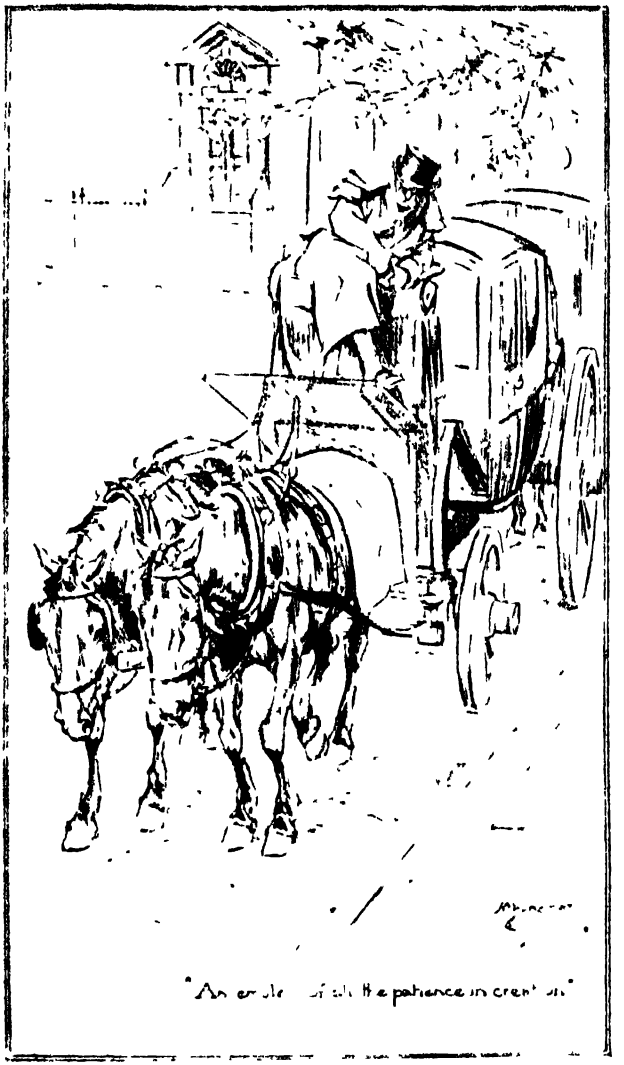
Ben Jonson, in a fit of indignation at the niggardliness of James the First, exclaimed, "He despise me, I suppose, because I live in an alley. tell him his soul lives in an alley." We think we see a hackney-coach moved out of its ordinary patience, and hear it say, "You there, who sit looking so scornfully at me out of your carriages, are yourself the thing you take me for. Your understanding is a hackney coach. It is lumbering, rickety, and at a stand. When it moves, it is drawn by things like itself. It is at once the most stationary and the most servile of commonplaces. And when a good thing is put into it, it does not know it."

But it is difficult to imagine a hackney-coach under so irritable an aspect. Hogarth has drawn a set of hats or wigs with countenances of their own. We have noticed the same thing in the faces of horses; and it sometimes gets in one's way in a landscape-painting, with the outlines of the rocks and trees. A friend tells us, that the hackney-coach has its countenance, with gesticulation besides; and now he has pointed it out, we can easily fancy it. Some of them looked chucked under the chin, some robbing, some coming at you sideways. We shall never find it easy, however, to fancy the irritable aspect above mentioned. A hackney-coach always appeared to us the most quiescent of moveables. Its horse and it, slumbering on a stand, are an emblem of all the patience in creation, animate and inanimate. The submission with which the coach takes every variety of the weather, dust, rain, and wind, never moving but when some eddying blast makes its old body heave, is only surpassed by the vital patience of the horses. Can anything better illustrate the poet's line about

> Years that bring the philosophic mind,

than the still-hung head, the dim indifferent eye, the dragged and blunt-cornered mouth, and the gaunt imbecility of body dropping its weight on three tired legs in order to give repose to the lame one? When it has blinkers on, they seem to be shutting up its eyes for death, like the windows of a house. Fatigue and the habit of suffering have become as natural to the creature as the bit to its mouth. Once in half an hour it moves the position of its leg, or shakes its drooping ears. The whip makes it go, more from habit than from pain. Its coat has become almost callous to minor stings. The blind and staggering fly in autumn might come to die against its cheek.

Of a pair of hackney-coach horses, one so much resembles the other that it seems unnecessary for them to compare



"An example of all the patience in creation"

notes. They have this within them, which is beyond the comparative. They no longer bend their heads towards each other, as they go. They stand together as if unconscious of one another's company. But they are not. An old horse misses his companion, like an old man. The presence of an associate, who has gone through pain and suffering with us, need not say anything. It is talk, and memory, and everything. Something of this it may be to our old friends in harness. What are they thinking of, while they stand motionless in the rain? Do they remember? Do they dream? Do they, till, unperplexed as their old blood is by too many foods, receive a pleasure from the elements; a dull refreshment from the air and sun? Have they yet a palate for the hay which they pull so feebly? or for the rarer grain, which induces them to perform their only voluntary gesture of any vivacity, and toss up the bags that are fastened on their mouths to get at its shallow feast.

If the old horse were gifted with memory (and who shall say he is not, in one thing as well as another), it might be at once the most melancholy and pleasantest faculty he has; for the commonest hack has probably been a hunter or racer; has had his days of lustre and enjoyment, has darted along the course, and scoured the pasture, has carried his master proudly, or his lady gently, has pranced, has galloped, has neighed aloud, has dared, has forded, has spurned at mastery, has graced it and made it proud, has rejoiced the eye, has been crowded to as an actor, has been all instinct with life and quickness, has had his very fear admired as courage, and been sat upon by valour as its chosen seat.

"His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end,
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send,
His eye, which scornfully glistens like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who would say lo! thus my strength is tried,
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breed that is standing by.

What recked he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stead, I say?'
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping's gay?
He sees his love, nor knows he else he see,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hoofed, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide,
Look what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Alas! his only riders now are the rain and a sordid harness! The least utterance of the wretchedest voice makes him stop and become a fixture. His loves were in existence at the time the old sign, fifty miles hence, was painted. His nostrils drink nothing but what they cannot help,—the water out of an old tub. Not all the hounds in the world could make his ears attain any eminence. His mane is scratchy and lax. The same great poet who wrote the triumphal verses for him and his love has written their living epitaph: —

"The poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips,
The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes;

> And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
> Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless."
>
> K. H. V. Act 4

There is a song called the *Hue-and-Cry*, describing the progress of a favourite horse's life, from its time of vigour and glory, down to its turning food for the dogs. It is not as Shakspeare; but it will do, to those who are but a kind of folk. We defy anybody to read that song or be in the habit of singing it or hearing it sung, and treat horses as they are sometimes treated. So much good may an author do, who is in earnest, and does not go in a pedantic way to work. We will not say that Plutarch's good-natured observations about taking care of one's old horse did more for that class of animals than Hesiod's severe lessons of philosophy. For philosophy, which first sets people thinking; and then some of them put it in a more popular shape. But we will venture to say, that Plutarch's observation saved many a steed of antiquity a superfluous thump, and in this respect, the author of the *Hue-and-cry* (Mr Dibdin we believe, no mean man in his way) may stand by the side of the old illustrious biographer. Next to ancient causes, to the inevitable progress of events, and to the practical part of Christianity (which persons, the most accused of irreligion, have preserved like a glorious infant, through ages of blood and fire) the kindliness of modern philosophy is more immediately owing to the great national writers of Europe, in whose schools we have been children:—to Voltaire in France, and Shakspeare in England. Shakspeare, in his time, obliquely pleaded the cause of the Jew, and got him set on a common level with humanity. The Jew has since been not only allowed to be human, but some have undertaken to show him as the "best good Christian that he knows it not." We shall not dispute the title with him, nor with the other worshippers of Mammon, who force him to the same

shrine. We allow, as things go in that quarter, that the Jew is as great a Christian as his neighbour, and his neighbour as great a Jew as he. There is neither love nor money lost between them. But at all events, the Jew is a man; and with Shakspeare's assistance, the time has arrived, when we can afford to acknowledge the horse for a fellow-creature, and treat him as one. We may say for him, upon the same grounds and to the same purpose, as Shakspeare said for the Israelite, "Hath not a horse organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?" Oh—but some are always at hand to cry out, it would be effeminate to think too much of these things!—Alas! we have no notion of asking the gentlemen to think too much of anything. If they will think at all, it will be a great gain. As to effeminacy (if we must use that ungallant and partial word, for want of a better) it is cruelty that is effeminate. It is selfishness that is effeminate. Anything is effeminate, which would get an excitement, or save a proper and manly trouble, at the undue expense of another. How does the case stand then between those who ill-treat their horses, and those who spare them?

To return to the coach. Imagine a fine coach and pair, which are standing at the door of a house, in all the pride of their strength and beauty, converted into what they may both become, a hackney, and its old shamblers. Such is one of the meditations of the philosophic eighteenpenny rider. A hackney-coach has often the arms of nobility on it. As we are going to get into it, we catch a glimpse of the faded lustre of an earl's or marquis's coronet, and think how many light or proud hearts have ascended those now ricketty steps. In this coach perhaps an elderly lady once rode to her wedding, a blooming and blushing girl. Her

mother and sister were on each side of her; the bridegroom opposite in a blossom-coloured coat. They talk of everything in the world of which they are not thinking. The sister was never prouder of her. The mother with difficulty represses her own pride and tears. The bride, thinking he is looking at her, casts down her eyes, pensive in her joy. The bridegroom is at once the proudest, and the humblest, and the happiest man in the world. For our parts, we sit in a corner, and are in love with the sister. We dream she is going to speak to us in answer to some indifferent question, when a hoarse voice comes in at the front window, and says "Where bouts, Sir?"

And grief has consecrated thee, thou reverend dilapidation, as well as joy! Thou hast carried unwilling, as well as willing hearts, hearts, that have thought the lowest of thy paces too fast, faces that have sat back in a corner of thee, to hide their tears from the very thought of being seen. In thee the destitute have been taken to the poor-house, and the wounded and sick to the hospital, and many an arm has been round many an insensible waist. Into thee the friend or the lover has hurried, in a passion of tears, to lament his loss. In thee he has hastened to condole the dying or the wretched. In thee the father, or mother, or the older kin woman, more patient in her years, has taken the little child to the grave, the human jewel that must be parted with.

But joy appears in thee again, like the look-in of the sunshine. If the lover has gone in thee unwillingly, he has also gone willingly. How many friends hast thou not carried to merry-meetings! How many young parties to the play! How many children, whose faces thou hast turned in an instant from the extremity of lachrymose weariness to that of staring delight. Thou hast contained as many different passions in thee as a human heart; and for the sake of the human heart, old body, thou art venerable.

Thou shalt be as reverend as a retired old gentleman, whose very loveliness patterns. Thou shalt be made gay, whether over a bout or not, be thou sober, and thou shalt be the protector and friend of the fair sex.

We wish the hackney-coachman were as much encouraged in nature as either his box or his whip, for he might be owned, that of all the driving people he is the most specimen. There is only one other case which has more probably put him out of countenance, by robbing him of one, or at least blurred it a little, and partly taken away the merit of his face, which always leads him to be known and chosen. I'll write it for the kind, who better than any others deserve of patience, and more respectable. He is not a wonder, and cannot be. Nor is the hackney-coachman only disreputable in himself, but, like a bad relation, the cause of discredit to excellent mothers, for he exposes people to peevishness and ill-temper. He invites reproaches to be violent, and the violent to seem mercenary. You know not how to take for replenished a shilling, half flung at you in irritable heat of calculation, and why? he will be charged with a constable, rather than pay the sixpence. Even fair woman shall waive her ill-composedness, and sound a shrill trumpet in reprobation of the extortionate charioteer, whom, if he were a man, she says, she would expose. Being a woman, then, let her not expose herself. Oh, but it is intolerable to be so imposed upon! Let the lady, then, get a pocket-book, if she must, with the hackney-coach fares in it, or a pin in the fees, rather than the temper, or, above all, let her get wisdom, and have an understanding that can dispense with the good opinion of the hackney-coachman. Does she think that her rosy lips were made to grow pale about two-and-sixpence, or that the expression of them will ever be like her coachman's, if she goes on?

The stage-coachman likes the boys on the road, because

he knows they admire him. The hackney-coachman knows that they cannot admire him, and that they can get up behind his coach, which makes him very savage. The cry of "Cut behind!" from the malicious urchins on the pavement, wounds at once his self-love and his interest. He would not mind overloading his master's horses for another sixpence, but to do it for nothing is what shocks his humanity. He hates the boy for imposing upon him, and the boys for reminding him that he has been imposed upon; and he would willingly twinge the cheeks of all nine. The cut of his whip over the coach is malignant. He has a constant eye to the road behind him. He has also an eye to what may be left in the coach. He will underbid to scratch the straw for you, and miss the half-crown on purpose. He speculates on what he may get above his fare, according to your manners or company; and knows how much to ask for driving faster or slower than usual. He does not like wet weather so much as people suppose; for he says it rots both his horses and his harness, and he takes parties out of town when the weather is fine, which produces good payments in a lump. Lovers, late supper-eaters, and girls going home from boarding-school, are his best pay. He has a really air of remonstrance when you dispute half the overcharge, and according to the temper he is in, begs you to consider his bread, hopes you will not make such a fuss about a trifle; or tells you, you make take his number or sit in the coach all night.

A great number of ridiculous adventures must have taken place, in which hackney-coaches were concerned. The story of the celebrated harlequin Lunn, who secretly pitched himself out of one into a tavern window, and when the coachman was about to submit to the loss of his fare, astonished him by calling out again from the inside, is too well known for repetition. There is one of Swift, not

perhaps so common. He was going, one dark evening, to dine with some great man, and was accompanied by some other clergymen, to whom he gave their cue. They were all in their canonicals. When they arrive at the house, the coachman opens the door, and lets down the steps. Down steps the Dean, very reverend in his black robes, after him comes another personage, equally black and dignified, then another; then a fourth. The coachman, who recollects taking up no greater number, is about to put up the steps, when another clergyman descends. After giving way to this other, he proceeds with great confidence to toss them up, when lo! another comes. Well, there cannot, he thinks, be more than six. He is mistaken. Down comes a seventh, then an eighth, then a ninth; all with decent intervals, the coach, in the mean time, rocking as if it were giving birth to so many damons. The coachman can conclude no less. He cries out, "The devil! the devil!" and is preparing to run away, when they all burst into laughter. They had gone round as they descended, and got in at the other door.

We remember in our boyhood an edifying comment on the proverb of "all is not gold that glistens." The spectacle made such an impression upon us, that we recollect the very spot, which was at the corner of a road in the way from Westminster to Kennington, near a stone-mason's. It was a severe winter, and we were out on a holiday, thinking, perhaps, of the gallant hardships to which the ancient soldiers accustomed themselves, when we suddenly beheld a group of hackney-coachmen, not, as Spencer says of his witch,

"Busy, as *seemed*, about some hatched gin,"

but pledging each other in what appeared to us to be little glasses of cold water. What temperance, thought we! What extraordinary and noble content! What more than

Roman simplicity! Here are a set of poor Englishmen, of the homeliest order, in the very depth of winter, quenching their patient and honourable thirst with modicums of cold water! O true virtue and courage! O sight worthy of the Timoleons and Epaminondases! We know not how long we remained in this error, but the first time we recognised the white devil for what it was the first time we saw through the crystal purity of its appearance was a great blow to us. We did not then know what the drinkers went through, and this reminds us that we have omitted one great redemption of the Hackney-coachman's character —his being at the mercy of all chances and weathers. Other drivers have their settled hours and pay. He only is at the mercy of every call and every casuality; he only is dragged, without notice, like the damned in Milton, into the extremities of wet and cold, from his alehouse fire to the freezing rain, he only must go any where, at what hour and to whatever place you choose, his old rheumatic limbs shaking under his weight of rugs, and the snow and sleet beating into his puckered face, through streets which the wind scours like a channel.



GOING TO THE PLAY AGAIN

With the exception of *Elvira* we have not witnessed a theatrical performance till the other night for these six or seven years. Fortune took us another way, and when we had the opportunity we did not dare to begin again, lest our old friends should beguile us. We mention the circumstance, partly to account for the notice we shall take of many things which appear to have gone by, and partly out of a communicativeness of temper, suitable to a Companion. For the reader must never lose sight of our claims to that title. On ordinary occasions, he must remember that we are discussing morals or mince-pie with him, on political ones, reading the newspaper with him, and in the present instance, we are sitting together in the pit (the ancient seat of criticism), seeing *a/o* is *a/o* in the play-bill, and hearing the delicious discord of the tuning instruments,—the precursor of harmony. If our companion is an old gentleman, we take a pinch of his snuff, and lament the loss of Bannister and Mrs Jordan. Toothache and his nephew occupy also a portion of our remark; and we cough with

an air of authority. If he is a young gentleman, we speak of Vestris and Miss Foote, wonder whether little Goward will show herself improving to-night; denounce the absurdity of somebody's boots, or his bad taste in beauty; and are loud in deprecating the fellows who talk loudly behind us. Finally, if a lady, we bend with delight to hear the remarks she is making, "far above" criticism; and to see the finer ones in her eyes. We criticise the ladies in the boxes, and the more she admires them, the more we find herself the loveher. May we add, that ladies in the pit, this cold weather, have still more attractions than usual; and that it is cruel to find ourselves sitting, as we did the other night, behind two of them, when we ought to have been in the middle, partaking of the genial influence of their cloaks, their comfortable sides, and their conversation? We were going to say, that we hope this is not too daring a remark for a Companion. but far be it from us to apologise for anything so proper. Don't we all go to the theatre to keep up our love of nature and sociality?

It was delightful to see "the house" again, and to feel ourselves recommencing our old task. How pleasant looked the ceiling, the boxes, the pit, everything! Our friends in the gallery were hardly noisy enough for a beginning; nor, on the other hand, could we find it in our hearts to be angry with two companions behind us, who were a little noisier than they ought to have been, and who entertained one another with alternate observations on the beauty of the songs and the loss of a pair of gloves. All is pleasant in these recommencements of a former part of one's life; this new morning, as it were, re-begun with the lustre of chandeliers and a thousand youthful remembrances. Anon the curtain rises, and we are presented with a view of the lighthouse of Genoa, equally delicious and unlike, - some gunboats returning from slavery, salute us with meek puffs of gunpowder, about as audible as pats on the cheek,

—the most considerate cannon we ever met with: then follow a crowd and a chorus, with embraces of redeemed captives, meeting their wives and children, at which we are new and uncritical enough to feel the tears come into our eyes, and, finally, in comes Mr "Atkins," with a thousand memories on his head,—husband that was of a pretty little singer some twenty years back, now gone, Heaven knows where, like a blackbird. It seemed wrong in Atkins to be there, and his wife not with him. Yet we were glad to see him notwithstanding. We knew him the instant we heard him speak.

Native Land (a title, by the by, which looks like one of the captives, with an arm off) is worth going to see, for those who care little about plot or dialogue, provided there be good music. Part of the music is by Mr Bishop, the rest from Rossini. It is seldom that any of Mr Bishop's music is not worth hearing, and one or two of the airs are among Rossini's finest. There is *Di piacer*, for instance, and we believe another, which we did not stay to hear. We fear it is a little out of the scientific pale to think Rossini a man of genius, but we confess, with all our preference for such writers as Mozart, with whom, indeed, he is not to be compared, we do hold that opinion of the lively Italian. There is genius of many kinds, and of kinds very remote from one another, even in rank. The greatest genius is so great a thing that another may be infinitely less, and yet of the stock Now Rossini, in music, is the genius of sheer animal spirits. It is a species as inferior to that of Mozart, as the cleverness of a smart boy is to that of a man of sentiment; but it is genius nevertheless. It is rare, effective, and a part of the possessor's character we mean, that like all persons who really affect anything beyond the common, it belongs and is peculiar to him, like the invisible genius that was supposed of old to wait upon individuals. This is what genius means: and Rossini undoubtedly has

one. "He hath a devil," as Cowley's friend used to cry out when he read Virgil; and a merry devil it is, and graceful withal. It is a pity he has written so many commonplaces, so many bars full of mere chatter, and overtures so full of cant and puffing. But this exuberance appears to be a constituent part of him. It is the hey-day in his blood; and perhaps we could no more have the good things without it than some men of wit can talk well without a bottle of wine and in the midst of a great deal of nonsense. Now and then he gives us something worthy of the most popular names of his country, as in the instance above mentioned. *Di piacer* is full of smiling delight and anticipation, as the words imply. Sometimes he is not deficient even in tenderness, as in one or two airs in his *Otello*, but it is his liveliest operas, such as the *Barbiere di Seviglia* and the *Italiana in Algieri* that he shines. His mobs make some of the pleasantest riots conceivable; his more gentlemanly proceedings, his bows and compliments, are full of address and even elegance, and he is a prodigious hand at a piece of pretension or foppery. Not to see into his merit in these cases, surely implies only, that there is a want of animal spirits on the part of the observer

As we are not so fond of sharp criticism, as when we were young and knew not what it was to feel it, we shall say nothing of one or two of the fair singers on this occasion, except that they did not appear to have a sufficient stock of the spirits we have been speaking of. To animal spirits, animal spirits alone can do justice. A burst of joy will be ill represented by the sweetest singing in the world that is not joyous, and that does not burst forth like a shower of blossoms. Of Miss Goward's singing we can yet form no judgment, as she had a very bad cold; but she did her best with it, and did not apologise, which gave us a favourable opinion of her, and her acting increased it. If she does not turn out to be a very judicious person, with a good deal

of humour, she will disappoint us. Madame Vestris, though she does not insinuate a sufficient stock of sentiment through her gayeties to complete the proper idea of a charmer to our taste, is always charming after her fashion; but from what we recollect of her, we doubt whether her performance in this piece is one of her favourite ones. The song of Is't art, I pray, or Nature? she gave with too little vivacity; and her part in the *bolero* she seemed to go through more as a duty than a pleasure—which is anything but *boleresque*. Mr Wood has great sweetness of voice, with taste and sensibility; and the sweetness is manly. He was encored in the "romance"—Deep in a Dungeon; but we preferred him in his first pleasing air, Farewell, thou Coast of Glory. We shall be glad to see him again, and to say more of him. We suspect he has more power than he yet puts forth.

There is no necessity to criticise the dialogue. The author himself probably regards it as being nothing more than one of our old unpretending acquaintances, yclept "vehicles for music;" carriers of song, as Messrs Clementi's are of piano-fortes. There is one scene, however, upon which we shall say a word. It is that in which a maimed husband comes back from the wars, and is received by his wife with aversion and ridicule. It is true the caricature is evident; it is the only way in which such feelings can be made ludicrous; but there is something in it from which the heart revolts. It is a dangerous point to divert ridicule from its proper objects, and give degrading representations of humanity. There is something, too, on these especial occasions, when the joke is carried far (as is the case in violent double meanings in company), by which privacy itself is turned into publicity, and we become painfully conscious of the presence of those, with whom we could best interchange the most pleasurable ideas. We profess to be anything but prudes; we have no objection, for instance, to Zamina's being reconciled to "little fellows,"

whose ways are delightful, – but because we are not prudish, we become the more jealous in behalf of what may be called the humanities of license.

We must own we could not help laughing at some passages of Miss Goward's acting in this scene, and perhaps we seem the matter somewhat too nicely. Those who laughed most would probably have been among the first to hug the remnant of their maimed friend to their heart. But the experiment is dangerous. There is not too much sentiment in society as it is, and it is better not to risk what there is. With what relief did we not call to mind, in our graver moments, the sight we had once, in those boxes, on the left hand, of a charming woman sitting next her gallant husband, Colonel C., who had returned from the wars with the fearful loss of his lower jaw. His wife married him after his return, and this, we were told, was she. He had his mouth and chin muffled up. But how did he not seem more than repaid in her sweet and loving presence, which we fancied that she pressed still closer to him than was visible in that of any other woman seated by her husband's side. When she looked in his face, we felt as if we could almost have been content to have lost the power of kissing with lips, that we might have received in all its beauty that kiss of the soul.



MADAME PASTA

I

Going to the King's Theatre again is a very different thing from renewing one's acquaintance with the other theatres. We confess, with all our love of Italian and of singing, we do not like it so well. The quiet seems pleasanter at first; treading upon matting is a sort of polite and gingerly thing; and it is interesting to look around for those beautiful faces belonging to Lady Charlottes and Carolines, dropping their lids down upon us as if they were coronets, and not always the better for it. But the cue of polite life is to take indifference for self-possession; and you are not seated long before you begin to feel that there is an air of neutralization and falsehood around you. The quiet is a dread of committing themselves;—people come as much to be seen as to see;—the performers in the boxes prepare for disputing attention

with those on the stage;—men lounge about the alleys, looking so very easy that they are evidently full of constraint; the looks of the women dispute one another's pretensions;— if you have been long away, you are not sure that something is not amiss in your appearance; that you are not guilty of some overt act of a wrong cape, or absurd reasonableness of neckcloth, in short, you feel that the great majority of the persons around you have come to the Opera because it *is* the Opera, and not from any real love of music and the graces. The only persons really interested, with the exception of a few private lovers of music here and there, are the young and inexperienced; musicians, who come to criticise the music, and foreigners, whom it is pleasant to hear speaking their own language. After all, these last are the only persons who seem at home. The musicians are apt to be thinking too much of their flats and sharps, and compasses of voice. The young people, though they dare not own it to themselves, soon get heartily tired of everything but looking at the company, and the private lover of music gets as tired with the glare and commonplace of nine-tenths of the performance.

Thanks and glory to Pasta, who relieved us from all this spectacle of indifference and pretension the moment we heard the soul in her voice, and beheld the sincerity in her face. Pit and boxes were at once forgotten, quality, affectation, criticism, everything but delight and nature. Like a lark, she took us up at once out of that "sullen earth," and made us feel ourselves in a heaven of warmth and truth, and thrilling sensibility. If these are thought enthusiastic phrases, they are so. What others could we use to do justice to the enthusiasm of genius, and to the delight it produces in those golden showers out of its sky?

We saw Madame Pasta, for the first time, years ago, in the character of the page in *Figaro*, and afterwards in

that of the female (we forget her name) in the *Clemenza di Tito*, who sings with her lover the beautiful duet, *Deh prendi un dolce amplesso*. In the page, if we recollect, we thought her heavy and ungain. In the other part, we remember that Begrez, a singer not given to too much passion, stood while he was singing the duet with her, holding her hand, not indifferently as they generally do, but with tenderness and affection, cherishing it against his bosom; a piece of nature which we have since attributed to her suggestion. If we are wrong, we beg his pardon. At all events, it was creditable to him, suggested or not.

Since we have seen Madame Pasta again, the heavy kind of simplicity which we recollect in her *Figaro* must either have been the consequence of her having a greater tact for nature and truth, than she at that time felt experience enough to put forth, or her performance of the part may have been better suited to the character than we took it for. The page, in that very breath-suspended and conscious piece, which is always hovering on the borders of strange things, is in reality in a very awkward position, and extremely sensible of it, and we are not sure, if we could have seen Madam Pasta in it, with as much knowledge of her then as we persuade ourselves we have now, that we should not have found her the exact person for the character, and presenting a portrait, full of truth, in its very ungainness and want of teaching.

Truth is the great charm of this fine vocal actress. She waits upon it, without claim or misgiving; and like a noble mistress, truth in turn waits upon her, and loves her like her child. We never saw anybody before on the stage who impressed us with a sense of this sort of moral charm in its perfection. Even Mrs Siddons had always a queen-like air in her nature, which seemed to be conscious of the homage paid it, and to crown itself with its glory. Madame Pasta, as the occasion demands, is tranquil, grave, smiling,

transported, angry, affectionate, voluptuous; intent at one minute as a bust, radiant as a child with joy at the next; intellectual as a Muse, full of wily and sliding tones as a Venus; in short, the occasion itself, and whatever it does with the human being. Imagine a female brought up in solitude, with a natural sincerity that nothing has injured, walking quietly about a beautiful spot, reading everything that comes in her way, accomplished, at ease, getting even a little too fat with the perfection of her comfort and her ignorance of anything unpleasant; and imagine this same female gifted with so much sensibility as truth, and weeping, laughing, and undergoing every emotion that books can furnish her with, as she turns over the leaves; and you have a picture of this noble performer, and the extraordinary effect she produces without anything like theatrical effort. Not that she can not indulge the critic now and then with the idea of a fine actress, and set herself to make her *bravura* effective, but truth is at the bottom even of that, and she is sure to show in some tone and sweet reference to nature, as much as to say, to the lovers of it, "Do not imagine I have to flatter you." She is like a nature full of truth, brought out of solitude into the world, and too much habituated to sincerity, too sweet in the use of it, and too conscious of the power it gives her, to forego so rare, so charming, and so triumphant a distinction.

We do not pretend to make any discovery in this matter. The accounts we heard of her in *Medea* showed us that the discovery had been made already; and it has been set forth by a critic, worthy of that name, in an article comparing this "perfection of natural acting" with that of the French. With a reference to this article, which is to be found in the Plain Speaker, Vol II., and which we regret we have no room to quote, for nothing need be said of the opera itself, we must conclude. *Tancredi* is said to be one of the most popular of Rossini's operas, but is by no means

one of his best; being crammed, in fact, as full of commonplaces and old threadbare recitative as nine-tenths of it can hold It is theatrical clothesman's music. But there is good in the remainder; and the fine air, *Di tanti palpiti*, is part of it. If any one thinks he has heard this air a hundred times, till he has got tired of it, let him never mind, but go and hear it from Madame Pasta; he will then find he has never heard it before. We have left ourselves as little room to speak of the other performers, some of them excellent in their way, especially Madame Caradori; but after our new, true, and most original acquaintance, even the best of conventional singers become comparatively uninteresting. Caradori is like a sweet and perfect musical instrument, by the side of her; not that she does not act too better than most singers; she even contrives, in her manners, to give us an amiable as well as clever idea of her; but Pasta coming upon all this, even in her most tranquil moments, seems like the very noontide of humanity risen upon a cold morning of it. There is more effective grace in the least of her movements, though she is too fat, and sometimes looks heavily so, than in all the received elegancies of the stage;—so beautiful as well as great is truth. By the way, we had forgotten to say that her voice is not perfect. Who asks whether any voice is so, when sensibility and sincerity speak together, and the sound is hugged into one's heart!

II

We wish to add something to our last article respecting the truth and beauty of this singer's performance. It has been suggested to us, that Madame Pasta is so much absorbed as people may think her in the business of the scene; that she finds time, like other singers at the opera, for those little interchanges of by-jokes and grown-children's play, by which they occasionally refresh themselves from a sense of

their duties; and that in a concert-room or an oratorio, where no illusion is going forward, we should find more defects in her as a singer than we are aware of. Finally, another friend tells us, that we make a good deal of what we see; and in our gratitude for a favourite quality, find more of it to be grateful for than exists anywhere but in our own imaginations.

We doubt whether we are not committing the dignity of the critical character in thus admitting that our opinion can be disputed privately. A correspondent is another matter. He approaches his critic with a curtain between, and the latter retreats further into the mystery and multiplicity of his plural "we," leaving his questioner uncertain how many secret faculties and combined resources of experience he may not have ventured to differ with. But to acknowledge that we are mortal and individual men, "singular good" fellows, who can be disputed with over one's wine and tea, face to face, and be forced to say "I;" and give a reason, with more privilege to be wrong than any other man's reason; all this would be very frightful to us, if instead of being critics or judges, sitting aloof above sympathy, and periwigged with imposture, we did not profess to be what we really are, nothing but Companions: men who get from sympathy all they know, and do not care twopence for anything but truth and good-fellowship.

We say, then, to these our objectors, public or private (for after all there is no difference between them, except as to the dry matter of fact; we take a real bottle with one, and an imaginary one with the other)—we say, filling our glass, and looking them in the face, with all that bland beatitude of certainty, so convincing in any man, especially if he does not proceed to argue the point (as we have an unfortunate propensity to do)—My dear So-and-so, you are most horribly in the wrong. I wonder at a man of your intelligence. You surprise me. Do you think so, indeed? Well, you astonish me. I'm sure, if you would but reflect

a little Well, I never You are the last man I should have thought capable of using that argument. Nothing will ever persuade *me*, etc

These answers ought to be convincing But as some unreasonable persons may remain, who are not so easily convinced, and as we have a conscience that induces us not to leave them out, we shall proceed to observe, that all which is urged against us on the point in question may be very true, and Pasta yet remain just what we have described her In the first place, it is not necessary to suppose her absorbed in the business of the scene in order to do it justice. It would be impossible he could do so, if she were "If a man," said Johnson, "really thought himself Richard the Third he would deserve to be hanged" All we contend for is, that Madame Pasta has the power, to a surprising extent, of putting herself into the character of the person she represents The greater this power, the more suddenly she can exercise it She touches the amulet of her imagination in an instant, and is the person she wishes to appear It is involuntary power of the extremest degree, in one sense and yet, in another, it is the most involuntary, that is to say, she can abstract herself at a moment's notice from circumstances not belonging to the scene, and yet in the next she is under the influence of the character imagined, as much as if she were a child We will venture to illustrate this by reference to authorship and to ourselves. We shall be talking for instance, in the midst of half a dozen friends; they shall all be talking with us and we shall be thinking no more of authorship than of the Emperor Nicholas. On a sudden it becomes necessary that we should look at our paper and give a turn to some story or other piece of writing, serious or merry In a moment we are as abstracted as if we were a hundred miles off We hear the conversation no more than people hear the rumbling of coaches when they are not thinking about them; and, with the laugh hardly off our lips,

become as grave as the heroine of our story; or, with the tears almost in our eyes, sit down to give the finish to a joke, and tickle ourselves into laughter with the point of it. Now why should we not believe, that what we ourselves can do, others cannot do twenty times as well?

That Madame Pasta should not feel everything just as strongly as she imagines it, and that she should give evidences to near observers that she can occasionally amuse herself, as other favourite performers do, with certain quips and cranks among one another, takes away nothing of the imaginative truth of what she has to do, and only adds to the evidences of the voluntary power. We certainly doubt whether she could do this so well in some characters as in others. We should guess that she was least able to do it much, and most inclined to do it at all, when performing characters that tried her feelings the most severely. There are stories of Garrick's turning round with a comic grin in the thick of the distresses of King Lear; and similar stories have been related of Mr Kean. Believe them if you will; but do not believe that those great performers felt less the truth of what they were about. Perhaps what they did was necessary, as a relief to their feelings; just as sensitive men will shock company sometimes by cracking jokes upon some topic of distress. It is not because they do not feel it, but because they do, and because some variety of sensation is necessary to enable them to endure their feelings. If an actor were to feel, unmixed, all he seems to feel in such characters as Lear, he would go nigh to lose his senses in good earnest. Tragic actresses, the most eminent, have been known to faint and go into fits upon the performance of a trying character. Perhaps they would not have done so had their personal character contained variety and resource enough in it to call in the aid of this occasional volatility. Even Garrick is known to have looked prematurely old. Yet Garrick had everything to support him

—fortune, prudence, and a good constitution. When we hear actors, equally great in their way, but less happy in bodily frame, rebuked severely for certain excesses alleged against them, we sometimes think it a pity that the rebukers do not know what it is to go through all that wear and tear of sensation, and to be at a loss how to keep up a proper level of excitement in their general feelings. We are not sure that Madame Pasta does not unconsciously let herself grow fatter than might be wished, out of an uneasy feeling of something to be supported and strengthened in this way; especially when it is considered that persons of her profession lead artificial lives, and cannot so well be kept healthy as others, by good hours and a life otherwise uninterfered with.

As to a concert-room or an oratorio, it is a dull business compared with singing amidst the feelings of a scene. Such places are fittest for instrumental performances, and for instrument-like singers. In the concert-room the audience expect little passion, and find it. They are themselves in a dull and formal state, there is often a majority of musicians present, and a majority of musicians cannot be of the first order, nor do they desire anything of the first order in others. They wish the singers to act up simply to their own notions of excellence, which are but a reflection of themselves. All is quiet, mechanical, mediocre. Up gets a lady or gentleman, book in hand, and out of this is to disburse us the proper quantity of notes, checked by that emblem of reference to the dead letter. She does so; is duly delivered of a B, or a D, and everything is "as well as can be expected."

So in an oratorio. The audience are all assembled, as grave as need be; the season, and the usual dull character of oratorios, helps to formalize them; there is a good deal of mourning in the house, and sacred music is to be performed, mixed with a little illegal profane. That is to say, there is nothing real in the business, and nobody can be

either properly merry or mournful. Which is just the case. In comes a gentleman, dressed in black, hitching his way along sideways, and leading a lady up the alley behind the orchestra; another follows, and another, equally polite and preparatory: it is Madame So-and-so, in a hat and feathers; it is Miss W. or Mrs Z., all dressed like other gentlewomen, which is odd; and like other gentlewomen they take their seats, and look as if they ought to drink tea. Music books make their appearance, as in the concert-room, and up rises the lady or gentleman to sing in the same formal manner, and be discreet in their flats. The sacred music drags, the profane music hops, and the audience wish themselves in their beds.

Madame Pasta may probably not excel at such exhibitions as these. We do not desire that she should. It would not be easy to persuade us that, sing where she may, her singing would not be better than the most formal perfection; but the worst thing we can say of an oratorio is, that not even she can take us there. Put her on the stage, or in a company among friends, let loose her feelings, and then we have the soul of music; and this is the only real music in the world.

That we make what we find on such occasions, and listen with our imaginations upon us, is only saying, in other words, that the occasion is fit to excite the enthusiasm; otherwise, how does it happen that it is not equally excited on others? Doubtless there must be enthusiasm and imagination to do fit justice to the same qualities in the performer. Loveliness must have love. But how is it that love is excited by some things and not by others? How is it that multitudes are wound up to enthusiasm by one orator and not by another, and that Madame Pasta produces the same sensation from Naples to Berlin? She is not an unknown singer, trumped up by a solitary enthusiast. Cities are her admirers; and she would take

hearts by storm everywhere, whether critics explained or not by what magic she did it.

It is nevertheless very pleasant to us to know what the magic is. We never feel the value of criticism, except when it enables us to double our delight in this manner; for none can hold in greater contempt than we do the common cant of criticism, or less pride themselves in finding out those common defects to which critics in general have a natural attraction. It is truth that gives Madame Pasta her advantage, the same truth, yes, the very same spirit of sincerity and straightforwardness which is charming in conversation and in matters of confidence; which enables one face to look at another, unalloyed with a contradiction, and makes the heart sometimes gush inwardly with tenderness at the countenance that little suspects it. The reason is, that one of the most painful infirmities with which the fate of society besets us are then taken away, and we not only think we have reason to be delighted, but are sure of it. For this we know no bounds to our gratitude, and it is just, for you could not more transport a man shaken all over with palsy by suddenly gifting him with firmness, than you do any human being, in the present state of things, by making him secure upon any one point which he ardently desires to believe in. There is, therefore, a moral charm, of the most liberal kind, in Madame Pasta's performances, which argues well for her personal character, and personal character, wish as we may, always mingles, more or less, with the impression created by others upon us. It is, indeed, a part of them, which helps to make them what they are off a stage or on it, pretending or not pretending. It is true there is a difference between moral truth and imitative, and it does not follow that, because Madame Pasta tells the truth in everything she does on the stage, she should be an example of the virtue elsewhere. It is an argument, however, that

she would be so; just as the taste for an accomplishment implies that a person is more likely to excel in it than if there were no such taste. Madame Pasta has to look sorrowful, and no sorrow can be completer. she has to look joyful, and her face is all joy, as true and total a beaming as that of a girl without a spectator, who sees her lover hailing her from a distance We have seen such looks, and they have stood us instead of any other certainty. Madame Pasta knows the truth well, and knows how to honour it, and this is an evidence that the inclination of her nature is true, whatever the world may have done to spoil it. We are aware, mind, of no such spoliation. Our impulse, if we knew this charming performer (which is a pleasure incompatible with the confounded critical office we have taken upon us), would be to give as implicit belief to everything she said off the stage as on it. But we wish to guard against a wrong argument, and to show the triumph and the beautiful tendencies of truth, whether borne out in all their quarters or not.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD ACTORS

The removal of our place of publication to Brydges Street has reminded us, that many years ago we began writing theatricals at the house two doors from us, where the paper (*The News*) is still published in which we made our *debut*. May it live forever! We rejoice in its neighbourhood, and hope it is not sorry for ours. It must now be nearly thirty years since we first wrote articles in the newspapers. We were then in our boyhood, or rather lad-hood. Not many years short of that period, we adventured on the

perilous task of criticism, and here we are again in the same street, almost on the same spot, occupied with a new paper, and pursuing the old track. It makes us feel as if we were beginning life over again.

Drury Lane Theatre is not the same identical Drury Lane it was then. It is on the same spot, but its body has been altered. It is the old friend with a new face. Covent Garden has experienced the same rejuvenescence. Alas! why cannot actors and play-goers grow young again too! Why cannot they be old friends with new faces,—the interior spirit the same, but the body remoulded! How patiently one would stand to have the scaffold set up round about us, while the little crew (whoever they were that acted the part of bricklayers) should pursue their task of restoration, elevating one's front, extending the wings, and new glazing those dimmed windows, the eyes! Then to take down the scaffolding, and like the statue of Memnon, we would sing at the touch of morning.

It is a pity that some such thing cannot take place, for the sake of those that particularly desire it. Rabelais says that he was sure he must have been the son of a king, because nobody had more princely inclinations. We incline, in the same manner, to be so young in our feelings, and to desire such a good long life before us to do a world of things in, that it seems as if we had a right to it. Mortality is a good provision, considering that the world has not come to its state of enjoyment, and that people in general, by the time they are forty, hardly know what to do with their Sundays. but an exception might be made, we think, in favour of those who could occupy all their hours some way or other for a hundred years to come, and who have not yet got over their love even of gingerbread. It will take us at least twenty years longer before we arrive at an indifference to lemon-cake. A "book of pictures" we cannot conceive the possibility of not caring for; and,

as to the bright visions of nymphs, and goddesses, and Miss Smith, which filled our dreams, sleeping and waking, do we not take Madame Pista for the very personification of truth? and did we not go seven times to see Miss Inverarity, because she has the very voice of cheerful girlhood, high and trusting, and we are sure, while we are hearing her, that there is one person among the audience of her own age? Did we, and do we not believe in the marvels of Cinderella, just as much as if we had come ten minutes ago, from reading the little gilt story-book on a school step? And did not the dance of the nymphs with torches appear to us as if a page out of Ovid had become true? Have we not, in short, faith infinite, hope, we dare to add charity, yea, even more than we had at sophisticate seventeen, when people are for being something different from what they are We beg leave to say, our age is *fifteen* we have run the great circle, and come round to it: and we think it a little hard that we are forced to look so much older

There is scarcely any one performer remaining at Drury Lane of all that we remember when we first began writing theatricals. We are not sure there is even one. Liston and Dowton came soon, but we recollect the *debuts* of both—of the former certainly. Farren is quite a modern, and Harley. Mrs Orger made her appearance years afterwards, and we have none of the then old ladies, Mrs Sparks, Mrs Mattocks, Miss Pope. The reigning women then were, Miss Pope, with her precise bit of a voice, and genuine humour, Mrs Mattocks, who had a never-failing recipe of a sudden flash of laughter, starting out of an acrid face; the beautiful and good-natured Mrs Powell, with her honeyed tones (those who recollect them surely must do something for her in her old age), Miss Murray (afterwards Mrs Henry Siddons), with her sweet voice and eyes, the latter a little too rolling; Mrs Henry

Johnstone, a slight, handsome creature, with a formidable power of looking vixenish, Miss Duncan, now Mrs Davison, long a most clever actress with a liberal style, Mrs Jordan, delightful Mrs Jordan, whose voice did away the cares of the whole house, before they saw her come in, and Mrs Siddons, the mighty, mother of the pall and sceptre. We always remember her as the mother, as something elderly, and even gaunt. We suspect that, with all her talent, she was, by nature, something of a dowager, compared with such a queen as Pistol.

Mrs Gibbs was flourishing at that time, but she was at the Haymarket, very cold, and very pretty in chambermaids and black-mittened fruitsellers.

There also was Mr Mills, a sprightly little actress, whose tightness led her to play drummers; and Mrs Mary Stonce, loud, free, and clever, with a reedy voice, and Mrs Crouch, once lovely, then going the way of all forsaken Primerose mistresses, and Mrs Billington, the favourite great singer, looking like a handsome sphynx, and straining her throat till you thought she would have one, and Mrs Bland, the favourite little singer, with a voice like her name, and a short, thick person, and dark face to match, which her sweet ballads made ever welcome. What troubles did not all these people have! What pleasures too! And how much pleasure did they not give!

With respect to the men, we begin to think that Mathews was at Drury Lane in those days, but we are not sure. We remember him at the Haymarket, where Liston came out. Elliston was the great man at Drury, and John Kemble at Covent Garden. We used to be theoretical enough to think the former the greater natural genius of the two, though of a less heroical turn for tragedy, and we think so still. As a cordial and living comedian, in first-rate characters, we never saw him equalled. No gallant knew how to make love as he did. He had a fervour and a

breath, as well as a cheerful eye and a most urgent voice, that made his energy of some consequence.

Lewis surpassed him in aimless; but there was no gentleman comedian who comprised so many qualities of his art as he did, or who could diverge so well into those parts of tragedy which find a connecting link with the graver powers of the comedian in their gracefulness and humanity. He was the best Wildair, the best Archer, the best Aranza; and carrying the seriousness of Aranza a little further, or making him a *tragic gentleman* instead of a comic, he became the best Mortimer, and even the best Macbeth, of any performer who excelled in comedy. When Charles Kemble acts comedy he gives you the idea of an actor who has come out of the chivalrous part of tragedy. It is grace and show that are most natural to him: the ideal of mediocrity. Elliston being naturally a comedian, and comedy of the highest class demanding a greater sympathy with actual flesh and blood, his tragedy, though less graceful than Charles Kemble's, was more natural and cordial. He suffered and was shaken more. The other, in his greatest grief, is but like the statue of some Apollo Belvedere vivified, frowning in beauty, and making a grace of his sorrow. The god remains impassive to ordinary sufferings. Elliston's features were nothing nearly so handsome or so finely cut as the others; but they were more sensitive and intelligent. He had nothing of the poetry of tragedy; the other has the form of it; but Elliston, in Macbeth, could give you something of the weak, and sanguine, and misgiving usurper; and in Mortimer, in the Iron Chest, he has moved the audience to tears. It ought not to be forgotten, that he restored that character to the stage, when John Kemble had killed it with his frigidity.

The tragedy of this accomplished actor was, however, only an elongation, or drawing out, of the graver and more sensitive part of his comedy. It was in comedy that he

was the master. When Keene appeared and extinguished Kemble, Elliston seems prudently to have put out his tragic lamp. In comedy, after the death of Lewis, he remained without a rival. He had three distinguished excellences—dry humour, gentlemanly mirth, and fervid gallantry. His features were a little too round, and his person latterly became a great deal too much so. But we speak of him in his best days. His face, in one respect, was of that rare order which is peculiarly fitted for the expression of enjoyment: it laughed with the eyes as well as mouth. His eyes, which were not large, grew smaller when he was merry, and twinkled with glee and archness; his smile was full of enjoyment, and yet the moment he shook his head with a satirical deprecation, or dropped the expression of his face into an innuendo, nothing could be finer or more singular than his mouth. There was a generosity in his style, both in its greater and smaller point. He understood all the little pretended or avowed arts of a gentleman, when he was conversing or complimenting, or making love, everything which implied the necessity of attention to the other person, and a just, and as it were, mutual consciousness of the graces of life on his own. His manners had the true *minuet de la cour* spirit of gentility, the knowledge how to give and take, with a certain recognition of the merits on either side, even in the midst of raillery. And then his voice was remarkable for its union of the manly with the melodious, and as a lover, nobody approached him. Certainly nobody approached a woman as he did. It was the reverse of that preposterous style of *touch and avoid*—that embracing at arms' length, and uniting of a mutual touch on the shoulders,—by which ladies and gentlemen of the stage think fit to distinguish themselves from the characters they perform, and even the Pollys and Macheaths prostitute our good opinion. Elliston made out that it was no shame to love a woman, and no shame in her to return



"As a lover"

his passion. He took her hand, he cherished it against his bosom, he watched the moving of her countenance, he made the space less and less between them, and at length burst out into some exclamation of "charming!" or "lovely!" his voice trembled, not with weakness, but with the strength and fervour of its emotion. All the love, on the stage, since this (with the exception of Macready's domestic tenderness), is not worth twopence, and fit only to be cast to writers.

In calling to mind the pleasant hours that have been given us by the talents of Elliston, we must not forget to mention his defects. In tragedy, for want of a strong sympathy with the serious, he sometimes got into a commonplace turbulence, and at others put on an affected solemnity, and he was in the habit of *hemming* between his words. The longer he was a manager, the worse this habit became. He was not naturally inclined to the authoritative, but having once commenced it in order to give weight to his levity, he seems to have carried about the habit with him to maintain his importance. Unfortunately, he fancied that he was never more natural than on the occasion. He said once, at the table at the end of one of his pieces, tipping a wink on the knee, at Frederick, with his usual fervour, 'Nature—*nature*, sir, is everything—*everything*. I—*I* am always—*am* natural—*am*."

Theodore Hook had a ludicrous story of his calling upon Elliston at the Surrey Theatre, and having some conversation with him in the midst of his managerial occupations. In the course of their dialogue, Elliston would start in a grand manner from the subject, and give some direction to his underlings. He called for two of them successively in the following manner.—

Elliston (turning suddenly to the right, and breathing with all his fervour.) "Night watchman!" (Enter night watchman, and has a word or two spoken to him by the manager.)

Elliston—(scarcely having resumed the discourse, and turning suddenly as before), "Other night watchman!"

—(Enter other night watchman, and is spoken to in like manner. The histrionic sovereign then resumes his discourse with Mr Hook, with tranquil dignity.)

We had an hour's conversation with him once at Drury Lane; during which, in answer to some observation we made respecting the quantity of business he had to get through, he told us, that he had formed himself "on the model of the Grand Pensionary De Wit." Coming with him out of the theatre, we noticed the present portico in Brydges Street, which had just been added to the front, and said that it seemed to have started up like magic. "Yes, sir," said he, "energy is the thing. I no sooner said it, than it was done—it was *a Bonaparte blow*."

There was real energy in all this, and the right animal spirits, as well as an innocent pedantry—nor did it hinder him from being the delightful comedian we have described. He could not have been it, had he not been pleased with himself, and a little superfluous self-complacency of the stage was to be pardoned him. A successful actor would be a phenomenon of modesty if he were not one of the vainest of men. Nobody gets such applause as he does, and in such an intoxicating way, except a conqueror entering a city.

Then there was Bannister (now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*), at the top of another line of comedy, not omitting homely domestic tragedy. His Walter, in the Children in the Wood, was as good, in its way, as Mrs Siddons's Lady Macbeth, and his Job Thornberry, in John Bull, was as superior to Fawcett's as a brazier is to his brass. Bannister was one of those actors who give you the idea of being genuine honest men, and make you happy. Fawcett was excellent also in his line—which was that of impudent servants and gambling pedagogues. No Panglosses and Caleb Quotems have ever been so good as his. The other men were John Kemble, the very statue of an old Roman set walking, Pope, who had a dashing tragic style,

but was monotonous, and was always lifting up his arms, like *St* Paul preaching at Athens, Raymond, a melodramatic sort of actor, more intelligent than any one of the present, though harsh, Henry Johnstone, another of a more ideal cast, and more quietly effective, though his handsomeness made him somewhat foppish, Murray, the father of Miss Murray, a very sensible and pleasing actor in old gentlemen, Powell, the last of the declamatory, white-handkerchief movers of an older school, Lewis, the essence of lightness, of whim, of the mercurial (we have often described him [1] he is not to be replaced), Munden, who made every trifle of importance, and masticated his grins till they were irresistible, Simons, the most filching

[1] Let the reader picture to himself a slight boyish figure, of middle height, with sparkling eyes bright with laughing, a mouth that showed its teeth a little when it smiled restless, and yet gentlemanly manners, a pair of gloved hands that went through all the varieties of illustration that hands can insinuate and thrust the point of a key into your ribs with a finger to the exclamation of 'by the gig!' light airy voice, harmonizing with the look of the face often out of breath with spirits in expressing sometimes in long lower tones of fuller assent a head full of nods, and looks and flourishes and lastly a habit of finishing his sentences with indescribable exclamations of *hoo!* and *phoo!* and a look of pouting astonishment as if nothing remained on earth to wonder at but his triumphant foppery and he joined the astonishment in order to be in the fashion. We have nothing like it nowadays nothing so thin, so airy so gentlemanly so eternally young for Lewis was the very same to the last. His slenderness and his animal spirits preserved his look of juvenility to the moment when he took leave of the stage. It was in the *Copper Captain*, with his epaulets dancing on his shoulders. He came forward at the end of the play to take leave, and for the first time in his life, perhaps when on the stage, the good natured actor shed tears and caused them. His gay voice failed him as he told the public that "for thirty years he had not once incurred their displeasure," and he was obliged to put up his cocked hat before his face to hide his emotion.

of filchers, Emery, a perfect Yorkshireman, startling in rustic tripedy; Wewitzer, the only Caxton; Irish Johnstone, of most delightful musical potency, and a good singer; Blanchard, the best Marquis de Grand Chercau we have seen, most perfect and polished Signor, still extant, and much, in other times, a favourite, and Farren was came Cooke, who took almost all the leading characters, but put some good low humour, and was originally good Sir Pertinax; then Miss Betty, the prince of declamation, whose cleverness deserved a better fate, and ever an interval, with many others still flourishing, Kean, the finest actor we ever beheld.

We omitted to mention Robert Palmer, a dogged kind of natural actor, especially in characters of sturdy impudence or obstinacy, but we knew him only in his decline. John Palmer was before our time, also was Mr Farren: and Suett was before our recollection, though we remember him well, with his quaint, thin manner, and little slippery laugh.

We believe Liston is the first of Suett's successors. It is not much to tell, but it is high character to Suett, it must be observed was both one of the driest and one of the simplest of natural. His relish of a joke was intense, but he never seemed to make one unconsciously; and humour on the world, in all times, between laugh and an astonishment. I will be what I shall when he was dying, "O dear! O dear! Bobby sung so divil! Here's a pretty job! Who'd ever see the like?"

Suett one day took it into his head, gravely, to teach clergymen how to read the Lord's Prayer! We forget the name of the public-house from which his card of announcement was addressed, but it ran in some such manner as the following, and was in perfect good faith:—

"*Clergymen taught to read the Lord's Prayer,*
By ROBERT SUETT, *Comedian,*
At the Cat and Bagpipes, No. 21 Drury Lane."



Mr Kemble is a peculiar instance of almost all these essentials to good acting, and at the same time an example how much they may be injured by an indiscriminate application of study. His conception of character are strong where the characters themselves are strong, his attention to passions is fixed by large objects, he cannot sufficiently study the minute where minuteness is important, though as I shall hereafter explain he can give importance to minutenesses that mean nothing. He appears to absorb everything to his judgment, and exhibits little of the enthusiasm of genius. The grander emotions are his chief study; he attaches a kind of loftiness to every sensation that he indulges, and thus conceives with much force the more majestic passions at the same time that he is raised above the pathetic passions, which always carry with them an air of weakness and humility.

For the expression of the lofty emotions no actor is gifted by nature with greater external means. His figure though not elegant is manly and dignified, his features are strongly marked with what is called the Roman character, and his head altogether is the heroe's ideal of the antiquary and the artist. His tragic form assumes excellently well

the gait of royalty, the vigorous majesty of the warrior, and the profound gravity of the sage, but its seriousness is unbending; his countenance seems to despise the gaiety it labours to assume, and its comic expression is comic because it is singularly wretched. Of the passion of love he can express nothing, the reason is obvious. Love from its dependent nature must always, unless associated with some other passion, betray an expression of tender feebleness, and such an expression is unknown to Mr Kemble's countenance. The attempt of Mrs Inchbald to make Mr Kemble a lover is more honourable to her partiality for the friend than to her affection for just criticism. She says, that he can paint love more vigorously than any other man, though he cannot love *moderately*. in her opinion, "sighs, soft complainings, a plaintive voice, and tender looks bespeak mere moderation; Mr Kemble," she continues, "must be struck to the heart's core, or not at all. he must be wounded to the soul with grief, despair, or madness" But this is mistaking the associated passion for its companion. What a lover is he who can neither speak softly nor look tenderly? No man according to this idea can express a perfect love, that is, a love opposed to *mere moderation*, unless he is struck with grief, or desperate, or mad: but by such an association of outrageous passions the expression of the individual one will not be a perfect, because it is not a simple expression: the actor who cannot express an individual passion without the assistance of others can no more be said to be master of that passion, than a singer can be called a master of his art who cannot sing without an accompaniment.

It is in characters that are occupied with themselves and with their own importance, it is in the systematic and exquisite revenge of Zanga, in the indignant jealousy of Othello, and in the desperate ambition of King John, that Mr Kemble is the actor. There is always something

sublime in the sudden completion of great objects, and perhaps there is not a sublimer action on the stage than the stride of Mr Kemble as Zanga, over the body of his victim, and his majestic exultation of revenge.

But if he succeeds in the prouder passions, his diligence of study has given him no less success in the expression of impressive seriousness.

The character of Penruddock in *The Wheel of Fortune* is his greatest performance, and I believe it to be a perfect one. It is admirable, not because the tenderness of his love, as Mrs Inchbald tells us, "appears beneath the roughest manners," but because the very defect which hurts his general style of acting, that studious and important preciseness, which is affectation in all his other characters, contributes to the strength, to the nature of Penruddock. Those who can discern any peculiar expression of tenderness under the roughness of Mr Kemble's acting mistake their feelings for their observation: it is the tenderness the character is supposed to feel, not what he actually exhibits, it is the tenderness of the author, not of the actor, which they discern; if there are one or two phrases of tenderness uttered by the stern recluse, they have a pathetic effect not because they are expressed with a peculiar tenderness by the actor, but because a soft emotion so unexpected in one of his appearance produces a strong effect from the strength of contrast. To give a man imaginary praise is to give him real dispraise. Mr Kemble himself would never think of valuing his own performance for its tenderness of expression; he would value it, and with justice, for its severity of expression, for its display of external philosophy, and for its contempt of everything that can no longer amuse.

Wherever this air of self-importance or abstraction is required, Mr Kemble is excellent. It is no small praise to say of an actor that he excels in soliloquies: these

soliloquy discourses require great judgment because the speaker has no assistance from others, and because the audience, always awake to action, is inclined during a soliloquy to seek rejoice in inattention. Indeed to gain the attention of an audience is always in some degree to gain their applause, and this applause must cheerfully be given to Mr Kemble, who by his business and impressive manner always attaches importance to a speech of whatever interest or length. To this excellence in particular and to the general action of the piece he contributes by an exact knowledge of every typical and temporal, and I could not but admire the judicious contrivance by which he added considerable interest to his first appearance in the season of 1805, on entering which I discovered a study it was adorned with the most natural literary disorder possible. The grave folio appeared writing at a table with open books here and there about him, the globes, the library, the furniture everything had its use, and no doubt its object, for modern, though perhaps insensibly, is always pleased with a natural scene. Of another necessary circumstance, which is called *bye-play*, and which beguiles the intervals of action by an air of perpetual occupation, he is a perfect master, he never stands feebly inactive, waiting for his turn to speak, he is never out of his place, he attends to everything passing on the stage at once, nor does he indulge himself in those complacent stares at the audience which occupy inferior actors.

This attention to the minute, however, is often employed needlessly, he has made it a study hardly less important than that of the passions, and hence arises the great faults of his action, a laborious and almost universal preciseness. Some of the instances of this fault are so ludicrous that a person who had not seen them would scarcely credit the relation. He sometimes turns from one object to another with

so cautious a circumflexion of head, that he is no doubt very often pitied by the audience for having a stiff neck, his words now and then follow one another so slowly, and his face all the while assumes so methodical an expression, that he seems reckoning how many lines he has learnt by heart, I have known him make an eternal groan upon the interjection *Oh!*, as if he were determined to show that his misery had not affected his lungs, and to represent an energetical address he has kept so continual a jerking and nodding of the head, that at last it represented anything at all, it could be nothing but Saint Vitus's dance. by this study of nonentities it would appear that he never pulls out his handkerchief without a design upon the audience, that he has as much thought in making a step as making a speech, in short, that his very finger is eloquent and that nothing means something. But all this neither delights nor deceives the audience of an assembly collected together to enjoy rational entertainment, the majority will always be displeased with what is irrational, though they may be unable to describe their sensation critically irrationalities amuse in farce only. An audience when judging the common imitations of life have merely to say, "Is it like ourselves?"

Perhaps there is not a greater instance of the ill effects one bad habit, like this, can produce, than in Mr Kemble's delivery. No actor in his declamation pleases more at some times or more offends at others. His voice is hollow and monotonous from an malformation, as it is said, of his organs of utterance its weakness cannot command a variety of sound sufficiently powerful for all occasions, nor is its natural extent melodious or pleasing, but a voice naturally monotonous must be distinguished from a monotony of delivery; the latter neglects emphasis and expression, the former, though it will not always obtain, may always attempt both. No player perhaps understands his author better,

and such a knowledge will easily impart itself to others: his declamation, therefore, is confident and exact, he is at all times careful, distinct, and his general delivery is marked, expressive, and even powerful the art with which he supplies the natural weakness of his voice by an energy and significancy of utterance is truly admirable. But the same affectation, which indulges itself in an indiscriminate importance of manner, the same ambition of originality where originality is least wanted, characterises Mr Kemble's pronunciation it has induced him to defy all orthoepy and to allow no accent but what pleases his caprice or his love of innovation To be novel for the mere sake of novelty belongs neither to genius nor to judgment Mr Kemble insists that the word *rode* should be *rod*, *beard* is metamorphosed into *lird*, he never *pierces* the heart but *purses* it, and *virtue* and *merit* become in the dialect of the kitchen *varchue* and *merrit*, the strong syllable *er* appears to be in abomination, and is never allowed utterance; Pope says

To err is human to forgive divine —

but Mr Kemble will not consent to this, he says

To arr is human —

making the moralist say, that it is the nature of man to dry his clean shirt or to take a walk *thy* is changed into *the* probably because the sound of *my* is sometimes contracted into *me*, but mutabilities of pronunciation in one word never argue for them in another, people are not accustomed to say, such a man has a *sore* neck, or that it is very *dre* weather Dr Johnson who had an antipathy to the short pronunciation *wind* and wished to call it *wind*, attacked the custom by a ludicrous assemblage and mispronunciation of other words, in which the letter *i* is naturally long, and said with much critical gravity, —"*I have a mind to find out why you call that wind*" But this pleasantry did not

change the pronunciation in general converse. Let us see how Mr Kemble would improve the following lines we will put his improvement, after the original, since the beauty of the contrast will be greater

> Virtue, thy happy wisdom known
> In making what we wish our own,
> Nay even to wish what wishes thee
> Imparts the blest reality
> For since the soul that pierces mine
> Sweet Myra's soul, is full of thine,
> In my breast too thy spirit stirs,
> Since all my soul is full of her's

Mr Kemble's improvement

> *Var hue the* happy wisdom known
> In making what we wish our own
> Nay even to wish what wishes thee
> Imparts the blest reality
> For since the soul that *purs* mine
> Sweet Myra's soul is full of thine,
> In my breast too thy spirit *stares*,
> Since all my soul is full of *hairs!*

This is very amusing, but there is no rule for pronunciation but custom, as customs change, actors may change, but no individual should alter what he has no reason for altering, or what has either a bad effect or none at all when altered. There have been several attempts to vary the mode of spelling now in use, the latest innovation was practised by Ritson, a man of curious and happy research into old English literature, and one who might have boasted a better originality than that of making his words unintelligible. nobody has adopted a single one of these innovations, first because it is painful to depart from old rules and habits, and secondly, because it is still more painful to depart from them without a cause For the same reasons nobody will adopt Mr Kemble's pronunciation, and if he were to carry his dialect into private life, he would be

either prized or laughed at. But why place his ambition where there are no hopes of originality? I could mispronounce much better than he, when I was a mere infant.

Upon the whole Mr Kemble appears to be an actor of correct rather than quick conception, of studious rather than universal or equal judgment, of powers some naturally defective but admirably improved and others excellent by nature but still more so by art, in lot of a genius more compulsive of respect than attractive of delight. He does not present the idea of a man who grasps with the force of genius, but of one who overcomes by the toil of attention. He never rises and sinks as in the enthusiasm of the moment, his ascension though grand is careful, and when he sinks it is with preparation and dignity. There are actors who may occasionally please more, but not one who is paid a more universal or profound attention.

MR CHARLES KEMBLE

I do not know what thoughtlessness or forgetfulness could have possessed me, when I proposed to class this elegant actor with the tragedians only. I must have been seized with a little of that langour, which is his worst affectation, and which is as infectious in an actor as in a supper of lettuces. But how could I forget his occasional vivacity, his occasional dry humour, and his inimitable pictures of intoxication, so natural and yet never disgusting; not to mention his frequent awfulness of frown, which is infinitely droll, though he does not know it.

Mr Charles Kemble excels in three classes of character; in the tender lover like Romeo, in the spirited gentleman of

tragedy, such as Iachimo and Paul Amurides, and in a very happy mixture of the occasional debauchee and the gentleman of fashion, as in Shakspeare's Count Rousillon and Charles Oakley in the *Jealous Wife*.

In theatric love, in that complaint of which the fancies of our ladies adorn their imaginary heroes, Mr Charles Kemble is certainly the first performer on the stage. He seems resolved to make up for his brother's utter deficiency in this respect. His performance of Romeo would undoubtedly be superior to that of Mr Ellistone, could he shake off his indolent fondness of attitude and looks of observed enchantment acquire an additional charm, from his dreamed and tearful aspect and from that repose and command in the turn of his head and shoulders, which remind us of the placid dignity of the Antinous. But this languor is occasionally so unhappy, that his attention to his mistress seems to be a painful effort, and instead of being tender from amatory feeling betrays a kind of civility to the poor lady, the true *ars in uxorem* of Horace.

That this want of affected grace of manner is not natural to the actor, but the mere result of bad habit, may be easily seen in the animation of his Lucio and Dr Pangloss. In the former character he had little to display but personal spirit, in the latter he exhibits a very bold spirit of raillery, a gay volence quickened by the contemptibility of its object. It is with much skill that he suddenly bursts into a proud ridicule of the Duke of Austria, without indulging in the flourish of that which common actors mistake for indignation: he does not, like a South Sea warrior, waste half his strength on the enemy by a preliminary bravado of gesture. All great effects are produced by contrast. Anger is never so noble as when it breaks out of a comparative continence of aspect, it is the earthquake bursting from the repose of nature.

One could not well excuse, even in tragedy, that perpetual lightning of frown with which Mr Charles Kemble purges the pit, and is to his perpetual bite of the lips, it is allowable to nobody but a young lady preparing her roseate looks for company, or to a malicious and mean villain suddenly detected, or to a schoolboy perhaps when he is winding up his top. But this cloudiness of face, this system of frowning and biting is wonderfully misplaced in comedy; the νεφεληγερετα Ζευς the cloud-compelling Jove, is not the god of levity. What with the lamps and the rouge, his eyes may indeed acquire much ferocious decision and brightness, but he would lose no reputation by leaving to Mr H. Johnston the judgment of turning mere "meditation to madness." A frank youth, like Frederick Bramble in the *Poor Gentleman*, a character which Mr C. Kemble otherwise performs with most appropriate spirit, never thinks of this gloomy state, which amounts to the expression of an inflicted conscience, nor does a gay villain, like Plastic in *Love and Country*, make his resolutions with a countenance that might betray him to the slightest observer. Mr C. Kemble's ironical contempt of Reuben Glenroy's advice in this character, and of Sir Charles Cropland in *Frederick Bramble*, is in the happiest wondermert of tone. his brow becomes a beauty when thrown into the careless slur and patient acquiescence of his replies. Any cool humourist would talk in the same way. But what should we think of a man, who when he was meditating on the choice of a watch-string should dart into the most terrific side-frowns; or when he was asked whether he preferred pudding or pie, should knit his brows into an agony of logical doubt?

Guest (*after frowning with awful meditation*). Madam, I will take a little pie (*aside, after receiving the pie and frowning with awful study*). I am not sure that pudding wouldn't have been better.

I was sorry to see that Mr C. Kemble could not help carrying this ludicrous fault into his most careless intoxication: his representation of a superior sort of drunkard would otherwise be perfect. It is this representation which renders his Charles Oakley and his Cassio such finished and original performances. To amuse us, and at the same time to maintain our respect in intoxication, might be thought an impossibility, if he did not do both in these characters. But with all that relaxation of limb, which seems so destructive of gentlemanly appearance, with all that relaxation of countenance which is the very reverse of sensible expression, with all that gay disdain of common customs and civilities which wine inspires, he contrives not only to appear respectable but even to interest our feelings. I have seen him, when representing a fond husband who had been seduced into a debauch, absolutely borrow a pathos from this odious vice, and in the midst of his careless nonsense turn to his wife with a voice of quarrelling with himself, so broken between gaiety and remorse, so painful in its attempt to be strongly affectionate, that the contrast of his graces with his defects, of his powers with his wishes, of his love for his wife and his heartfelt inability to express it, reached all the domestic feelings of his audience. It is the same with his Cassio, whose remorse appears so much the stronger from his inability to rid himself of the debauch which he abhors. There is no actor, who imitates this defect with such a total want of affectation. All the other performers wish to be humorous drunkards, and by this error they cannot help showing a kind of abstract reasoning which defeats their purpose. They play a hundred antics with legs which a drunkard would be unable to lift, they make a thousand grimaces which the jaws of a drunkard could not attempt from mere want of tone; they roll about from place to place, though his whole strength is exerted to command his limbs; they wish in short to appear

drunk, when the great object of a drunkard is to appear sober

Mr Charles Kemble is upon the whole very gentlemanly and useful actor, with much of graceful mediocrity and with occasional flashes of great genius It appears to me, that his unfortunate fancy to hide his real ability, and that, like a giant oppressed with sleepiness, he sinks to the level of feebler men When I call him a useful actor, I do not apply the epithet like those newspapers, who bestow it on every actor that can do a number of things tolerably, and nothing well Not that I would question, as to matters of stage convenience, the utility, much less the genius of any gentleman, who would undertake to read a book at a moment's notice But Mr C Kemble is useful to the audience, as well as to the managers, if he undertakes a character not originally his own he gives us its moral effects as well as its dramatic, he gives us not only the face but the soul of his person, not only its gesticulation but its proper simplicity A blockhead may be defined as an animal, who utters certain number of sounds to exercise the patience of a certain number of people



To write a criticism on Mrs Siddons is to write a panegyric, and a panegyric of a very peculiar sort, for the praise will be true. Like her elder brother she has a marked and noble countenance and a figure more dignified than graceful, and she is like him in all his good qualities but not any of his bad ones. If Mr Kemble studiously meditate a step or an attitude in the midst of passion, Mrs Siddons never thinks about either and therefore is always natural, because on occasions of great feeling it is the passions should influence the actions attitudes are not to be studied, as old Havard used to study them, between six looking-glasses: feel the passion and the action will follow. I know it has been denied that actors sympathise with the feelings they represent, and among other critics, Dr Johnson is supposed to have denied it. The Doctor was accustomed to talk very loudly at the play upon divers subjects, even when his friend Garrick was electrifying the house with his most wonderful scenes, and the worst of it was that he usually sat in one of the stage boxes: the actor remonstrated

with him one night after the representation, and complained that the talking "disturbed his feelings:" "*Phaw! David,*" replied the critic, "*Punch has no feelings.*" But the Doctor was fond of saying his good things as well as lesser geniuses, and to say a good thing is not always to say a true one or one that is intended to be true. To call his friend a puppet, to give so contemptuous an appellation to a man whose powers he was at other times happy to respect, and whose death he lamented as having "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," must be considered as a familiar pleasantry rather than a betrayed opinion. The best way to solve the difficulty is to apply to an actor himself, but as I am not in the way of such an application, I think the complaint made by Garrick will do as well, since he talks of his feelings, as the means necessary to his performance. It appears to me, that the countenance cannot express a single passion perfectly, unless the passion is first felt: it is easy to grin representations of joy, and to pull down the muscles of the countenance as an imitation of sorrow, but a keen observer of human nature and its effects will easily detect the cheat; there are nerves and muscles requisite to expression, that will not answer the will on common occasions; but to represent a passion with truth, every nerve and muscle should be in its proper action, or the representation becomes weak and confused, melancholy is mistaken for grief, and pleasure for delight: it is from this feebleness of emotion so many dull actors endeavour to supply passion with vehemence of action and voice, as jugglers are talkative and bustling to beguile scrutiny. I have somewhere heard, that Mrs Siddons has talked of the real agitation which the performance of some of her characters has made her feel.

To see the bewildered melancholy of Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, or the widow's mute stare of perfected misery by the corpse of the gamester Beverley, two of the

sublimest pieces of acting on the English stage, would argue this point better than a thousand critics. Mrs Siddons has the air of never being the actress, she seems unconscious that there is a motley crowd called a pit waiting to applaud her, or that there are a dozen fiddlers waiting for her exit. This is always one of the marks of a great actor: the player who amuses himself by looking at the audience for admiration may be assured he never gets any: it is in acting as in conferring obligations: one should have the air of doing nothing for a return.

If Mrs Siddons has not every mark requisite to a perfect tragedian, it is the amatory pathetic: in the despair of Belvidera for instance she rises to sublimity, but in the tenderness of Belvidera she preserves too stately and self-subdued an air: she can move, power, astonish, afflict, but she cannot win; her majestic presence and commanding features seem to disregard love, as a trifle to which they cannot descend. But it does not follow that a tragedian unable to sink into the softness of the tender passion, is the more to be respected for his undeviating dignity and spirit: it does not follow that he has a loftier genius; love though humble never moves our contempt, on the contrary it adds new interest to a character at other times dignified: in real life the greatest heroes and sages have acquired an extraordinary charm from their union of wisdom and tenderness, of conquest and gallant submission: and as we doubly admire the wise Plato for his amatory effusions and the chivalrous spirit of Henry the Great for the tenderness of his love, so on the stage the tragedian, who unites the hero and the lover, that is, who can display either character as it is required, is the more admirable genius. Besides, the figure of Mrs Siddons is now too large and too matronly to represent youth, and particularly the immediate passions of youth, we hope

that by the next season she will have given up the performance of characters suited neither to her age nor her abilities.

After this one defect I have in vain considered and reconsidered all the tragedies, in which I have seen her, to find the shadow of another. She unites with her noble conceptions of nature every advantage of art, every knowledge of stage property and effect. This knowledge however he displays not with the pompous minuteness of Mr Kemble, but with that natural carelessness, which shows it to be the result of genius rather than grave study. If there is a gesture in the midst, or an attitude in the interval of action, it is the result of the impassioned moment; one can hardly imagine, there has been any such thing as a rehearsal for powers so natural and so spirited. Of the force of such mere action I recollect a sublime instance displayed by Mrs Siddons in the impeded tragedy of *The Grecian Daughter*. This heroine has obtained for her aged and imprisoned father some unexpected assistance from the guard Philotas: transported with gratitude, but having nothing from the poet to give expression to her feelings, she starts with extended arms and casts herself in mute prostration at his feet. I shall never forget the glow which rushed to my cheeks at this sublime action.

These are the effects Mr Kemble should study, and not the clap-provoking frivolities of ending every speech with an energetic dash of the fist, or of running off the stage after a vehement declamation as if the actor was in haste to get his pint of wine. If the brother and sister are compared the palm both of genius and of judgment must undoubtedly be given to Mrs Siddons: I question whether she understands her authors so intimately, but she gives double effect to their important passages, and their unimportant ones are allowed to sink

into their proper mediocrity where everything is raised into significance, the significance is destroyed. If an artist would study the expression of the passions, let him lay by the pictures of Le Brun, and copy the looks of Mrs Siddons



One of the most amiable effects of the modern drama is to injure those to whom it is most indebted for support. If the principal characters of Reynolds and of Dibdin are always out of nature, their representation, as I have already hinted, must be unnatural also, and as our comic actors are perpetually employed upon these punchinellos, as they are always labouring to grimace and grin them into applause, they become habituated and even partial to their antics, and can never afterwards separate the effect from the means, the applause from the unnatural style of acting. The extravagance therefore of look and gesture, so necessary to the caricatures of our farce-comic writers, they cannot help carrying into the characters of our best dramatists, to which it is every way injurious.

This is the great fault of Mr Munden, who is unluckily one of the strongest supports to our gigantic farces, and whose powers, like his features, have been so twisted out of their proper direction, that they seem unable to recover themselves. Almost the whole force of his acting consists in two or three ludicrous gestures and an innumerable variety of as fanciful contortions of countenance as ever threw woman into hysterics: his features are like the

reflection of a man's face in a ruffled stream, they undergo a perpetual undulation of grin: every emotion is attended by a grimace, which he by no means wishes to be considered as unstudied, for if it has not immediately its effect upon the spectators he improves or continues it till it has; and I have seen his interlocutor disconcerted, and the performance stopped, by the unseasonable laughter of the audience, who were conquered into the notice of a posthumous joke by this ambitious pertinacity of muscle.

All this suits admirably well with a character entirely farcical, or with one that has no intrinsic humour, and I recollect no actor who by the mere abuse of his features could gain so much favour for a modern comedy. If ever such an abuse becomes natural, it is in the deformity of drunkenness. Mr Munden, therefore, whose action is as confined as his features are vagrant, excels in the relaxed gesture and variable fatuity of intoxication. His most entertaining performances are always of this kind, as that for instance, of Crack in the *Turnpike Gate* and the Captain's servant in the musical puppetshow called the *English Fleet*. His attitude and looks in the latter piece, when he receives a ring from a lady as a reward for some courageous service, his tottering earnestness in contemplating the honour on his finger, and the conscious glance which he turns now and then at his captain behind him, exhibit a masterpiece of drunken vanity. These are the touches which brighten the miserable daubs of our dramatists, which throw life into their inanimate figures, and character into their half-formed countenances. Mr Munden, in his imitation of an intoxicated man, always shows his judgment by standing as much as possible in one place. Our actors in general seem to forget that a person under the influence of liquor, unless he is almost insensible, always attempts a command of himself and restrains his motions as much as the weakness of his limbs will permit; they are too fond of reeling round the

stage, and jerking up one leg at every step, like a tavern blood affecting his six bottles. I have heard that the late Mr Suett used always to be really drunk when he performed a drunkard, but the generality of our performers may certainly be exculpated from such a charge: perhaps the only actor who approaches Munden in this exquisite display of brutality is Mr Robert Palmer. Truly we stage critics treat of lofty matters!

But of simplicity Mr Munden shows not a shadow; and as old men in general, and particularly old soldiers and citizens, have long forgotten the antics of schoolboys, this perpetual mouth-making destroys his natural representation of age: no man in years accompanies his whole conversation with this harmony or rather this discord of feature; an old soldier would despise it as boyish, and an old citizen as unprofitable: an old courtier, perhaps, if his king is fond of buffoonery, is more likely to accommodate his countenance to the satire of those about him, but when Mr Munden represents Polonius, he forgets he is in a gloomy court, where the king and queen are afflicted with melancholy and the young prince Hamlet supposed to be deranged. In his performance of Menenius in *Coriolanus*, this buffoonery is still more inconvenient. Menenius was a man of wit and prudence, and is celebrated in history for his fable of the belly and the members, with which he appeased the discordant divisions of the people. Shakspeare, taking advantage of the familiarity of that popular address, has perhaps rendered the language and the manners of Menenius too generally familiar, and given the comedian an opportunity of displaying his merriment rather too broadly; but it should never be forgotten that Menenius was not only of the patrician order, a class of men proverbially haughty, but that he was the intimate friend of the haughty Coriolanus, who was the proudest man in Rome and not very likely to associate with buffoons. If Shakspeare therefore, in

his fondness for generalising the character of men and in his determination to avoid what may be called a chronology of nature, has represented Menenius in the habit of a merry old modern nobleman, the actor would shew his art and his classical judgment in preventing his mirth from extravagance by every possible temperance of action, so that a man of humour might not entirely overcome the man of rank. At any rate, Mr Munden should endeavour to mediate the restlessness of his muscles in order to retain a patrician and a senator. But then the Pit would not laugh!

This actor in short loses half his proper effect by the very strength of his powers. He brings so much expression into his face for an emotion or even an innuendo, as he ought for the livelier passions, that he rarely gives us the shadows or gradations of feeling, from the mere exertion of his expression he is a gymnast, who in order to leap four yards, takes a run that would easily carry him six. He is like that poetical man Mr Fuseli, who to exhibit his anatomical skill disliked every garment and never clothed figure, when he should merely have shewn out their appearances.

Strange! By the means defeated of the end!



Those comedians are infinitely mistaken, who imagine that mere buffoonery or face-making is a surer method of attaining public favour than chastened and natural humour. A monstrous grin, that defies all description or simile, may raise a more noisy laughter, but as I have before observed, the merest pantomime clown will raise a still noisier: laughter does not always express the most satisfied enjoyment, and there is something in the ease and artlessness of true humour that obtains a more lasting though a more gradual applause: it is like a rational lover, who allows confidence and extravagant mirth to catch a woman's eye first, but wins his way ultimately from the very want of qualities which please merely to fatigue. While such an actor therefore as Dowton will attempt buffooneries in which he neither can nor ought to succeed, it is no small credit to Mr Mathews, that he has the judgment to avoid in general what he really can exhibit with the greatest effect. This is the proper pride of an actor who has greater respect for the opinion of the boxes than of the

galleries; this is the laudable ambition that would rather be praised by those who are worthy of respect themselves than by a clamorous mob who in fact applaud their own likeness in the vulgarity and nonsense so boisterously admired.

Such a judgment is the more praise-worthy in Mr Mathews, as his principal excellence is the representation of officious valets and humorous old men, two species of character that with most actors are merely buffoons in livery and buffoons with walking-sticks. His attention to correctness however by no means lessens his vivacity, but it is the vivacity of the world not of the stage, it seems rather his nature than his art, and though I daresay all actors have their hours of disquiet, and perhaps more than most men, yet he has not the air of one who elevates his sensations the moment he enters the stage and drops them the instant he departs. It is a very common and a very injurious fault with actors to come before the audience with a manner expressive of beginning a task, they adjust their neckcloths and hats as if they had dressed in a hurry, look about them as much as to say, "What sort of a house have I got this evening?" and commence their speeches in a tone of patient weariness, as if they contemplated the future labours of the evening. This is a frequent error with Mr H. Johnston, and a most peculiar one with Mr C. Kemble, who often seems to have just arrived from a fatiguing walk. Mr Mathews makes his appearance neither with this indifference on the one hand, nor on the other with that laboured mirth which seems to have been lashed into action like a top and which goes down like a top at regular intervals. If therefore he does not amaze like many inferior actors with sudden burst of broad merriment, he is more equable and consistent in his humour and inspires his audience with a more constant spirit of chearfulness. Such a chearfulness is the most desirable effect in every comic performer, and this feeling is one of the sensations which render us more truly pleased

with comedy than with tragedy, it is more agreeable to reason, because it leaves room for thinking, it is removed from scenes, which always convey a degree of pain into the more exquisite pleasure, it more like the happiness that we may attain in real life, and therefore more fitted to display us to an advantage of our feelings.

The principal fault in the general style of Mr Mathews is a restlessness, which I have elsewhere called to have been a kind of nervous irritation of gaiety observation; but I think he has corrected it considerably within the few months, and the whole compass of his talents, the range is not a place to encourage any of the more doubtful techniques. This fault however, like Mr Kemble's stiffness in *Penruddock*, becomes almost an excellence in the character of restless Lying Valet, and of Peter in *Love and Law*, who are both in a degree of the slight humour and contrivance. Possibly a knowledge of the frequency of his performance in characters of this nature may have led him to indulge it, for the most inveterate practice that of the intriguing servant in the farce of *Killing No Murder*, in which he is at full liberty to indulge it. In this servant he gives a specimen of that admirable power of mimicry, in which he rivals Mr Bannister. I believe there were many in the theatre who had much difficulty to recognize him in his transformation into the Frenchman, and for alteration of manner, tone, and pronunciation it certainly was not inferior to the most finished deceptions of that great comedian. As this kind of deception indeed depends chiefly upon a discretion of the voice, one would imagine it ought not to be very difficult to an actor one of whose first power should be a flexibility of voice, but this flexibility becomes valuable for our stage for its rarity, for it is curious enough to observe, that we have not a single tragedian of female performer who can at all disguise the voice, and of

all our comedians, who really ought to excel in this point, Mr Bannister and Mr Mathews seem the only two who can thus escape from themselves with any artifice: many of the comic actors, as Munden, Simmons, Blanchard, Liston, Johnstone, Wewitzer, and particularly Fawcett, seem blessed with such honest throats as to be incapable of the slightest deception.

The old age of Mr Mathews is like the rest of his excellences, perfectly unaffected and correct; the appearance of years he manages so well, that many of his admirers, who have never seen him off the stage, insist that he is an elderly man, and the reason of this deception is evident. most of our comedians in their representation of age either make no alteration of their voice, and like antiquarian cheats, palm a walking-stick or a hat upon us for something very ancient, or sink into so unnatural an imbecility that they are apt on occasion to forget their tottering knees and bent shoulders, and like Vertumnus in the poet are young and old in the turn of a minute. Mathews never appears to wish to be old; time seems to have come to him, not he to time, and as he never, where he can avoid it, makes that show of feebleness which the vanity of age always would avoid, so he never forgets that general appearance of years, which the natural feebleness of age could not help. Our old men of the stage are in general of one unvarying age in all their various characters, as in the case of Munden for instance, who though he imitates the appearance of a hearty old gentleman with much nature, is seldom a jot the older or the younger than his usual antiquity, whatever the author might have led us to imagine. The two characters of Don Manuel in *She Would and She Would Not* and of Old Philpot in the *Citizen* are sufficient examples of the ease with which Mr Mathews alters his years and of the general excellences of his old age. In the former piece he is a naturally chearful old man, whose humour depends much

on the humour of others, and who is overcome alternately with, envy and with despair, as he finds himself treated by those about him. The voice of Mr Mathews, were we to shut our eyes, would be enough to convince us of his age in the character, and of his disposition to it, there is something in it unnaturally petty and contracted, while at the same time it appears to make an effort of strength and pollity, and when his talent of spirit meets with a sudden downfall, nothing is more natural than the total dissolution of his powers of voice, or the restless despondency with which he yields himself to a confined imaginary misery when his spirits are raised by wine and his excessive joy is duly overmastered by its own violence, the second exertion of his fatigued talkativeness, and of his excessive laughter reduce him to mere impotence, he sinks into his chair, and in the last weariness of a weak mind and body, cannot still refrain from the natural loquacity of old age, but in the interval of oppressed feeling attempts to speak when he has nothing only nothing to say, but when it is perfectly painful to him to utter a word. In this character therefore, Mr Mathews exhibits all the gradations of the strength and weakness of declining years, in that of Philpot, he settles himself to a confirmed and unresisting old age: his feeble attitudes, his voice, his minutest actions, are perfectly monotonous, as become a money-getting dotard, whose soul is absorbed in one mean object: his limbs contracted to the true expressive of the selfish closeness of the miser, and in his very tone of utterance, so sparing of its strength and so inward, he seems to retire into himself.

From the general performances however of Mr Mathews, I had been induced to consider him as an actor of habits rather than of passions, and as the present essay originally stood, I had classed him in a rank much inferior to Bannister and Dowton. But one of his late performances raised his

genius so highly in my estimation, that I cancelled the original paragraph on purpose to do justice to his Sir Fretful Plagiary in the *Critic*, to a performance which has proved his knowledge of the human heart, has given its true spirit to one of the most original characters of the first wit of our age, and has even persuaded the ancient dramatic connoisseurs to summon up the claps of former times: nay, some of the old gentlemen, in the important intervals of snuff, went so far as to declare that the actor approached Parsons himself. We are generally satisfied, when an actor can express a single feeling with strength of countenance; but to express two at once, and to give them at the same time a powerful distinctness, belongs to the perfection of his art. Nothing can be more admirable than the look of Mr Mathews, when the severe criticism is detailed by his malicious acquaintance. While he affects a pleasantry of countenance, he cannot help betraying his rage in his eyes, in that feature which always displays our most predominant feelings: if he draws the air to and fro through his teeth, as if he was perfectly assured of his own pleasant feelings, he convinces every body by his tremulous and restless limbs that he is in absolute torture; if the lower part of his face expands into a painful smile, the upper part contracts into a glaring frown which contradicts the ineffectual good humour beneath; every thing in his face becomes rigid, confused, and uneasy; it is a mixture of oil and vinegar, in which the acid predominates: it is anger putting on a mask that is only the more hideous in proportion as it is more fantastic. The sudden drop of his smile into a deep and bitter indignation, when he can endure sarcasm no longer, completes this impassioned picture of *Sir Fretful*; but lest his indignation should swell into mere tragedy, Mr Mathews accompanies it with all the touches of familiar vexation: while he is venting his rage in vehement expressions, he accompanies his more emphatic words with a closing thrust of his buttons,

which he fastens and unfastens up and down his coat; and when his obnoxious friend approaches his snuff-box to take a pinch, he claps down the lid and turns violently off with a most malicious mockery of grin. These are the performances and the characters, which are the true fame of actors and dramatists. If our farcical performers and farcical writers could reach this refined satire, ridicule would vanish before them, like breath from a polished knife.



There is no greater mistake in the world than the looking upon every sort of nonsense as want of sense. Nonsense in the bad sense of the word, like certain suspicious ladies, is very fond of bestowing its own appellation, particularly upon what renders other persons agreeable. But nonsense, in the good sense of the word, is a very sensible thing in its season; and is only confounded with the other by people of a shallow gravity, who cannot afford to joke.

These gentlemen live upon credit, and would not have it enquired into. They are perpetual beggars of the question. They are grave, not because they think, or feel the contrast of mirth, for then they would feel the mirth itself, but because gravity is their safest mode of behaviour. They must keep their minds sitting still, because they are incapable of a motion that is not awkward. They are waxen images among the living;—the deception is undone, if the others stir;—or hollow vessels covered up, which may be taken for

full ones: -the collision of wit jars against them, and strikes out their hollowness.

In fact, the difference between nonsense not worth talking, and nonsense worth it, is simply this:—the former is the result of a want of ideas, the latter of a superabundance of them. This is remarkably exemplified by Swift's *Polite Conversation*, in which the dialogue, though intended to be a tissue of the greatest nonsense in request with shallow merriment, is in reality full of ideas, and many of them very humorous, but then they are all common-place, and have been said so often, that the thing uppermost in your mind is the inability of the speakers to utter a sentence of their own; — they have no ideas at all. Many of the jokes and similes in that treatise are still the current coin of the shallow; though they are now pretty much confined to gossips of an inferior order, and the upper part of the lower classes.

On the other hand, the wildest rattling, as it is called, in which men of sense find entertainment, consists of nothing but a quick and original succession of ideas, —a finding as it were, of something in nothing, a rapid turning of the hearer's mind to some new face of thought and sparkling imagery. The man of shallow gravity, besides an uneasy half-consciousness that he has nothing of the sort about him, is too dull of perception to see the delicate links between one thought and another, and he takes that for a mere chaos of laughing jargon, in which finer apprehensions perceive as much delightful association, as men of musical taste do in the most tricksome harmonies and accompaniments of Mozart or Beethoven. Between such gravity and such mirth, there is as much difference as between the driest and dreariest psalmody, and that exquisite laughing trio, – E voi ridete,— which is sung in *Cosi Fan Tutte*. A quaker's coat and a garden are not more dissimilar;– nor a death-bell, and the birds after a sunny shower.

It is on such occasions indeed that we enjoy the perfection

of what is agreeable in humanity, —the harmony of mind and body,— intellect, and animal spirits. Accordingly the greatest geniuses appear to have been proficients in this kind of nonsense, and to have delighted in dwelling upon it, and attributing it to their favourites. Virgil is no joker, but Homer is; and there is the same difference between their heros, Æneas and Achilles, the latter of whom is also a player on the harp. Venus, the most delightful of the goddesses, is Philommeides, the laughter-loving; an epithet, by the bye, which might give a good hint to a number of very respectable ladies, "who love their lords," but who are too apt to let ladies less respectable run away with them. Horace represents Pleasantry as fluttering about Venus in company with Cupid,

Quem *Jocus* circumvolat, et Cupido,

and these are followed by Youth, the enjoyer of animal spirits, and by Mercury, the god of persuasion. There is the same difference between Tasso and Ariosto as between Virgil and Homer, that is to say, the latter proves his greater genius by a completer and more various hold on the feelings, and has not only a fresher spirit of Nature about him, but a truer, because a happier, for the want of this enjoyment is at once a defect and a deterioration. It is more or less a disease of the blood, a falling off from the pure and uncontradicted blithesomeness of childhood; a hampering of the mind with the altered nerves; dust gathered in the watch, and perplexing our passing hours.

It may be thought a begging of the question to mention Anacreon, since he made an absolute business of mirth and enjoyment, and sat down systematically to laugh as well as to drink. But on that very account, perhaps, his case is still more in point; and Plato, one of the gravest, but not the shallowest, of philosophers, gave him the title of the Wise. The disciple of Socrates appears also to have been a great

enjoyer of Aristophanes; and the divine Socrates himself was a wit and a joker.

But the divine Shakspeare, the man to whom we go for everything, and be sure to find it, grave, melancholy, or merry, what said he to this exquisite kind of nonsense? Perhaps next to his passion for detecting nature, and overinforming it with poetry, he took delight in pursuing a joke; and the lowest scene of his in this way say more to men whose faculties are true about them, and who prefer enjoyment to criticism, than the most doting of commentators can find out. They are instances of his animal spirits,—of his sociality,—of his passion for giving and receiving pleasure,—of his enjoyment of something wiser than wisdom.

The greatest favourites of Shakspeare are made to resemble himself in this peculiar. Hamlet, Mercutio, Touchstone, Jaques, Richard the Third, and Falstaff, "immortable Falstaff," are all men of wit and humour, modified according to their different temperaments or circumstances, some from health and spirits, others from sociality, others from contrast with their very melancholy. Indeed melancholy itself with the profoundest intellects, will rarely be found to be anything else than a sickly temperament, induced or otherwise, preying in its turn upon the disappointed sensations of pleasure, upon the contradiction of hope, which the world is not made to realize, though (let us never forget) it is made, as they themselves prove, to realize. Some of Shakspeare's characters, as Mercutio and Benedick, are almost entirely made up of wit and animal spirits, and delightful fellows they are; and ready, from their very taste, to perform the most serious and manly offices. Most of his women too have an abundance of natural vivacity. Desdemona herself is so pleasant of intercourse in every way, that upon the principle of the respectable marriages above-mentioned, the Moor, when he grows jealous, is tempted to think it a proof of

her want of honesty. But we must make Shakspeare speak for himself, or we shall not know how to be silent on this subject. What a description is that which he gives of a man of mirth,—of a mirth, too, which he has expressly stated to be within the limit of what is becoming? It is in *Love's Labour Lost*:—

> "A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withall.
> His eye begets occasion for his wit
> For every object that the one doth catch,
> The other turns to a mirth moving jest,
> Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
> Delivers in such apt and gracious words
> That aged ears play truant at his tales,
> And younger hearings are quite ravished,
> So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

We have been led into these reflections, partly to introduce the conclusion of the [illegible], partly from being very fond of a joke ourselves, [illegible] and partly from having present one most agreeable hour's the other evening with [illegible] company, the members of which had all [illegible] grave and disagreeable that [illegible] to confer, and yet from the [illegible] absence or to gentleness of both, were as lively and entertaining to each other as boys. Not one of them perhaps but had his cares, one or two, of no ordinary description; but what then? These are the moments, if we can take advantage of them, when sorrows are shared, even unconsciously,—moments, when melancholy intermits her fever, and hope takes a leap into enjoyment; when the pilgrim of life, if he cannot lay aside his burden, forgets it in meeting his fellows about a fountain, and soothes his weariness and his resolution with the sparkling sight, and the noise of the freshness

To come to our anticlimax, for such we are afraid it

must be called after all this grave sentiment and mention of authorities. The following dialogue is the substance of a joke (never meant for its present place) that was started the other day upon a late publication. The name of the book it is not necessary to mention, especially as it was pronounced to be one of the driest that had appeared for years. We cannot answer for the sentences being put to their proper speakers. The friends, whom we value most, happen to be great hunters in this way, and the reader may look upon the thing as a specimen of a joke run down, or of the sort of nonsense above mentioned; so that he will take due care how he professes not to relish it. We must also advertise him, that a proper quantity of giggling and laughter must be supposed to be interspersed, till towards the end it gradually becomes too great to go on with.

A. Did you ever see such a book?

B. Never, in all my life. Its as dry as a chip.

A. As a chip? A chip's a slice of orange to it.

B. Ay, or a wet sponge.

A. Or a cup in a currant tart.

B. Ah, ha, so it is. You feel as if you were fingering a brick-bat.

A. It makes you feel dust in the eyes.

B. It is impossible to shed a tear over it. The lachrymal organs are dried up.

A. If you shut it hastily, it is like clapping together a pair of fresh-cleaned gloves.

B. Before you have got far in it, you get up to look at your tongue in a glass

A. It absolutely makes you thirsty

B. Yes. If you take it up at breakfast, you drink four cups instead of two.

A. At page 30 you call for beer.

B. They say it is what a Reviewer take to drinking.

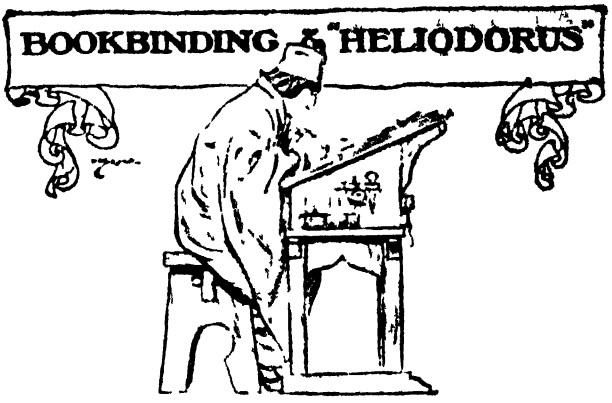
A. They have it lying on the table at inns to make you

drink double. The landlord says, "A new book, Sir," and goes out to order two neguses.

B. It dries up everything so, it has ruined the draining business.

A. There is an Act of Parliament to forbid people's passing a vintner's with it in their pockets.

B. The Dutch subscribed for it to serve them instead of dykes.



A RAPTURE TO THE MEMORY OF MATHIAS CORVINUS, KING AND BOOKBINDER BOOKBINDING, GOOD AND BAD — ÆTHIOPICS OF HELIODORUS STRIKING ACCOUNT OF RAISING A DEAD BODY.

Glory be to the memory of Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary and Bohemia, son of the great Huniades, and binder of books in vellum and gold. He placed fifty thousand volumes, says Warton, "in a tower which he had erected in the metropolis of Buda, and in this library he established thirty amanuenses, skilled in painting, illuminating, and writing, who under the conduct of Felix Ragusinus, a Dalmatian, consummately learned in the Greek, Chaldaic, and Arabic languages, and an elegant designer and painter of ornaments on vellum, attended incessantly to the business of transcription and decoration. The librarian was Bartholomew Fontius, a learned Florentine, the writer of many philological books, and a professor of Greek and oratory at Florence. When Buda was taken by the Turks in the year 1526, Cardinal Bozmanni offered, for the redemption of this inestimable collection, two hundred thousand pieces of the imperial money: yet without effect; for the barbarous besiegers defaced or destroyed most of the

books, in the violence of seizing the splendid covers and the silver bosses and clasps with which they were enriched. The learned Obsopæus relates, that a book was brought him by an Hungarian soldier, which he had picked up with many others, in the pillage of King Corvino's library, and had preserved as a prize, merely because the covering retained some marks of gold and rich workmanship. This proved to be a manuscript of the Ethiopics of Heliodorus; from which in the year 1534, Obsopæus printed at Basil the first edition of that elegant Greek romance."[1]

Methinks we see this tower,—doubtless in a garden,—the windows overlooking it, together with the vineyards which produced the Tokay that his majesty drank while reading, agreeably to the notions of his brother book-worm, the King of Aragon. The transcribers and binders are at work in various apartments below; midway is a bath, with an orangery;—and up aloft, but not too high to be above the tops of the trees through which he looks over the vineyards towards his beloved Greece and Italy, in a room tapestried with some fair story of Atalanta or the Golden Fleece, sits the king in a chair-couch, his legs thrown up and his face shaded from the sun, reading one of the passages we are about to extract from the romance of Heliodorus,—some illumination in which casts up a light on his manly beard, tinging its black with tawny.

What a fellow!—Think of being king of the realms of Tokay, and having a library of fifty thousand volumes in vellum and gold, with thirty people constantly beneath you, copying, painting, and illuminating, and every day sending you up a fresh one to look at!

We were going to say, that Dr Dibdin should have existed in those days, and been his majesty's chaplain, or his confessor. But we doubt whether he could have borne the bliss. (*Vide* his ecstasies, *passim*, on the charms of

[1] *History of English Poetry*, Edition of 1840, Vol II. p. 552

vellums, tall copies, and blind tooling.) Yet, as confessor and patron, they would admirably have suited. The doctor would have continually absolved the king from the sin of thinking of his next box of books during sermon-time, or looking at the pictures in his missal instead of reading it; and the king would have been always bestowing benefices on the doctor, till the latter began to think he needed absolution himself.

Not being a King of Hungary, nor rich, nor having a confessor to absolve us from sins of expenditure, how lucky is it that we can take delight in books whose outsides are of the homeliest description! How willing are we to waive the grandeur of outlay! how contented to pay for some precious volume a shilling instead of two pounds ten! Bind we would, if we could: there is no doubt of that. We should have liked to challenge the majesty of Hungary to a bout at bookbinding, and seen which would have ordered the most intense and ravishing *legatura*; something, at which De Seuil, or Grolier himself, should have

"Sigh'd, and look'd, and sigh'd again",—

something that would have made him own, that there was nothing between it and an angel's wing. Meantime, nothing comes amiss to us but dirt, or tatters, or cold, plain, calf, *school* binding, a thing which we hate for its insipidity and formality, and for its attempting to do the business as cheaply and *usefully* as possible, with no regard to the liberality and picturesqueness befitting the cultivators of the generous infant mind.

Keep from our sight all *Selectæ e Profanis*, and *Enfield's Speakers*, bound in this manner; and especially all Ovids, and all *Excerpta* from the Greek. We would as lief see Ovid come to life in the dress of a Quaker, or Theocritus serving in a stationer's shop. (See the horrid, impossible dreams, which such incoherences excite!) Arithmetical

books are not so bad in it; and it does very well for the *Gaugeur's Vade Mecum*, or tall thin copies of *Logarithms*; but for anything poetical, or of a handsome universality like the grass or the skies, we would as soon see a flower white-washed, or an arbour fit for an angel converted into a pew.

But to come to the book before us. See what an advantage the poor reader of modern times possesses over the royal collector of those ages, who doubtless got his manuscript of Heliodorus's romance at a cost and trouble proportionate to the splendour he bestowed on its binding. An "argosie" brought it him from Greece or Italy, at a price rated by some Jew of Malta; or else his father got it with battle and murder out of some Greek ransom of a Turk; whereas we bought our copy at a bookstall in Little Chelsea for *tenpence*! To be sure it is not in the original language; nor did we ever read it in that language; neither is the translation, for the most part, a good one, and it is execrably printed. It is "done," half by a "person of quality," and half by Nahum Tate. There are symptoms of its being translated from an Italian version; and perhaps the good bits come out of an older English one, mentioned by Warton.

The *Æthiopics* or *Ethiopian History* of Heliodorus, otherwise called the *Adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea*, is a romance written in the decline of the Roman Empire by an Asiatic Greek of that name, who boasted to be descended from the sun (Heliodorus is sun-given), and who afterwards became Christian bishop of Tricca in Thessaly. It is said (but the story is apocryphal) that a synod, thinking the danger of a love romance aggravated by this elevation to the mitre, required of the author that he should give up either his book or his bishopric; and that he chose to do the latter; —a story so good that it is a pity one must doubt it. The merits and defects of the

work have been stated at length by Mr Dunlop,[1] apparently with great judgment. They may be briefly summed up, as consisting, the defects, in want of character and probability, sameness of vicissitude and inartificiality of ordonnance, the merits, in an interesting and gradual development of the story, variety and vivacity of description, elegance of style, and one good character,—that of the heroine, who is indeed very charming, being "endued with great strength of mind, united to a delicacy of feeling, and an address which turns every situation to the best advantage." The work also abounds in curious local accounts of Egypt, and of the customs of the time, interesting to an antiquary

The impression produced upon our own mind after reading the version before us, accorded with Mr Dunlop's criticism, and was a feeling betwixt confusion and delight, as if we had been witnessing the adventures of a sort of Grecian Harlequin and Columbine, perpetually running in and out of the stage, accompanied by an old gentleman, and pursued by thieves and murderers The incidents are most gratuitous, but often beautifully described, and so are the persons; and the work has been such a general favourite, that the subsequent Greek romancers copied it; the old French school of romance arose of it, it has been used by Spenser, Tasso, and Guarini, imitated by Sydney in his *Arcadia*; painted from by Raphael, and succeeding romancers, with Sir Walter Scott for the climax, have adopted from it the striking and picturesque nature of their exordiums.

The following is one of the two subjects chosen by Raphael, a description of a love at first sight, painted with equal force and delicacy. A sacrificial rite is being performed, at which the hero of the story first meets with the heroine.—

"This he said, and began to make the offering; while

[1] *History of Fiction*, Second edition, Vol I p. 30.

Theagenes took the torch from the hands of Charicles. Sure, Knemon, that the soul is a divine thing, and allied to the superior nature, we know by its operations and functions. As soon as these two beheld each other, their souls, as if acquainted at first sight, pressed to meet their equals in worth and beauty. At first they remained amazed and without motion; at length, though slowly, Charicles gave, and he received the torch, so fixing their eyes on one another, as if they had been calling to remembrance where they had met before, then they smiled, but so stealingly, as it could hardly be perceived, but a little in their eyes, and as ashamed, they hid away the motions of joy with blushes, and again, when affection (as I imagine) had engaged their hearts, they grew pale" p. 109.

But what we chiefly wrote this article for, was to lay before the reader a most striking description of a witch raising the dead body of her son, to ask it unlawful questions. The heroine and her guardian, who are resting in a cave to which the hag has conducted them while benighted, become involuntary witnesses of the scene, which is painted with a vigour worthy of Spenser or Julio Romano. The old wretch, bent on her unhallowed purposes, forcing the body to stand upright, and leaping about a pit and a fire with a naked sword in her hand and a bloody arm, presents a rare image of withered and feeble wickedness, made potent by will. —

"Charicles sat down in another corner of the cell, the moon then rising and lightening all without. Calasiris fell into a fast sleep, being tired at once with age and the long journey. Charicles, kept awake with care, became spectator of a most horrid scene, though usual among those people. For the woman supposing herself to be alone, and not likely to be interrupted, nor so much as to be seen by any person, fell to her work. In the first place she digged a pit in the

earth, and then made a fire on each side thereof, placing the body of her son between the two pyres; then taking a pitcher from off a three-legged stool that stood by, she poured it once into the pit, milk out of a second, and so out of a third, as if she had been doing sacrifice. Then taking a piece of dough, formed into the likeness of a man, crowned with laurel and bdellium, she cast it into the pit. After this, she took a sword that lay in the field, *with more than Bacchanal fury* (wild raving herself to the moon in many strange terms) she launched her arm, and with a branch of laurel bedewed with her blood, she besprinkled the fire: with many other odd and ridiculous ceremonies. *Then having herself to the dead person, whispering in his ear*, she awakened him, and by the force of her charms, *made him to stand upright*. Charicles, who had hitherto looked on with full great fear, was now astonished; wherefore she waked Calasiris to be likewise spectator of what was done. They stood unseen themselves, but plainly beheld, by the light of the moon and fire, where the business was performed; and by reason of the little distance, heard the discourse, the beldam now beseeching her son *in a louder voice*. The question which she asked him was, if her son, who was yet living, should return safe home? To this he answered nothing, only nodding his head, gave her doubtful conjectures of his success; and therewith fell flat upon his face. She turned the body with the face upwards, and again repeating her question, *but with much greater violence* uttering many incantations; and *leaping up and down with the sword in her hand*, turning sometimes to the fire, and then to the pit, she once more awakened him, and setting him upright, urged him to answer her in plain words, and no doubtful signs. In the meantime Charicles desired Calasiris, that they might go nearer, and inquire of the old woman about Theagenes: but he refused, affirming that the spectacle was impious; that it was not decent for any person of priestly office to be present,

much less delighted with such performances, that prayers and lawful sacrifices were their business; and not with impure rites and inquiries of death, as that Egyptian did, of which mischance had made us spectators. While he was thus speaking, the dead person made answer, with a *hollow and dreadful tone*: '*At first I spared you, mother* (said he), and suffered your transgressing against human nature and the laws of destiny, and by charms and witchcraft disturbing those things which should rest inviolated. for even the dead retain a reverence towards their parents, as much as is possible for them; but since you exceed all bounds, being not content with the wicked action you began, nor satisfied with raising me up to give you signs, but also force *me, a dead body to speak*, neglecting my sepulture, and keeping me from the mansion of departed souls. *hear those things which at first I was afraid to acquaint you withal.* Neither your son shall return alive, nor shall yourself escape that death by the sword, which is due to your crimes, but conclude that life in a short time, which you have spent in wicked practices: forasmuch as you have not only done these things alone, but made other persons spectators of these dreadful mysteries that were so concealed in outward silence, acquainting them with the affairs and fortunes of the dead. One of them is a priest, which makes it more tolerable, who knows by his wisdom, that such things are not to be divulged; a person dear to the Gods, who shall with his arrival prevent the duel of his sons prepared for combat, and compose their difference. But that which is more grievous is, that a virgin has been spectator of all that has been done, and heard what was said: a virgin and lover, that has wandered through countries in search of her betrothed; with whom, after infinite labours and dangers, she shall arrive at the outmost part of the earth, and live in royal state.' Having thus said, he again fell prostrate. The hag being sensible who were the spectators, *armed as she was with a sword, in a*

rage sought them amongst the dead bodies where she thought they lay concealed, to kill them, as persons who had invaded her, and crossed the operation of her charms. While she was thus employed, she struck her groin upon the splinter of a spear that stuck in the ground, by which she died; immediately fulfilling the prophecy of her son."

This surely is a very striking fiction We recommend the whole work to the lovers of old books; and must not forget to notice the pleasant surprise expressed by Warton at the supposed difference of fortune between its author who lost a bishopric by writing it, and Amyot, the Frenchman, who was rewarded with an abbey for translating it. Amyot himself afterwards became a bishop. We may add, as a pleasant coincidence, that it was one of Amyot's pupils and benefactors, Henry the Second, who gave a bishopric to the lively Italian novelist, Bandello Books were books in those days, not batches, by the baker's dozen, turned out every morning, and the gayest of writers were held in serious estimation accordingly.



A TREATISE ON DEVILS

It is much easier to conceive a good spirit than a bad one, not only because the latter is useless and his sufferings absurd (nature refusing to allow of suffering beyond a certain pitch, and no infliction of ill warranting or making reasonable a further and worse infliction, except for the good of all parties), but because malignity, which is a devil's characteristic, and which is understood to mean the love of

injuring another for the injury's sake, is found, upon a due knowledge of evil and its causes, to be a thing altogether fictitious and impossible. The worst of men does not injure another because, abstractedly, he would do him a mischief, but in order to get rid of some pressure of evil upon himself. Take the envious man, the revengeful, the murderer for the sake of gain, or what seems worst of all, the murderer for the sake of murder and, tracing the causes of his offence with a humane and a thoughtful eye, we shall find that it is out of some imaginary disadvantage, some sense of infelicity or inequality, or some morbid want of excitement, frightening the poor inconsiderate wretch himself even more than he frightens others, that induces him, under the notion or the impulse of procuring relief to his own desires, to thrust his evil upon the head of another. And the worse and more wicked we could suppose a creature to be, the more (not to speak it profanely) would be his excuse, because the more dreadful would be the disadvantage under which he lay, the more tormenting his infelicity, and the more grievous (if it could never be made smooth for him) his wrong. Pain, like a heap of brambles, shows us our departure from a right path; and melancholy it seems that pain should be necessary, even supposing it to exist only in the younger period or first renewals of a world, after some catastrophe interrupting its bliss, and before the new wilderness can be cleared; but as all evils are not so evil as we suppose them, so we know from all that we *can* know (and nothing gives us a right to pronounce further, especially in contumely of what is good) that the worst evils are fugitive, and the greatest crimes are mistakes. For all these reasons (the world feeling them more and more as it grows enlightened), there comes up by degrees a suspicion that it is better to say as little as possible, in a serious way, of such anomalies as devils:—in a little while people are allowed to doubt them, then to

laugh at them, and finally, except among the grossly ignorant or superstitious, devils remain at subjects for nothing but jests, and caricature, and the voluntary gravity of the black-lettered.

As to those writers and others, who continue to preach a doctrine which they despise, out of a notion that the delusion is necessary to mankind, that men are so wicked as to require terrors to keep them in awe, and other half reasonings of that sort, it is a great presumption in them, in the first place, to assume a privilege of exemption from those duties of veracity to which they would fain tie the rest of the world; and, secondly, they harm their own natures by it, and maintain themselves in an ill opinion of the world in which they take themselves to be the wisest persons. They rule it (as they think) by falsehood, and yet are weak enough to lament that it is so bad and false as it is, and a "vale of tears." Now, the world is neither so bad nor so unhappy as many suppose it, though, assuredly, there is sorrow enough in it to make us desirous to wipe the tears out of its eyes; but this is not to be done by the use of the very falsehood we lament, by adding to what is already evil in the world, melancholy and perplexing ideas of things beyond it, and all this at a time when, the delusion being discovered, the sword is given for its destruction. As men, let us think none of us exempt from the virtues and sincerity of men; nor, by taking ourselves for the gods of the foolish, imagine we must have devils to keep the peace for us. Truth will do very well without them, if we suffer it to take its course. Are we to suppose ourselves better and wiser than all which it may find out for us? Who has given us the clew to discover *that?*

With regard to the existence of one supreme devil, or conscious and wilful Principle of Evil (which has been doubted by the most orthodox, upon a due consideration of

texts and Scripture),[1] it is not only contradictory to the received opinions respecting the omnipotence and beneficence of the Deity, but is a superfluity in common reasoning; for as it is a maxim in logic, that when anything can be accounted for on one principle, it need not have recourse to another, and as it ought equally, to be a maxim in common-sense to choose the more agreeable principle of the two, it is much better to refer the origin of evil to that inert and insensible part of matter of which Plato speaks, and the hardness of which causes a difficulty in the working it, than to set up, for the amusement of sluggish imaginations, the terrors of feeble ones, and the poor views of the worldly, a gratuitous malignant spirit, equally absurd whether we consider the attributes of God or the necessities of common reason. And herein the celebrated living writer, who is as delightful in fiction as he appears shallow in philosophy, and who has addressed a book to a little child in which he condescends to preach the horrible doctrine of hell torments, ought, we think, to have a deep

[1] As in the very word *devil*, which is a translation of the Testament is assumed to be the meaning of the Greek word *diabolos*, though the letters signify an *accuser*, and admirably fit the passage in that sense. For instance: "Be sober, be vigilant," says the Apostle, "for your adversary the *accuser* walks about, seeking whom he may accuse." What could be better than this construction, or more natural in addressing a letter to an infant community, bound to keep their good behaviour? and why should the word be translated *devil*? So in the famous passage in Isaiah, where the King of Babylon is so nobly apostrophised under the title of Lucifer, or the light bringer son of the morning. Why should this be tortured into a prophecy of the devil, and the morning star be made synonymous with an imaginary infernal being? It appears to us that a book written expressly on the subject, with the proper requisites of learning and philosophy, might now settle the pretensions of this infernal personage forever. We should envy the composer of such a work, and would do our utmost to secure his benefaction to mankind.

sense of his shame and humiliation: for it is either a great weakness in him or a great insincerity. He says, in the preface to one of his novels, with an escape of cunning, brought upon him by the mortified vanity of a failure, that he will never go counter to public opinion; or, to use his own words, will never "sail against the stream." We need not say whether it is becoming in a man of genius to talk in this manner, for whatever reason; but it is one thing not to sail against the stream, and another to go down with it in the company of the small craft of ignorance and hypocrisy. Imagination, however, carries a blessing with it in its own despite; and the magic vessel, in this instance, while the captain is thinking of nothing but the flag he has hoisted in favour of old prejudices, has a stock of humanities on board that shall still benefit the world.

It hardly need be observed, at this time of day, that Milton's devil is no real devil, any more than his divinity is really divine. The divine things in *Paradise Lost* are the poetry and the humanity. As far as his devil partakes of these, the devil himself becomes divine, and as far as his Deity wants them, we feel that nothing can be flatter or more ungodly. Milton laughed at the vulgar idea of the devil, and disdained to degrade his fallen Archangel into horns and a tail. Had he delayed writing his poem some years longer, there is reason to believe that he would have disdained to degrade his Deity into a "school divine" and a sorry tyrant,[1] or to think that spirits in a state of perfect bliss and virtue could fall.[2] Such a god is not the natural

[1] "And God the Father turns a school divine." Pope

[2] "What to me is more wonderful," says the author of Robinson Crusoe, "and which, I think, will be very ill accounted for, is: How came seeds of crime to rise in the angelic nature, created in a state of perfect, unspotted holiness? How was it first found in a place where no unclean thing can enter? How

God of a great poet, and from some remarkable evidences, not only in his later works, but that transpired on proving of his will, it appears certain that he retired more and more from the vulgarities that had been palmed upon his infancy into the sacred recesses of his own thought, and found there no longer an unworthy deity. He had "edified" a chapel to himself,[1] and the music of his own organ now ascended into a nobler sky, giving to his sightless eyeballs a right to look tranquil

No, the only genuine devil now extant is the proper old woman's devil, with horns and a tail, and he begins exceedingly

"To ply his mediæval fire"

The old women themselves desert him. He loses his believers by wholesale, is a very sorry and poor devil, and people quote Burns, and wish him out of his durance. Formerly he was identified with emperors and archangels, he was called the Prince of the Air, he had all the spirits of the terrestrial world given him for subjects, the whole Pagan mythology was turned over to him, and when gods were forgotten, devils were made out of the furies. He is now "himself alone, deprived of his property, like Job, and sits amidst the ashes of his ruin in shabby misery. He

came amidst men pure and envy to generate here? Could there be offence where there was no crime? Could untainted purity breed corruption? Could that nature contaminate and infect which was always drinking in principles of perfection?

Happy it is for me that writing the history not solving the difficulties of Satan's affairs is my province in this work: that I am to relate facts not give reasons for them assign causes if it was otherwise I should break off at this difficulty for I acknowledge I do not see through it neither do I think that the great Milton after all his fine images and lofty excursions upon the subject has left it one jot clearer than he found it.—*History of the Devil*, p. 41, edit. 1727.

[1] "A little wyle
There was an hy chappel edifyde"—SPENSER

has lost even his power to joke, which was one of the ghastliest things about him. He no longer laughs, and says, *Ho! Ho!* like another Henry the Eighth. He has nothing to say it for. If he is still black as a coal, with talons and saucer eyes, he is also lean as a rake; no longer fat, as when he used to have those delicious dinners with the old wives, like a favoured Methodist parson. His talons are of no use to him but to serve him like Job's; and his saucer eyes now, indeed, for the first time,

"Witness huge affliction and dismay,"

rolling about like a starved owl's in a trap, who has been caught there at noonday.

Formerly he and his ministers were everywhere round about us, tempting us to ill, doing us all sorts of mischief, and laughing at it, and now and then raising storms of wind and rain, and thunder and lightning (which, not having been to school, they did not know were good things for us). The powers granted him were no less prodigious than odd. If you wished anything at the devil, he took it. He disputed possession of you with your good angel; and a silly old woman, in whom indigestion confounded dreaming with waking, and who went flying on the wings of her head vapours, had the power of making him a present of an immortal soul. What is more extraordinary, and shows us the danger of giving an inch of ground to assumptions and things unproved, is, that old women, both male and female, having much to do with education, they habituated some of the most exalted understandings to believe in these rascalities of superstition, and we should infallibly have all believed in them to this day had not the excess of the demand upon their credulity in some other matters roused men of spirit and genius to vindicate the invaluable right of doubting and inquiring, some of them (Luther for one) being all the while fastened with the grossest chains of superstition by

the one hand, while they wrote against them triumphantly with the other. Let us be modest when we think of these things, but do not let us prove our modesty by adhering to errors upon which we have been enlightened. Let us reflect, rather, upon how many points we may still be mistaken, and resolve to carry on the good work of improvement in which those illustrious men set us so noble an example.

We lay before our readers some amusing extracts from an old writer, both serious and comic, which will show them what was thought of devils by the contemporaries of Shakspeare. Not that *he* believed in any such nonsense, though he knew how to turn the poetical parts of it to account, and in matters of speculation, as well as practice, was doubtless the most undogmatical of men. He and the other great poets of that time were accused of being exceedingly sceptical, and there is evidence in them to show that, in a proper sense of the word, the opinion was true. We do not make an exception of old Heywood, who was author of some beautiful simple dramas, and from whom the chief number of extracts are taken; for though a touching writer he was little of a poet. He had great feeling, but no imagination, and it is not paradoxical to affirm that if he had finer eyes for fiction, he would have seen further into truth. And so it is, *vice versâ*, of the mechanical philosophers. But to the passages in question. The first is very ghastly, on account of the quiet familiarity of shape in which the alleged devil makes her *entrée*. This is a great secret in horrid stories.

"In the easterne part of Russia," saith Heywood, "about harvest time, a spirit was seen to walk at midday, like a sad, mourning widow, and whosoever she met, if they did not instantly fall on their knees to adore her, they could not part with her without a leg or an arm broken, or some other as great mischief."—*Hierarchie of Angels.*

The chief of these noon-devils, according to the Rabbis, is a very singular personage. He has a head like that of a calf, with a horn shooting out of his forehead; is all over ox's hair, full of eyes, and *rolls along like a tub*.[1] We shall take this opportunity of observing that, according to the Jews, all male devils have plenty of hair on their heads, while, on the contrary, female devils are bald. This is the reason, they say, why Boaz laid his hand on the head of Ruth. It was in order to assure himself that he had not a female devil in his chamber.[2] With us the shock would be great, but we should certainly acquit the lady of enchantment. No Christian would say, "Fie, you little devil!" to a girl with a bald head.

A Story out of Niderius.

"Niderius telleth this story: In the borders of the kingdom of Bohemia lieth a valley, in which divers nights together was heard clattering of armour and clamours of men, as two armies had met together in picht battel. Two knights that inhabited near unto this prodigious place agreed to arm themselves and discover the secrets of this invisible army. The night was appointed, and, accommodated at all assayes, they rode to the place, where they might descry two battels ready ordered for present skirmish; they could easily distinguish the colours and prevant liveries of every company; but drawing neere, the one (whose courage began to relent) told the other that he had seene sufficient for his part, and thought it good not to dally with such prodigies; wherefore, further than he was, he would not go. The other called him coward, and prickt on towards the armies, from one of which a horseman came forth, fought with him, and cut off his head. At which sight the other fled, and told the sight the next morning. A great confluence of

[1] *Rabbinical Literature*, vol. ii. p. 118. [2] Id., p. 104

people, searching for the body, found it in one place, and the head in another; but neither could discern the footing of horse or man, only the print of birds' feet, and those in miry places." *Hierarchie of Angels.*

This reminds us of the Tempter's Feast, in Milton, which vanishes,

"With a noise of Harpies' wings and talons heard."[1]

Birds' and goats' feet were thought to be unalterable accompaniments of devils, and rendered the boldest of them coy in their extremities.

The following illustration, out of Heywood, of the promptitude of devils to avail themselves of any expression in their favour is one of the best stories about them we ever read. The reason is, that it is domestic, and touches upon the affections. The peril of the innocent and unconscious child in the hands of the swarthy visitors, furnishes a striking picture of contrast.

The Black Dinner.

"In Silesia, a nobleman having invited many guests to dinner, and prepared a liberal and costly feast for their entertainment, when all things were in great forwardness, instead of his friends whom he expected, he only received excuses from them that they could not keep his appointment. Whereat the inviter, being horribly vexed, broke out into these words, saying, 'Since all these men have thus failed me, I wish that so many devils of hell would feast with me to-day, and eat up the victuals provided for them', and so in a great rage left the house, and went to church, where was that day a sermon his attention to

[1] *Paradise Regained*, Book II., v. 403. Warton observes upon this passage, "that the sound of the wings and talons is much finer than if the harpies had been seen, because the imagination is left at work, and the surprise is greater than if they had been mentioned before."

which having tooke away the greatest part of his choler, in the interim there arrived at his house a great troupe of horsemen, very blacke, and of extraordinary aspect and stature, who, alighting in the court, called to a groome to take their horses, and bade another servant run presently to his master and tell him his guests were come. The servant, amazed, runneth to church, and with that short breath and little sense he had left, delivers to his master what had happened. The lord calls to the preacher, and desiring him for that time to break off his sermon, and advise him by his ghostly counsel what was best to doe in so strict an exigent, hee persuades him, that all his servants should with what speed they can depart the house. In the mean time, they, with the whole congregation, come within view of the mansion, of which all his servants, as well men as maids, had with great affright delivered themselves, and for haste forgotten and left behind a young child, the nobleman's sonne, sleeping in his cradle. By this the devils were revelling in the dining-chamber, making a great noise, as if they had saluted and welcomed one another and looked through the casements, one with the head of a beare, another a wolfe, a third a cat, a fourth a tygre, etc., filling bowls and quaffing as if they had drunke to the master of the house. By this time the nobleman, seeing all his servants safe, began to remember his sonne, and asked them 'what had become of the child?' These words were scarce spoke, when one of the devils had him in his arms, and shewed him out of the window. The good man of the house at this sight being almost without life, spying an old faithful servant of his, fetched a deep sighe, and said, 'O me, what shall become of the infant!' The servant, seeing his master in that sad extasie, replied, 'Sir, by God's help I will enter the house, and fetch the childe out of the power of yon devils, or perish with him.' To whom the master said, 'God prosper thy attempt, and strengthen

thee in thy purpose.' Whereon, having taken a blessing from the priest, he enters the house, and coming into the next room where the devils were then rioting, he fell upon his knees, and commended himself to the protection of heaven. Then pressing in amongst them, he beheld them in their horrible shapes, some sitting, some walking, some standing. Then they all came about him at once, and asked him what business he had there. He, in a great sweat and agonie (yet resolved in his purpose), came to that spirit which held the infant, and said, 'In the name of God, deliver this child to me.' Who answered, 'No, but let thy master come and fetch him, who hath most interest in him.' The servant replied, 'I am come to do that office and service which God hath called me, by virtue of which, and by his power, loe, I seize upon the innocent: and snatching him from the divell, took him in his armes and carried him out of the roome. At which they clamoured and called after, 'Ho, thou knave, ho, thou knave, leave the childe to us, or we will teare thee in pieces.' But he, unterrified with their diabolical menaces, brought away the infant, and delivered it safe to the father. After some few daies the spirits left the house, and the lord re-entered into his antient possession. In this discourse is to be observed, with what familiaritie these familiar Spirits are ready to come, being invited." – *Hierarchie of Angels.*

Chaucer has a pleasant story to similar purpose, which is too long to repeat, but we cannot resist giving an abstract. A summoner (a bailiff of the ecclesiastical court) riding out on his vocation, overtakes a yeoman under the trees, in a green cloak, also on horseback. He bids him good-morrow, and the yeoman asks him whether he means to go far that day.

> "This sompnour him answered, and said, 'Nay:—
> Here, fast by,' quoth he, 'is mine intent
> To riden, for to raisen up a rent,

That longeth to my lord me dwery.'
'Ah! art thou then a bailiff?' quoth he
(He durst not, for very filth and sweat,
Say that he was a sompnour for shame),
'*De par Dieux*' quoth this yeoman, 'leve brother,
Thou art a bailiff and I am another.'

The two horsemen get sociable, and the summoner asks the yeoman where he lives, in order that he may know how to find him. The yeoman "in soft speech," tells him that he lives "far in the North Countree" (the supposed quarter of the devils): and adds, that he hopes to see him there shortly, and will give him such directions as he cannot possibly miss.

After comparing notes, and agreeing that it is idle to have a conscience, the sompnour, who is very curious, requests to know his fellow's name.

"This yeoman gan a little for to smile
'Brother,' quoth he, 'wilt thou that I thee tell?
I am a fiend, my name is Markeman,
And here I dwell, out by the Mareis fen,
To wot whether [illegible]"

"Benedicite!" cries the sompnour, "what say ye?" The frightened church officer recovers himself, and after some conversation, they agree to assist by one another in their callings. The yeoman is to take whatever people give to him; the summoner what he can get, and if there is an overplus on either side, they are to share.

They come into a town, where a carman is swearing at his horses for not getting on with a load of hay.

"Hait, Scot! hait, Brock! what, pardie for the nones!
The fiend quoth he you speed, both hay and bones
The devil have all, both horse, and cart, and hay."

The summoner wonders that his friend does not take the man at his word, and seize on the team; but the devil tells him that he does not mean what he says, as he will see presently.

"This carter thwacketh his horse upon the croup,
And they began to draw'r and to stoop,
Hoit, now! quoth he; there Jesus Christ you bless,
And all his handy work both more and less!
That was well twitch'd, mine own hard[1] boy.
I pray God save thy body, and Saint Eloy."

"There," said the devil, "you see!"—The companions quit the town, and arrive at the hut of a poor widow, against whom the summoner has a warrant. He agrees to compound the matter, if she will give him twelve pence (a good sum in those days): the poor woman protests that she could not raise such a sum in the whole world: the summoner gets enraged, says he will take away her "new pan," and calls her names: upon which the woman gets angry in turn, and wishes him at the devil.

"'I curse thee devil, rough and black of hue,
Give I thy body, and my pan also
And when the devil heard her curse so
Upon her knees, he said in this manner:
'Now Marjory mine own mother dear,
Is this your will in earnest that ye say?'
'The devil,' quoth she, 'so fetch him ere the day,
And pan and all but he will him repent.'
'Nay, old sow, that is not mine intent,'
Quoth he, 'for me, now I do to repenten me
For anything that I have had of thee
I would I had thy smock and every cloth.'
'Now brother,' quoth the devil, 'be not wroth:
Thy body and this pan be mine by right,
Thou shalt with me to hell yet to night,
Where thou shall knowen of our privity
More than a master of divinity.'
And with that word the foule fiend him hent:
Body and soule he with the devil went."

The devils formerly in request may be divided into ten classes: First, the old Oracular Devil, or Devil Pagan, who took upon himself to be Apollo or Jupiter, and is said

[1] Lisa, a name for a gray horse.

to have occupied the shrines of those deities; an opinion which good old Plutarch (who was, in fact, the Reverend Mr Plutarch, clergyman at Delphos) would have thought a blasphemy too horrible to be endured.

Second, the Devil Vagabond, just mentioned, who went about seeking what he might devour, from a summoner down to a sauce-pan. He has since turned out to be a common shoplifter or thief, that is, when he takes a sauce-pan; when he takes a summoner, he is an apoplexy.

Third, the Possessing Devil, or Devil of the Exorcist, who was fond of inhabiting people's bodies, and made himself famous among the nuns. This turned out to be the chaplain.

Fourth, the Amatory Devil, or Incubus, who partook of the nature of the second, and who, according to Chaucer, had disappeared in his time, being displaced by the Friar; at which period perhaps the word Incubus was first rendered Incumbent. He is still clerical sometimes, but oftener a layman; and may be seen haunting milliner's apprentices down Regent Street, in the likeness of a foolish youth, or standing at a tavern door, sly and stupid, eying the women's ankles as they pass. He is also the Nightmare.

Fifth, the Devil Grim, or General Devil, who appeared in a proper diabolical shape, or was at least black and swarthy, and often went in a company, as may be seen in the story of the Black Dinner. He has totally disappeared.

Sixth, the House Devil, or Devil Pranksome, with whom the Fairies were confounded. He was a minor kind of class the second, and contented himself with knocking and making a noise, displacing furniture, and making the good people "knowe not what to think." He has been discovered to be a maid-servant.

Seventh, the Wayside, or Out-of-Door Devil, also confounded with Fairies. He was a kind of Satyr. "They

r," quoth Burton, "in the high way side, to give men falls, and make their horses stumble and start as they ride (if you will believe the relation of that holy man Kentius, in Nubiensis, the Italian especially, are to see devils). If a man curse or spur his horse for stumbling, they do ... with man, such pretty feats"

... the Necromancer's or Astrologer's Devil, who ... explained the mysteries of the universe, ... and promised ... and power ... (to us the libellous ... these days) were ... mighty Dukes" and "Prince ... heads, and riding on horseback.

Ninth, the Attendant Devil, or Familiar, who was of

...

... power of the ... appeareth ... like ... He ... named ... and carry ... forth in the ... He is very familiar with ... hath ... Hare with a fiery tail ... everything ... forth in the similitude of a ... He sitteth on a ... form of a little horse ... Hare and others ... a great ... and barren *Berith* is a great and a terrible ... a hare



Caricature of the witch-mania [illegible]

var ous degree of rank, from the accomplished imp that waited on Faust, and Asmodeus, down to the cat of the old crone. See Goethe's and Marlowe's tragedies, and *The Witch of Moulton*.

Tenth and last, the Devil Proper, or devil himself, the Apollyon of John Bunyan. He was "the black man" of the nursery and the coal-hole, and used to be called upon to take away children or swallow them up.[1] To his friend,

[1] According to the author of *Mahu Mezzan*, and the remark of that crew says Scaliger, cited by Ley, of the word devil: "*Dia* is *Du* and *Bolus* is *Mors*: so wordly they gather, that the devil eateth up a man body and soul at two morsels." — *A Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits*, London, 1665.

the witches, he used to appear either as a satyr or sort of clergyman, in black clothes, very reverend, dressed as it were for the evening. But his proper establishment consisted of a tail with a sting to it, "horns on his head, fire in his mouth, eyes like a bason, fangs like a dog, claws like a bear, a skin like a *nigger*, and a voice roaring like a lion; whereby (quoth Reginald Scot), we start and are afraid when we hear one cry *Bu!*"[1] A facetious churchman, being asked why the devil took such a strange liking to old women, quoted a passage, in which it had been said of him, that he "loved to walk in dry places." Another wag, undertaking to show the people the devil himself, "to the satisfaction," as Swift terms it, "of the beholders," held out to them an *empty purse*! A fuller account of him has never been given. An Italian poet makes mention of a devil who dwelt in the smoke of roast meat[2]

[1] *Discovery of Witchcraft*, p. 385.

[2] Berni *Orlando innamorato* (Canto ii, st. 4). For a thorough knowledge of devils and all that has been said of them the curious reader may consult Cuperus on Hesiod, Hieron *De Præstigiis Dæmonum* Schelhorn's *Ralliana Literature*, the *Lives of the Saints*, and above all, Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, the title of which ought to be given at large to the honour of the writer who could produce such a work at a period so early, for it was printed in 1584. But the sapient Scotch monarch had not then come to England to encourage people to be as foolish and half witted as himself. Scot's book is entitled "The Discovery of Witchcraft, proving that the compacts and contracts of witches with devils and all infernal spirits or familiars are but erroneous novelties and imaginary conceptions &c. Wherein likewise the unchristian practices and inhumane dealings of searchers and witch tryers, upon aged, melancholy, and superstitious people in extorting confessions by terrors and tortures, and in devising false marks and symptoms, are notably detected and the knaveries of jugglers, conjurers, charmers soothsayers figure casters &c. fully opened and decyphered all which are very necessary to be known for the undeceiving of judges justices and jurors, before they pass sentence upon poor miserable and ignorant people: who are frequently consigned, condemned, and executed for witches and

Before the devil's existence was denied people began to perceive that considerable doubts might be entertained as to the extent of his operations, and how far King James and others had a right to palm upon him the offences of their "corrupted flesh." [1] We speak in courts of law of

wizards." It was avowedly to confute these "damnable opinions," as he calls them, that King James wrote his *Demono gie*. Reginald Scot was a learned and spirited English gentleman, one of the most worthy of that title that ever existed, and ought to be held in eternal honour by those who feel interested in the cause of humanity. Think of a king putting forth the strength of his authority amidst bowing courtiers and churchmen, in order to retain a superstition by which it has been calculated that *twenty thousand people were burnt in the course of one hundred and fifty years*; and then figure to yourself this gallant English gentleman whose book it is said was burnt by the hangman) declaiming in secret these attempts of the royal driveller, and looking forward to a time when his book would be quoted in favour of common sense and feeling, and with the gratitude of posterity. We should take care to bear the names of such men in golden preservation, for it is sometimes the lot of the most precious labours to become obsolete and unremembered by reason of the very good they have done us. We are too apt to fancy, that what is a commonplace to us, was the same to our benefactors.

[1] *Demonolo gie*, Book III, Chapter II. The King says that those who deny the power of a devil would likewise deny the power of God, if they could for shame; that is to say, those who deny the existence of the worst contradiction to good, must deny the power of the good itself: for such is really his argument. "Since a devil," he says, "is the very contrarie opposite to God, there can be no better way to know God than by the contrarie: as by the one's power (though a creature) to admire the power of the great Creator, by the falsehood of the one to consider the truth of the other; by the injustice of the one to consider the justice of the other, and by the cruelty of one to consider the mercifulness of the other, and so forth in all the rest of the essence of God, and qualities of the Divell." *Ib.*, Book II. Chapter VII. What contempt must Scot have felt for such logic as this! There is one point founded upon it that might have been granted to the king; viz., that by reading his book you may know by contraries what a book ought to be.

criminals being "moved and instigated by the devil", but nobody but a Methodist doubts nowadays that the real instigators are folly and bad education, or poverty, or disease. The sight of injustice is also a great instigation. Whitfield, in his Life, attributes his aberrations from virtue to the devil, who watched for him, he said, and "took his usual advantage," upon which Bishop Lavington observes, that the man was only exasperated at the devil's expence, and that Satan had reason to complain, and to look upon himself as an ill-used gentleman. To be serious, why should we set up an imaginary malignant being to warm our minds and our anger with, to learn how to hate and persecute in behalf of the very doctrines that protest against hatred and persecution, and to endanger a confusion in all our notions of justice, benevolence, and common sense? Sterne, in his *Tristram Shandy*, has copied a form of excommunication once in use against thieves and malefactors, and by which their eyes, limbs, and every particle of them, body and soul, were damned forever and ever in the name of all that was held sacred and good.[1]

[1] A translation is to be found in Scott, who proceeds to make the following remark. "This terrible curse with Bell Book, and Candle added to it, would most need work wonders: howbeit, among thieves it is not much weighed among wise and true men it is not well liked of: them that are robbed it brings oft small relief the priest's soul may well be cursed, but the goods stolen will never the sooner be restored. Hereby is bewrayed both the malice and folly of Popish Doctrine, whose uncharitable impiety is so impudently published and in such order uttered, as every sentence of opprobry uttered might be proved both heretical and diabolical. But I will answer this cruel prayer with another quite far more mild and civil performed as honest a man as he that made the other, whereof mention is lately made.

"So it was that a certain Sir John with some of his company, once went abroad a-setting, and in a moonlight evening robbed a miller's wear and stole all his eels. The poor miller made his moan to Sir John himself, who willed him to be quiet, for he

Dr Slop was employed to read it out loud; Uncle Toby whistled lillibullero all the while in ecstasy of astonishment; observing at one passage, "our armies swore terribly in Flanders, but nothing to this: for my own part I could not bear to treat and curse my dogs so!" Dr Slop continues: "May St John the Precursor, and St John the Baptist, and St Peter, and St Paul, and St Andrew, and all other Christ's Apostles, curse him. May the holy and worshipful company of martyrs and confessors, who by their holy works are found pleasing to God Almighty, curse him. May the holy choir of the Holy Virgin damn him. May all the saints who from the beginning of the world and everlasting ages are found to be beloved of God, damn him. May he be damned wherever he be, whether in the house or stables, the garden or the field, or the highway, or in the path, or in the wood, or in the water, or in the church. May he be cursed in living, in dying. May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body. May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly. May he be cursed in the hair of his head. May he be cursed in his brains, and in his vertex." (That is a sad curse, quoth my father.) "In his temples and in his forehead, in his ears, in his eyebrows, in his eyes, in his cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in his nostrils, in his arms, in his hands, in his fingers

"May he be damned in his mouth, in his breast, in his heart and purtenance down to the very stomach.

would so curse the thief and all his confederates, with Bell, Book, and Candle, that they should have small joy of their fish. And therefore the next Sunday sir John got him into the pulpit, with surplice on his back and his stole about his neck, and pronounced these following in the audience of the people:

"All you that stole the miller's Eels
Laudate Dominum de Cœlis,
And all they that consented thereto,
Benedicamus Domino

"Lo, (saith he,) there is sauce for your eels, my master."

"May he be cursed in all the joints and articulations of his members, from the top of his head to the soles of his foot. May there be no soundness in him.

"May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of his majesty" (here my Uncle Toby, throwing back his head, gave a monstrous long, loud *whew — w — w*, something betwixt the interjectional whistle of hey-day! and the word itself) "curse him," continued Dr Slop, "and may Heaven, with all the powers which move therein, rise up against him, curse and damn him, unless he repent, and make satisfaction. Amen. So be it, — so be it. Amen."

"I declare," quoth my Uncle Toby, "my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with so much bitterness."

"He is the father of curses," replied Dr Slop. "So am not I," replied my uncle. "But he is cursed, and damned already, to all eternity," replied Dr Slop.

"I am SORRY FOR IT," quoth my Uncle Toby.

"Dr Slop drew up his mouth, and was just beginning to return my Uncle Toby the compliment of his *whu w w*, or interjectional whistle, when the door hastily opening in the next chapter but one put an end to the affair." — *Tristram Shandy*, Book III. chap. xi.

But the affair was not put an end to. It has flourished, and brought forth good fruit. When people were led to consider that Jews had organs and dimensions like themselves, they first began not to loathe them, then they pitied them, and at last they did them justice. A similar process of reflection took place in behalf of birds and beasts: it was discovered that horses and dogs had limbs to be hurt, as well as ourselves, and it is now doubted by some whether we ought to shut in a cage a winged animal, whose region is the air. (By and by we shall begin to have commiseration for fish, and anglers will cease to think themselves the humanest of men.) At length the devil

himself was done justice to; and noble-hearted Burns finally wished him out of his coal-hole. So

"Fare you well, auld Nickie ben!
O wad ye tak a thought and mend!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
still hae a stake
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake!"

A FEW WORDS ON ANGELS

As we have said so much about Devils, we thought we could not complete these supernatural discussions better, nor leave off with a "pleasanter taste in the mouth," than by adding what we know of Angels. We hope it will prove like a dessert after the "hot dishes."

Angel comes from the Greek word Aggelos (pronounced Angelos), and signifies a messenger. Mercury in Hesiod is called the Angel of Jupiter. Any messenger, literally speaking, is an angel. A ticket-porter might write on his card, "Thomas Jones, Angel." A beautiful woman, coming to us with an errand of peace or joy, is literally, as well as metaphorically, an angel. But in modern language (and herein we desire to speak with a seriousness becoming the idea of "the sweet and loving angels," as Luther calls them[1]) the word signifies one of the multitudes of those winged spirits, who, according to the Jews and Christians, enjoy the beatitude of the divine presence, are eternally glorifying it with hymns and harpings, and are occasionally despatched to us on messages or with aid. Luther is of opinion, that while occupied in heaven, they are, nevertheless, fighting for us on earth;

[1] *Table Talk*

"for," says he, in his homely way, and with that vein of familiarity in his respect, which does not diminish the real reverence of enthusiasm, "the angels have long arms." But it has been the general opinion of the churches, that every man has a guardian angel assigned him, who helps him in his ways, encourages his virtues, and supplies proper trouble on occasion to turn him from his vice. This is the Good Demon of the Platonists; nor is it possible to make inquiry into the nature of the one spirit without hearing of the other.

Nothing is here meant to be insinuated against the existence of myriads of heavenly creatures. We have the same hope of their existence as we have of thousands of other things, good and lovely, and the same tendency to disbelieve in their useless opponents. But the most orthodox believers may, according to the divines, be too anxious and too peremptory on these points, and therefore we shall not follow them in their flights with St Dionysius, who pretended to draw up a peerage of the angelic noblesse. We shall not venture to say with the great poet (who, after all, made a bad business of it), —

> "Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed
> An earthly guest

neither shall we discuss with the churchmen whether angels have or have not bodies; whether they are always exercising their understandings; how long it would take them to come down from the ninth heaven, reckoning at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, or how many of them could dance on the point of a needle without jostling. A Jesuit, of the name of La Croix, informs us that a single angel whirls the heavens, and all the orbs go with it, at the rate of 26,000 German miles an hour.[1] We cannot take his word for it, and, indeed, the greater and more angelical

[1] *De Angelis in Systema Coelestium* chap. ii.

the hopes of mankind become, the less will they take people's words for anything, a dogma by its essence containing the principles of falsehood, which is the reason why so many fine ones come to nothing, and endanger the virtues they pretend to support.[1]

Yet, on reflection, we give a list of the alleged hierarchy of angels, and of some of their names. The poets, having made use of them, have rendered them a warrantable part of fiction; and there is a music in the sound. Milton, in the addresses of Satan, does not observe the due order of the hierarchy, which stands as follows —

The SERAPHIM	who excel in	love
CHERUBIM		knowledge
THRONES	. .	superiority to sin, and influence upon those below them
DOMINATIONS	. .	freedom of service and the regulation of the divine glory
VIRTUE	. .	execution of the divine will
POWERS		subjection of evil spirits
PRINCIPALITIES	in the	chief governors of the divine messengers
ARCHANGELS		chief messengers
ANGELS		messengers

These are the "trinal triplicities" of which Spenser talks; the whole hierarchy consisting of three classes, and every class of three sections. Upon the subject of their employment round the "throne" of the divine being, we would rather not dwell; our respect for the mystery of the Deity being too great, and not choosing to degrade it even to the heights of poetry. We may remark, however, that the placing Seraphim before Cherubim, or love before know-

[1] The learned reader need not be informed that the word *angel*, like a great many other words in Scripture, is capable of having other interpretations put upon it than that of a winged messenger from above. See a work entitled the *Oriental Missionary*

ledge, can hardly be thought unworthy of anything divine, and is a fine moral. The distinction of offices and faculties in these lists of angels is, it must be confessed, not always very distinct. It is not so in the one before us, and they differ in various authors.[1] Of the names of angels, the following comprise the most received and the most musical. There are four celebrated archangels:—

MICHAEL who is said to preside over the East Wind, and the Nations in that quarter.	
RAPHAEL	the West.
GABRIEL	the North.
URIEL	the South.

Whether by accident or system, this assignment of quarters is very suitable to the characters given to the respective archangels, Michael being the fierce and more dictatorial virtue, Raphael "the affable archangel," and Uriel the angel of the sun. It has been observed, on a similar ground, that the names of the two princes of painting, Raphael and Michael Angelo (the most visible angels ever possessed by the Romish Church, and very lucky ones for

[1] See Heywood's *Hierarchie of Angels*, a Treatise of Angels, by John Salkeld, London, 1613; *A Theologicall Discourse of Angels and their Ministeries*, by Benjamin Camfield, etc., and for matters relative to angels in general, consult also La Cerda, before mentioned, and a work entitled *Rabbinical Literature*, by the Rev. J. P. Stehelin, in 2 vols. 8vo, 1748. La Cerda contains a number of celestial anecdotes, and Mr Stehelin's work is a curious compilation of things fantastic, but, upon the whole, showing a kindliness of imagination which Christians would hardly expect from Jews, and which they would be more Christian in some points if they would imitate. The Jews, for instance, like our sect of Universalists, believe that the devils themselves may be saved. There is one very grand notion in this book. The Jews believe that there are three voices constantly going through the world, unheard of mortal ears: the *Voice of the globe of the sun*, the *Voice of the soul departing from the body*, and the *Voice of the murmuring of Rome*. This is the most magnificent idea of the Roman capital ever conceived.

her) were singularly expressive of their different qualities, as well as of the rank they held in their paradise. Corelli's name of Arcangelo was a like felicity; no musician, except Handel, touching forth a more angelical note than he did, with his air-drawn bow. Handel, in addition to this, fairly sets the angels floating, with his wafting symphonies; and, when he concludes, you lose their feet in heaven. Let the reader allow me to mention in this place, as no unsuitable one, the divine air of "Waft her, angels," and the still diviner one, "There were shepherds abiding in the fields," with its Raphaelesque recitative. Nothing can be simpler, more touching, more sincere. You are conscious of the innocent shepherds keeping their flocks in the cool night. Their very looks are painted in the artless notes, and the angels speak to them in a few others, equally simple and beautiful.

Other names of angels:

Hamabiel	Muon	Ophaniel
Ambriel	Malthidiel	Aram
Zamuel	Jeremiel	Zuriel and
Varchiel	Ariel	Muriel
Jurabatres		

"El" is a termination, denoting God. Thus, Uriel signifies the Light of God; Raphael, the Medicine of God,—the Celestial Healer. These and other angels were supposed to preside over the zodiac, the planets, the elements, etc., and indeed over everything that could be presided over, down to a weed in the grass. The Rabbis were of opinion that they made themselves bodies to appear in, out of the snow under the Throne of Glory, and that if they were absent from heaven seven days in succession they were unable to return.

It is not our intention to speak of the Fallen Angels or of their "Loves." It is much easier to conceive a loving than a fallen angel; but our present object is to describe the

happy winged spirit as he appears to the eye of innocence and imagination. Infants, when they smile without an apparent cause, are supposed to see angels. It is these whose faces we would behold.

Our guesses as to the nature of any being may be unlimited; but we can paint images of him only from what we know, and hence we draw happy spirits in the happiest human shape.

> "To whom the angel with a smile that glowed
> Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue" — Milton
>
> Her angel face
> As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
> And made a sunshine in the shady place." Spenser.
>
> "Occhi avea neri, e chioma crespa d'oro,
> Angel parea di quei del sommo coro" — Ariosto.
>
> "Black eyes he had, and sunny curls of hair,
> He seem'd an angel, newly from the air"

Ariosto's heroine, who is a personification of Beauty, is named Angelica. So we call a beautiful boy a cherub; and though sophisticate ladies may find fault with being called angels, and not think it very sincere, it is still one of the best and most natural appellations which the rapture of love can bestow on beauty and goodness.

Our friend the Jesuit, above quoted, makes mention indeed of old angels. He describes one, who appeared to the mother of St Ludgerus, and told her that she was about to be brought to bed of an archbishop.[1] This venerable anticipation looks as much like an old angel as anything well can; but still we cannot fancy an elderly seraph, or a cherub of two-and-sixty. Jesuits are famous for having odd notions of things divine. They are celebrated in particular for not understanding the exact limits of what may be feigned and what not: and accordingly, in our friend's

[1] Acta Sanctorum, chap. xlvii.

book we have a story of an angel, who imposed himself upon a farmer for one of his ploughmen, in order that the latter might cultivate his love of the truth at church.[1] Yet in the same book we have an account of another pious person, who, being extremely addicted to angels ("*adeo tutimus angelis*"), would never tell a lie, not even to save his life; that is to say, would not do what the angels would. The best story in La Cerda is one which Massinger made the ground of his Virgin Martyr. An extract or two from the tragedy we keep for the conclusion of this article, as the best part of it, and as boys keep the sunny side of their apple for the last relish. The angel proper, as the heralds would call him, is neither old nor false, but young, beautiful, ingenuous, rosy, bright, with wings, and a white vest. La Cerda gives us to understand (and here he is innocent enough) that he is "sometimes clothed in blue, rarely in purple." Some of the poets have made his wings to be put on and off at pleasure, and many have painted them as of gorgeous colour.

"Of silver wings he *wears* a shining pair
Fringed with gold unwearied nimbleness."—DRAYTON'S *Noah's Flood*.

Cowley, in the *Davideis*, is still more particular to this point, but the passage is in his worst style, and therefore must not be quoted. It is doubtful whether the word *wore* in the following passage of Milton does not imply the same thing. Speaking of Raphael, when he came down on his message to Adam, he says

"Six wings he *wore* to shade
His lineaments divine: the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament: the middle pair
Girt, like a starry zone, his waist, and round,
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in heaven: the third his feet

[1] La Cerda, chap. ii.

> Shadowed from either heel with feather'd mail,
> Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
> And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
> The circuit wide.'—*Par. Lost*, Book V.

Which last image is taken from a beautiful couplet of Fairfax, never to be too often repeated:—

> "On Lebanon at first he stays his feet,
> And shook his wings with rosy May dews wet."

Again, in the passage where Milton describes Satan in the likeness of a cherub,

> "And now a stripling cherub he appears
> Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
> Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
> Suitable grace diffused, so well he feigned
> Under a coronet, his flowing hair
> In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore
> Of many a coloured plume, sprinkled with gold,
> His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
> Before his decent steps a silver wand."

This description has been much admired; and indeed Milton cannot dilate into any description in which something admirable is not to be found. In gorgeousness of colour his angels are not to be surpassed; yet we cannot help thinking that there is something too princely, and conscious, and full-dressed: not native enough to the sweetness and simplicity of heaven. They do not announce themselves so much by the delightfulness of their presence as the dazzling of it, which is surely the inferior thing. It is doubtful whether Raphael has not too much *tail-coating*, and there is something in the "silver wand" which the youthful Cherub bears before him, which, to our minds is positively poor and in the way. Milton seems to have had a regard for a stick. He has given one to Satan to support his uneasy steps over the burning soil of Hell; and here he gives him another in heaven to look becoming with. Princes in those times

walked with a stick—perhaps the poet himself did, and he has, unquestionably shown more regard for the kingly character in heaven than he did on earth. His angelic notions are full of "regal ornament," of "coronets, and kingly state

> He rises from his state
> Inclined not

says he, speaking of Michael. But they have worse moral failures than these. To say nothing of the contradictions into which his story compelled him, and to sum up in one specimen all the faults to which polemics had rendered his divinity liable, what are we to think of his making his angels guilty of positive, gratuitous malignity. Satan, travelling towards earth, comes to a gate of heaven, on which is a staircase which descended from heaven

> The stairs were then let down,
> Whether to dare the fiend by easy ascent
> Or aggravate his wretched doom by being
> Hindered access from the thing he sought.
>
> B. III. 553

This is a piece of malignity more worthy of hell than heaven, if, indeed, hell could be imagined capable of it once being in a state of thousandfold agony, sorrow. In fact, this is the most material passage in *Paradise Lost*. Luckily, it is not to be taken, no fiend could be guilty of a mockery so inhuman, for there is, in reality, no such thing as malignity for its own sake. The most wilful inflicters of suffering are themselves in a state of suffering, which they think to alleviate by thrusting a part of it on others, and angels, having no suffering at all, would be the only true devils, if they would act as the poet's slip of the pen has here made them.

There is a pretty passage of an angel in Spenser, and there the heavenly creature is at his proper work—he is doing good. The poet has given him pied wings like a

jay, which is perhaps not so well. They would better have suited a Cupid. But the picture is in his happiest manner. It is attended with those circumstances of verisimilitude which make the most supernatural things appear natural. On turning to the passage, I find that Spenser has compared his angel to Cupid, and this too in a stanza which is the more displaced by reason of the very perfection of its paganism. It is as if Poussin had lumped together a Scripture piece and a Bacchanal. A pilgrim finds Guyon sleeping in "a shady delve," and somebody sitting by him.

> "Beside his head there sate a faire young man,
> Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
> Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
> And flourish faire, above his equall peares,
> His snowy front curled with golden heares
> Like Phœbus face adorned with sunny rayes,
> Divinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares,
> Decked with diverse plumes like painted jayes,
> Were fixed at his back, to cut his wayes."
>
> *Faerie Queen*, Book II. canto 8

There are the wings of Titian's Cupid, in the picture where his mother is blinding him. Perhaps it was a consciousness to that effect which led the poet into his comparison. We omit the latter as unsuitable; but we must not omit what follows. The stranger delivers up his charge to the pilgrim; and then, says the poet,

> "Eftsoones he gan display
> His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.
> The palmer seeing his left empty place,
> And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
> Waxe sore affraid, and standing still a space
> Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight."

Where the "blessed bird" goes to (as Dante calls him), we do not presume to say; nor what he does when he has ended his journey.

"What know we of the blest above
But that they sing, and that they love?"

says Waller. To say we know it, is to say a little too much; but to imagine it is reasonable enough, considering that singing and loving (provided they be genuine of their sort) are two of the highest pleasures on earth, and may be fancied to touch upon heaven. Milton has said some fine things about the loves of angels, to which we content ourselves with referring the reader. Taken out of their context, and of that "celestial colloquy sublime," we might do them an injustice. The angel, in this article of ours, may be said to become our property, as soon as we can descry him with earthly eyes, and no sooner; or we may fancy we hear before we see him.

"And now 'tis like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute."
Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*

We must humanize everything before we can love it. To fancy an angel rising in the east like a star, is making him too potent and gigantic. He must come near to us, and in our own shape; must be guarding innocence or consoling adversity, or suggesting wisdom and sweeter thoughts to those who fancy themselves wicked, or conversing with the glad eyes and inarticulate raptures of infancy; for infants, when smiling and babbling to themselves, are supposed to be talking with angels. Even those beautiful gorgeous wings, in which he is invested by the poets, hardly seem to be an apparel in which he is to *stay* with us. They are for a sudden vision, a *stoop* out of the lustre of heaven. It is remarkable that the painters have never given coloured wings to their angels. The temptation would seem to be great,—the palette looks like a wing ready made,—and yet they have not given way to it. No: *the* angel is the angel

of one's infancy, the blooming white-vested boy with the spotless wings; and thus is he painted by the Guidos and Correggios.

We think we see him now, looking out of one of their divine pictures, young, blooming, innocent, natural as unconscious perfection, beautiful as truth. He is a boy on a noble scale, but still human; and his large curls are tawny with the noons of Paradise.

An angel is the cloisterer of heaven, the page of martyrdom, the messenger from the home of mothers. He comes to the tears of the patient, and is in the blush of a noble anger. He kisses the hand that gives an alms. He talks to parents of their departed children, and smoothes the pillow of sickness, and supports the cheek of the prisoner against the wall, and is the knowledge and comfort which a heart has of itself when nobody else knows it, and is the playfellow of hope, and the lark of aspiration, and the lily in the dusk of adversity. All this we believe him, even should we hold his appearance to be a fable, and though we deny the letter of a thousand things out of which we would extricate the spirit; for wherever there is goodness and imagination, there of necessity are thoughts angelical, winged indestructible hopes. The dryest line of the geometer, if he knew all, were a ward of as much wonder as Prospero's; or if it were not so, Prospero's itself were none, and our most exalted aspirations would still be as warrantable as the earth we touch. If anything unwise could be unpardonable, the only fault not to be forgiven were dogmatism; and yet where could an angelical thought exist, and forgiveness not be discovered?

We conclude with the lovely scene out of Massinger. Drayton gives us to understand the angels converse in poetry. We know not how that may be; but if ever a blooming, angelical boy was visible in a book, and talked on paper, it is here.

ANGELO, an Angel, attends DOROTHEA as a Page ANGELO, DOROTHEA The time midnight.

Dor. My book and taper.

Ang. Here, most holy mistress.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is *Angel*,
And like that name thou art Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is oppress.

Ang. No, my dear lady I could weary stars
And force the wakeful moon to loose her eyes,
By my late watching but to wait on you.
When at your pray'rs you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm sing ng with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable to get hence,
For then you break his heart

Dor. Be nigh me still, then
In golden letters down I'll set that day,
Which gave thee to me Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself.
This little, pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the Temple, heard my beggar boy,
My sweet tac'd godly beggar boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand,
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought was filled with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting much higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before

Ang. Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant

Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents,
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father, for the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
Be not ashamed

Ang. I am not. I did never
Know who my mother was, but by yon palace,
Filled with bright heav'nly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heav'n, and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour glass spend his sand
No worse than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome
Dor. A blessed day!

We had a great mind to conclude with this scene, but there is another in the same play which presents us with so beautiful a picture of the angel,—somewhat between the gorgeousness of the poets in general and the simplicity of the painters, that we cannot resist copying it. Theophilus, the persecutor, who has been the cause of the martyrdom of Dorothea, and who is converted and becomes a martyr himself, is soliloquizing upon the torture he will wreak upon those who differ with him, when Angelo comes in with a basket of fruit and flowers. The Roman does not see him at first, and so continues talking.

Theoph. This Christian slut was well,
A pretty one—but let such horror follow

"This scene," says an excellent critic, "has beauties of so high an order, that with all my respect for Massinger, I did not think he had poetical enthusiasm capable of furnishing them. His associate Decker who wrote old Fortunatus, had poetry enough for anything. The very impurities which obtrude themselves among the sweet pieties of this play (like Satan among the sons of heaven, and which the brief scope of my plan fortunately enables me to leave out, have a strength of contrast, a raciness and a glow in them, which are above Massinger. They set off the religion of the rest, somehow, as Caliban serves to show Miranda."—*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* by Charles Lamb.

Thus it is that fine natures know how to turn fugitive or imaginary evil to account, instead of thinking themselves called upon to show that they can't think too much evil about it; as some critics have done, whom it were a poor thing to name in so sweet a place.

The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
Shall hear it, her foundation at the sound
May feel an earthquake How now! [*Music.*
Ang. Are you amazed, sir?
So great a Roman spirit, and doth it tremble?
Theoph. How cam'st thou in? To whom
Thy business?
Ang. To you:
I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody errand; you entreated,
That when she came in to that blessed garden
Whither she knew she went, and where now happy,
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that garden fruit, and flowers, which here,
To have her promise saved, are brought by me
Theoph. Cannot I see this garden?
Ang. Yes, if the master
Will give you entrance. [*He vanisheth.*
Theoph. 'Tis a tempting fruit—
And the most bright-cheeked child I ever viewed.
Sweet smelling, goodly fruit What flowers are these?
In Diocletian's gardens the most beauteous,
Compared with these, are weeds is it not February,
The second day she died? frost, ice, and snow,
Hang on the beard of winter where's the sun
That gilds the summer? Pretty, sweet boy, say,
In what country shall a man find this garden?
My delicate boy,—gone! vanished! Within there,
Julianus! Geta!

Enter Julianus and Geta.

Both. My Lord
Theoph. Are my gates shut?
Geta. And guarded.
Theoph. Saw you not a boy?
Jul. Where?
Theoph. Here he entered; a young lad;
A thousand blessings danced upon his eyes,
A smooth-faced, glorious thing, that brought this basket.
Geta. No, sir?
Theoph. Away—but be in reach, if my voice calls you
[*Exeunt*

We need not point out to our readers the "bright-cheeked child," the "smooth-faced glorious thing," that brings a basket,—a thousand blessings dancing upon his eyes; but we notice the words that we may enjoy them in their company. And so with this perfect taste of the angel and his Eden fruit, we conclude.



THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO LOVERS

We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland, but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes, they communed with one another, and shook their heads, but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small land-proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood, respectful-looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was that he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with the formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valour. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes, now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence,—the only deception she had ever used. Once

or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, to put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slowlier than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See! he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full front

towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward: Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him:—see at last! he is *on* the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won: he has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron pursues to his horse, the crowd following him. Half-way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind. "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed!"

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down, they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron:- "Sir, they are dead!"

SPRING

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields, beloved in vain! GRAY

Hail, beautiful season! all, return of the green leaves! hail, violets, daisies and buttercups! hail, blue sky; and

ye, white little silver clouds, "gay creatures of the elements," the posterity of your turbid sires of winter time!

Hail, moreover, ye evidences of spring, even in cities! Hail, green in the windows, and on the ladies' caps! Hail, coats instead of great-coats! Hail, beaux and other butterflies! Hail, the leaving off of fires; provided, dear fires, among my countrymen, ye are left off! Great encroachers upon summer time are ye; mighty disputers of the sunshine with May and June!

There is a tendency all over the temperate part of Europe to anticipate the beauties of spring, to fancy the season more forward than it is, or to complain that it is otherwise. I find this in Italy as well as in England. Horace Walpole said that it was the fashion to say there was no winter in Italy. There is certainly a winter sharp enough to startle foreigners; and the spring in Tuscany is far from premature. I have not found the weather in either season different from what Horace says of the snows in winter, and Virgil of the stormy showers in spring. The *Primavera*, or spring of the Italian poets, disappoints expectation as much as the Aprils and Mays described by our own. *Primavera* comes in March, and is properly the first part of the vernal season, the *ver primum* of the Latins. The blossom issues forth on the trees, the cranes are seen travelling in the sky, the hedges are lively with violets and periwinkles; but it is not a season warranting what the poets say of it, and warming the blood. Cold winds prevail, as with us; the snows, lingering on the mountains, embitter them, and the rains are violent. April commences the true poetical spring, and May is spring confirmed, the real season of the "*novelli amori*," the May of the British poets. Whether the seasons alter from time to time in different parts of the world is a point contested. Most likely they do. But,

for a long time past, the May of our poets is rather June, and very often the middle and end of June rather than the beginning. For many years it has been common to have fires as late as the old King's birthday, the 4th of June. What we call spring is indeed *spring*, literally speaking; and a very beautiful idea the word gives us. The *ver* of the ancients appears to have meant the rising of the sap. Our Saxon term is more lively and visible. It is not merely the life, but the leaping of the season; the gladness of its pulse. And yet the vivacity belongs rather to nature than to us. We have not got rid enough of our colds and clothings.

If the season is very fine indeed, the true time of enjoyment in England is the one that Thomson has selected for his Bower of Indolence,—

> A season atween June and May,
> Half prankt with spring, with summer half embrown'd."

When the spring came this year in Tuscany, it was a great pleasure to me to see the corn, vine and oil, all preparing to flourish together, for the fields are nothing else. What are meadows and cornfields in England, are orchards full of olives and vines in Tuscany, with the corn growing betwixt them. The green corn running in close stripes among the olive trees, and the preparations for the budding of the vines, it being the custom here to make trellises of reed-work, really elegant in many parts of the hedges,—furnish a lively spectacle. But spring, as well as winter, made me think of home. I put on my cap and pitched myself in those delicious fields, all over daisies and buttercups, which go sloping from Hampstead to West End and Kilburn, fields, the representatives of thousands of others all over England, and in which I would rather take a walk "atween June and May" than in the divinest spot recorded by the divinest of southern poets. It is common with persons in

love to fancy that everybody must be happy who lives in the society of the object of their attachment. In the same manner, when I am compelled to forego the privileges of my Cap, and confine myself to within, without enjoying (which is sometimes the case), I cannot help envying the reader for his power to go into the places I write of. I say to myself, "Now somebody will take it into his head to go and look at those fields, or he will go and look at those he is more acquainted with, or he will, or he can, go into some English field or other rich with grass and powdered with flowers. He will see the hedges, he will see the elms and oaks (there are no elms and oaks here). He will, or he may, hear, or might, could, would, should walk in a wood full of trees. Furthermore, he will meet with a cowslip."

Reader, if there is a man who has offended you, and whom you think bound to forgive, I forgive him. I entreat you, as I love you, and you are the most popular person I have for a long time known, do know the power of your hand. Don't cut me up, my other reader, C. L., Y. B., or C., or whatever be the letter of the other's name. Censure me severely, if you please, for a bad walk of cloud, sun and shade, you shall find me out in my weakness to triumph over me. But, by my Wisdom (Caution on me in these days), I love your name, makes me present. I am with you, walk with you, I was I who sighed just now while you were reading. Reader, we are reconciled and together.

Fortunately I am not of a temper to make the worst of any situation I happen to be cast in. And I look upon it as a reward for my love of Nature that I have never been in a situation in which I had not some glimpse of her to console me. Even in prison I had a little garden to myself, and raised my own heart's-ease. It may not be the most grateful thing in the world to think of a jail while strolling

about the most classical ground in Tuscany. I confess I think of it very often. But Nature will excuse me, because my dejection is owing to my love. If I had not loved her so much at home, I should not miss, as I do, the old homestead. I do what I can. I think of Petrarch and Boccaccio, of Milton and Galileo, and Fiesole, which I see from my window, and which is a common boundary to my walks. I endeavour to keep the vines and the olive trees new to me. Besides Virgil and the Italy of books, I make the olives remind me of Athens, of Plato, and Homer, and Sophocles, and Socrates, and a still more reverend Name in another country, who went up into the mount of olives to pray. A Dominican convent is a little in my way, with its inscription in honour of the fiery saint, "the destroyer of heretics;" but the friars no longer inhabit it, and I endeavour to consider even the Inquisition as a violent note struck in the ears of mankind to make them attend to the doctrine it contradicted. Philosophy has separated the doctrine from its abuse, and the Inquisition is no more. I think of the gayer sort of abuses, the red side of their cheek, the jollity of a refectory. Pope's picture is before me, of

> "Happy convents, buried deep in vines,
> Where slumber abbots purple as their wines."

(A couplet as plump and painted as the subject.) The transition to Horace and Anacreon is a pleasing necessity. I am in the very thick of the vines of Redi, the author of the Bacchus in Tuscany. His Bacchus is as flourishing a god as ever, and sworn by as devoutly, though the saints have displaced his image. Florence, at a little distance, meets the turn of my eye at every opening of the trees. In short, I am in a world of poetry and romance, of vines and olives, and myrtles (which grow wild), of blue mountains and never-ending orchards, with a beautiful city in the middle of it. What signifies I think of an English field in a



I think of an English field

sylvan country, a cottage and oaks in the corner, a path and a stile, and a turf full of daisies; and a child's book with a picture in it becomes more precious to me than all the landscapes of Claude.

I intended to sprinkle this article with some flowers out of the Italian poets; but positively I will not do it. They are not good. They are not true. The grapes are sour. Commend me to the cockney satisfactions of Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, who talk of "merry London," of lying whole hours looking at the daisies, and of walking out on Sunday mornings to enjoy the daisies and green fields. There are no daisies here that I can see, except those belonging to the Grand Duke. What is a daisy belonging to a duke? Nature is not to be put upon a gentleman's establishment. The other fine houses do not impose upon me. They want comfort and fire-places, and instead of parks, and other natural pieces of ground about them, have vines and olives, vines and olives without end. The peasants are all vine-dressers and olive-squeezers. You meet a piece of a cow occasionally on your table; but a good, handsome, live animal, with a low, I have not encountered for many months. You must go to Lombardy for a pasture. There are goats, very large and bucolic; but goats in England are poor and small, which is the proper goat, and renders a kid pathetic. The only one I have a respect for is the companion of our voyage, given us by a friend, and preserved through various vicissitudes for her sake. A dog belonging to an acquaintance of ours inhospitably bit her ear off, and the storms at sea frightened away her milk. But she now reposes for life, like a matron, enjoying herself among scenes more native to her palate than England itself.

If the sky in England would only mitigate a little of its clouds and fogs in favour of one of its country-women, and of a modest demi-exotic, who loves a green field better than all the sugarcanes of his ancestors . . . But what

signifies talking? Suffice it, that an Englishman in Italy, who loves Italian poetry, and is obliged to be grateful to Italian skies, assures his beloved countrymen (who are not always sensible of the good things they have about them) that there is nothing upon earth so fine as a good, rich English meadow in summer time. That English Frenchman, La Fontaine, is of the same opinion; for when he speaks with rapture of a bit of turf, and says there is nothing to equal it, it must be recollected that such turf is more native to England than to France; and so he would have told us had he come over to England, as he ought to have done, and taken a stroll in our fields with his friend, St Evremond. Even a Tuscan's idea of a garden is not complete without a piece of turf, though the *podere*, or farm, encroaches everywhere, and pounds and shillings must be planted in the shape of olive trees. A garden in the English taste is a "miracolo" and a "paradiso;" their poetry rises within them at the sight of it, but they think this is only for princes and grand dukes. Yet Horace could not dispense with his grass and his oak trees; and the valley which I look upon from my window sparkles in the *Decameron* with a perpetual green. Nature inspires great authors, and they repay her by rescuing her very self from oblivion, and keeping her transitory pictures fresh in our hearts. *They*, thank God, as well as the fields, *are* Nature; and so is every great and kindly aspiration we possess.

TWELFTH NIGHT



A STREET PORTRAIT—THAT YEAR'S PLAY—RECOLLECTIONS OF A TWELFTH NIGHT

Christmas goes out in fine style, with Twelfth Night. It is a finish worthy of the time. Christmas Day was the morning of the season; New Year's Day the middle of it, or noon; Twelfth Night is the night, brilliant with innumerable planets of Twelfth-cakes. The whole island keeps court; nay, all Christendom. All the world are kings and queens. Everybody is somebody else; and learns at once to laugh at, and to tolerate, characters different from his own, by enacting them. Cakes, characters, forfeits, lights, theatres, merry rooms, little holiday faces, and, last not least, the painted sugar on the cakes, so bad to eat but so fine to look at, useful because it is perfectly useless except for a sight and a moral—all conspire to throw a giddy splendour

over the last night of the season, and to send it to bed in pomp and colours, like a Prince.

And not the least good thing in Twelfth Night is, that we see it coming for days beforehand, in the cakes that garnish the shops. We are among those who do not "like a surprise," except in dramas (and not too much of it even there, nor unprepared with expectation). We like to know of the good things intended for us. It adds the pleasure of hope to that of possession. Thus we eat our Twelfth-cake many times in imagination before it comes. Every pastry-cook's shop we pass, flashes it upon us.

Coming Twelfth-days cast their shadows before,

if shadow they can be called, which shade have none; so full of colour are they, as if Titian had invented them. Even the little ragged boys who stand at those shops by the hour, admiring the heaven within, and are destined to have none of it, get, perhaps, from imagination alone, a stronger taste of the beatitude, than many a richly-fed palate, which is at the mercy of some particular missing relish, — some touch of spice or citron, or a "leetle more" egg.

We believe we have told a story of one of those urchins before, but it will bear repetition, especially as a strong relish of it has come upon us, and we are tempted to relate it at greater length. There is nothing very wonderful or epigrammatic in it, but it has to do with the beatific visions of the pastry-shops. Our hero was one of those equivocal animal-spirits of the streets, who come whistling along, you know not whether thief or errand-boy, sometimes with bundle and sometimes not, in corduroys, a jacket, and a cap or hat, with hair sticking through a hole in it. His vivacity gets him into scrapes in the street, and he is not ultra-studious of civility in his answers. If the man he runs against is not very tall, he gives him abuse for abuse at once; if otherwise he gets at a convenient distance, and

then halloos out, "Eh, stupid!" or "Can't you see before you?" or "Go, and get your face washed." This last is a favourite saying of his, out of an instinct referable to his own visage. He sings "Hokee-pokee" and a "Shiny Night," varied occasionally with an uproarious "Rise, gentle Moon," or "Coming through the Rye." On winter evenings, you may hear him indulging himself, as he goes along, in a singular undulation of howl: a sort of gurgle, as if a wolf were practising the rudiments of a shake. This he delights to do more particularly in a crowded thoroughfare, as though determined that his noise should triumph over every other, and show how jolly he is, and how independent of the ties to good behaviour. If the street is a quiet one, and he has a stick in his hand (perhaps a hoop-stick), he accompanies the howl with a run upon the pinnat of the iron rails. He is the very Democrat of mad and cold. If he gets on in life, he will be a pot-boy. At present, as we said before, we hardly know what he is; but his mother thinks herself lucky if he is not transported.

Well; one of these elves of the jaws perplexers of Lord Mayors, and terrators of the police was standing one evening before a pastry-cook's shop-window, flattening his nose against the glass, and watching the movements of a hook-boy who was in the happy agony of selecting the best bun. He had stood there ten minutes before the boy came in, and had made himself acquainted with all the eatables lying before him, and wondered at the slowness, and apparent indifference, of jaws masticating tarts. His interest, great before, is now intense. He follows the newcomer's eye and hand, hither and thither. His own arm feels like the other's arm. He shifts the expression of his mouth and the shrug of his body, at every perilous approximation which the chooser makes to a second-rate bun. He is like a bowler following the nice inflections of the bias; for he wishes him nothing but success; the occasion is too

great for envy; he feels all the generous sympathy of a knight of old, when he saw another within an ace of winning some glorious prize, and his arm doubtful of the blow.

At length the awful decision is made, and the bun laid hands on.

"*Tah!* you fool," exclaims the watcher, bursting with all the despair and indignation of knowing boyhood, "you have *left the biggest!*"

Twelfth-cake and its king and queen are in honour of the crowned heads who are said to have brought presents to Jesus in his cradle—a piece of royal service not necessary to be believed in by good Christians, though very proper to be maintained among the gratuitous decorations with which good and poetical hearts willingly garnish their faith. "The Magi, or Wise Men, are vulgarly called (says a note in *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, quarto edition by Ellis, p. 19) the three kings of Collen (Cologne). The first, named Melchior, an aged man with a long beard, offered gold; the second, Jasper, a beardless youth, offered frankincense; the third, Balthaser, a black or Moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh." This picture is full of colour, and has often been painted. The word Epiphany (Επιφανια, *superapparitio*, an appearance from above), alludes to the star which is described in the Bible as guiding the Wise Men. In Italy, the word has been corrupted into Beffania, or Beffana (as in England it used to be called, Piffany); and Beffana, in some parts of that country, has come to mean an old fairy, or Mother Bunch, whose figure is carried about the streets, and who rewards or punishes children at night by putting sweetmeats, or stones and dirt, into a stocking hung up for the purpose near the bed's head. The word *Beffa*, taken from this, familiarly means a trick or mockery put upon any one:—to such base uses may come the most splendid terms! Twelfth Day, like the other

old festivals of the church of old, has had a link or connection found for it with Pagan customs, and has been traced to the Saturnalia of the ancients, when people drew lots for imaginary kingdoms. Its observation is still kept up, with more or less ceremony, all over Christendom. In Paris, they enjoy it with their usual vivacity. The king there is chosen, not by drawing a paper as with us, but by the lot of a bean which falls to him, and which is put into the cake; and great ceremony is observed when the king or the queen "drink"; which once gave rise to a jest, that occasioned the damnation of a play of Voltaire's. The play was performed at this season, and a queen in it having to die by poison, a wag exclaimed with Twelfth Night solemnity, when her Majesty was about to take it, "The Queen drinks." The joke was infectious; and the play died, as well as the poor queen.

Many a pleasant Twelfth Night have we passed in our time; and such future Twelfth Nights as may remain to us shall be pleasant, God and good-will permitting: for even if care should be round about them, we have no notion of missing these mountain-tops of rest and brightness, on which people may refresh themselves during the stormiest parts of life's voyage. Most assuredly will we look forward to them, and stop there when we arrive, as though we had not to begin buffeting again the next day. No joy or consolation that heaven or earth affords us will we ungratefully pass by; but prove, by our acceptance and relish of it, that it is what it is said to be, and that we deserve to have it. "The child is father to the man;" and a very foolish-grown boy he is, and unworthy of his sire, if he is not man enough to know to be like him. What! shall he go and sulk in a corner because life is not just what he would have it? Or shall he discover that his dignity will not bear the shaking of holiday merriment, being too fragile and likely to tumble

to pieces? Or lastly, shall he take himself for too good and perfect a person to come within the chance of contamination from a little ultra life and Wassail-bowl, and render it necessary to have the famous question thrown at his starchy and stupid head -

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

This passage is in "Twelfth Night," the last play (be it never forgotten) [1] which Shakspeare is understood to have written, and which shows how in his beautiful and universal mind the belief in love, friendship and joy, and all good things, survived his knowledge of all evil, affording us an everlasting argument against the conclusions of minor men of the world, and enabling the meanest of us to dare to avow the same faith.

Here is another lecture to false and unseasonable notions of privity, in the same

"I protest (quoth the affected steward Malvolio) I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies.

"O (says the Lady Olivia) you are sick of self love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for bird bolts, that you deem cannon bullets."

This is the play in which are those beautiful passages about music, love, friendship, &c., which have as much of the morning of life in them as any that the great poet ever wrote, and are painted with as rosy and wet a pencil.

"'It must be the food of love,' &c.

'Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers."

[1] This opinion of Malone's has been ably set aside by Mr Knight. The spirit of the Shakspearean wisdom still however remains.

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek," &c

"I hate ingratitude more in a man,"

says the refined and exquisite Viola,

"Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood."

And again,

"In nature there's no blemish but the mind

[that is to say, the faults of the mind;]

None [illegible]

The play of *Twelfth Night*, with proper good taste, is generally performed, at the theatres, *on* Twelfth Night. There is little or nothing belonging to the occasion in it, except a set of merry-makers who carouse all night, and sing songs enough to "draw three souls out of one weaver." It is evident that Shakspeare was at a loss for a title to his play, for he has called it *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*; but the nocturnal revels reminded him of the anniversary which, being the player and humorist that he was, and accustomed, doubtless, to many a good sitting-up, appears to have stood forth prominently among his recollections of the year. So that it is probable he kept up his Twelfth Night to the last: assuredly he kept up his merry and romantic characters, his Sir Tobies and his Violas. And, keeping up his stage faith *so well*, he must needs have kept up his home faith. He could not have done it otherwise. He would invite his Stratford friends to "king and queen," and, however he might have looked in face, would still have felt young in heart towards the budding daughters of his visitors, the possible Violas perhaps of some love-story

of their own, and not more innocent in "the last recesses of the mind" than himself.

We spent a Twelfth Night once, which, by common consent of the parties concerned, was afterwards known by the name of *the* Twelfth Night. It was doubted among us, not merely whether ourselves, but whether anybody else, ever *had* such a Twelfth Night:—

> "For never since created *eats*,
> Met such untiring force, as named with these
> Could merit more than that small infantry,
> Which *goes to bed betimes*."

The evening began with such tea as is worth mention, for we never knew anybody make it like the maker. Dr Johnson would have given it his placidest growl of approbation. Then, with piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, came Handel, Corelli, and Mozart. Then followed the drawing for king and queen, in order that the "small infantry" might have their due share of the night, without sitting up *too* too-late (for a reasonable "too-late" is to be allowed once and away). Then games, of all the received kinds, forgetting no branch of Christmas customs. And very good extempore blank verse was spoken by some of the court (for our characters imitated a court), not unworthy of the wit and dignity of Tom Thumb. Then came supper, and all characters were soon forgotten but the feasters' own; good and lively souls, and festive all, both male and female,- with a constellation of the brightest eyes that we had ever seen met together. This fact was so striking, that a burst of delighted assent broke forth, when Moore's charming verses were struck up:—

> "To ladies' eyes a round, boys,
> We can't refuse, we can't refuse;
> For bright eyes so abound, boys,
> 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose."

The bright eyes, the beauty, the good humour, the wine, the wit, the poetry (for we had celebrated wits and poets among us, as well as charming women), fused all hearts together in one unceasing round of fancy and laughter, till *breakfast*,—to which we adjourned in a room full of books, the authors of which might almost have been waked up and embodied, to come among us. Here, with the bright eyes literally as bright as ever at six o'clock in the morning (we all remarked it), we merged one glorious day into another, as a good omen (for it was also fine weather, though in January); and as luck and our good faith would have it, the door was no sooner opened to let forth the ever-joyous visitors, than the trumpets of a regiment quartered in the neighbourhood struck up into the morning air, seeming to blow forth triumphant approbation, and as if they sounded purely to do us honour, and to say, "You are as early and untired as we."

We do not recommend such nights to be "resolved on," much less to be made a system of regular occurrence. They should flow out of the impulse, as this did; for there was no intention of sitting up so late. But so genuine was that night, and so true a recollection of pleasure did it leave upon the minds of all who shared it, that it has helped to stamp a seal of selectness upon the house in which it was passed, and which, for the encouragement of good-fellowship and of humble aspirations towards *tree-planting*, we are here incited to point out; for by the same token the writer of these papers planted some plane-trees within the rails by the garden-gate (selecting the plane in honour of the Genius of Domesticity, to which it was sacred among the Greeks); and anybody who does not disdain to look at a modest tenement for the sake of the happy hours that have been spent in it, may know it by those trees, as he passes along the row of houses called York Buildings, in the New Road, Marylebone. A man may pique himself without vanity

upon having planted a tree; and, humble as our performance has been that way, we confess we are glad of it, and have often looked at the result with pleasure. The reader would smile, perhaps sigh (but a pleasure would or should be at the bottom of his sigh), if he knew what consolation we had experienced in some very trying seasons, merely from seeing those trees growing up, and affording shade and shelter to passengers, as well as a bit of leafiness to the possessor of the house. *Every one should plant a tree who can.*[1] It is one of the cheapest, as well as easiest, of all tasks; and if a man cannot reckon upon enjoying the shade much himself (which is the reason why trees are not planted everywhere), it is surely worth while to bequeath so pleasant and useful a memorial of himself to others. They are green footsteps of our existence, which show that we have not lived in vain.

"Dig a well, plant a tree, write a book, and go to heaven," says the Arabian proverb. We cannot exactly dig a well. The parish authorities would not employ us. Besides, wells are not so much wanted in England as in Arabia, nor books either; otherwise we should be two-thirds on our road to heaven already. But trees are wanted, and ought to be wished for, almost everywhere; especially amidst the hard brick and mortar of towns; so that we may claim at least one-third of the way, having planted more than one tree in our time; and if our books cannot wing our flight much higher (for they never pretended to be anything greater than birds singing among the trees), we have other merits, thank Heaven, than our own to go upon; and shall endeavour to piece out our frail and most imperfect ladder with all the good things we can love and admire in God's creation.

[1] Young trees from nursery-grounds are very cheap, and cost less than flowers.